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THE LITERARY READER.

HANDBOOK OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

FOR THE

Higher Classes in Schools and for Home Teaching.

ONE VOLUME EDITION

BY

JACO H. DE BEER.

KUILENBURG,
BLOM AND OLIVIERSE.
1887.

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THE LITERARY READER.

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suitable for those preparing for an Examination as English Teacher and *The Nineteenth Century* for schools where modern literature obtains a prominent place.

The want of a similar book comprising the whole of the English literature and more adapted for schools was strongly felt and so I thought fit to prepare the present „One volume edition“ containing the smallest amount of literary history possible whilst reserving the rest of the space for the most exquisite specimens of the English master-pieces.

In this edition I have endeavoured to make each selection complete in itself, which I believe to be more preferable to the student than extracts. At the same time I have sought to assist the pupil by notes, to the right understanding of the author which he reads.

In order to keep a Handbook of Literature within certain limits I have been obliged to confine myself to those writers generally acknowledged as Representative Men.

I have devoted eight pages to an extract from Shaw, comprising the History of English Literature down to 1558.

In conjunction with Stopford Brooke I gave a survey of English Literature from 1558 to 1832.

Finally from Chambers and Spalding I gave a description of the state of Literature from 1832 to 1880.

I venture to hope that in accordance with the present publication, in this way English Literature may be treated satisfactorily and comprehensively in our public schools.

I cannot conclude this Preface without returning my hearty thanks to Mr. James Akeroyd who has kindly assisted me in correcting the proofs and suggested many valuable additions to the Notes.

AMSTERDAM, April 5th 1887. o

TACO H. DE BEER.

PREFACE.

The first edition of this work appeared in 1874. In the preface we quoted Gaston Boissier's saying, that the greatest object of Education is „*apprendre à lire au peuple, rendre aux classes lettrées le goût des études sérieuses*”, and above all this must be the object of our „Middelbaar Onderwijs”.

In *de Gids* for March 1871 there is a paper pointing out the fact that side by side with dry science, among the people of our nation the preference for easy literature is ever growing and in such measure that we might say to our countrymen what Cherubini once said to a prince: *Sire, vous n'aimez pas la musique qui vous dérange.* **

We highly appreciate scientific education but in order to prevent one-sided development we maintain that our boys and girls positively require something which appeals to the feelings rather than to the understanding.

If education is to attain its object both must be developed and what our pupils want are „books” and not, as Prof. A. Pierson qualifies German books: „Store-rooms of Things not generally known.”

We are condemned to be a polyglot nation and so reading, speaking and writing tolerably well four languages (a thing not to be learned in a day) is an absolute necessity for any young Dutchman, who wishes to make his way in the world.

Though another want to be provided for is the development of a cultivated taste for literary art which can only be done by presenting to the student selections from the very best writers.

This induced me to offer to the public „the Literary Reader” as published in 1874 by M. D. A. Thieme.

On his decease the copy-right came into the possession of Messrs. Blom en Olivierse, and I invited Miss E. J. Irving to co-operate with me, who the firm desired to publish a new edition, and so in 1883 and 1884 appeared the second volume: *The Nineteenth Century* (the third edition is now leaving the press) and the first part of the first volume *From Caedmon to Milton*, the former in cooperation with Miss Irving and the latter for the greater part by this author singly.

This edition the result of much study and care appeared to be highly

PART I.

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

CHAPTER I.

14—1350.

The most ancient inhabitants of the British Islands, were a branch of the Celtic race. This people, under the various appellations of Celts, Gael (Gaul) or Cymry (Cimbrians), seems to have covered a very large extent of territory, and to have retained strong traces, in its Druidical worship, its astronomical science, and many other features, of a remote Oriental descent. The earliest records of it which we possess, at the time when it came in contact with the Roman arms, show it to have been then in a condition very little superior to barbarism.

The first important intercourse between the primitive Britons and any foreign nation was the invasion of the country by the Romans in the year 55 B.C. The resistance of the Britons, was gradually overpowered in the first century of the Christian era by the superior skill and military organization of the Roman armies: the country became a Roman province; and the Roman domination, though extending only to the central and southern portion of the country, may be regarded as having subsisted about 480 years. A large body of Roman troops was permanently stationed in the new province; and the invaders, as was their custom, endeavoured to introduce among their barbarous subjects their laws, their habits, and their civilization. Such of the Celts as submitted to the yoke of their invaders acquired a considerable degree of civilization, learnt the Latin language, and became a Latinized or provincial race, similar to the inhabitants on the other side of the Channel. The other portion of the Celts, namely, those who inhabited the mountainous regions inaccessible to the Roman arms, and those who, refusing to submit to the invaders, fled from the southern districts to take refuge in their rugged fastnesses, retained, we may be sure, with their hostility to the invaders, their own language, dress, customs, and religion. When the Roman troops were at length withdrawn from Britain, in order to defend Italy itself against

the innumerable hordes of barbarians which menaced it, down from their mountains rushed the avenging swarms of Scottish and Pictish savages, and commenced taking a terrible vengeance on their unhappy countrymen. Every trace of civilization was swept away; the furious devastation which they carried through the land is commemorated in the ancient songs and legends of the Cymry; and the objects of their vengeance, after vainly imploring the assistance of Rome in a most piteous appeal, had recourse to the only resource now left them, of hiring some warlike race of foreign adventurers to protect them. These adventurers were the Saxon pirates.

The piratical adventurers whom the old German passion for plunder and glory, and the entreaties of the "miserable Britons", allured across the North Sea from their native Jutland, Schleswig, Holstein, and the coasts of the Baltic, were the most fearless navigators and the most redoubted sea-kings of those ages. On their arrival in Britain, these rovers were in every respect savages, though their rugged energetic Teuton nature offered a rich and fertile soil capable of being developed by Christianity and civilization into a noble type of national character. The Celt in general, whether friendly or hostile, possessing a less powerful organization and a less vigorous moral constitution than the Teuton, was in the course of time either quietly absorbed into the more energetic race, or gradually disappeared.

The true parentage, therefore, of the English nation, is to be traced to the Teutonic race. The language spoken by the Northern invaders was a Low-Germanic dialect, akin to the modern Dutch, but with many Scandinavian forms and words. The conversion of the Anglo-Saxons to Christianity, which took place in the sixth century, brought them into contact with more intellectual forms of life and with a higher type of civilization. A very varied and extensive literature soon arose among the Anglo-Saxons, embracing compositions on almost every branch of knowledge, law, historical chronicles, ecclesiastical and theological disquisitions, together with a large body of poetry in which their very peculiar metrical system was adapted to subjects derived either from the scriptures, or from the mediæval lives of the saints. The curious, but rather tedious, versified paraphrase of the Bible by CAEDMON — generally attributed to the middle of the seventh century — was long considered to be one of the most ancient among the more considerable Saxon poems; but the discovery of the manuscript of the *Lay of Beowulf*, has furnished us with a specimen of Anglo-Saxon poetry decidedly more ancient, as well as far more interesting. This poem, is not inferior in energy and conciseness to the *Nibelungen-Lied*, though undeniably so in extent of plot and development of character. The Anglo-Saxons based their verse not upon any regular recurrence of syllables, still less upon the employment of similarly sounding terminations of lines or parts of lines, that is, upon what we call rhyme. With them it was sufficient to constitute verse, that in any two successive lines — which might be of any length — there should be at least three words *beginning*, with the same letter. This very peculiar metrical system is called *alliteration*.

The language in which these works are composed is usually cal-

led *Anglo-Saxon*; but in the works themselves it is always styled *English*, and the country *England*, or the land of the Angles. The term *Anglo-Saxons* is meant to distinguish the Saxons of England from the Saxons of the Continent, and does not signify the Angles and Saxons. From the ninth century, in the reign of Egbert, to the middle of the eleventh century, the history of the Anglo-Saxon monarchy presents a confused and melancholy picture of bloody incursions and fierce resistance to the barbarous and pagan Danes, who endeavoured to treat the Saxons as the Saxons had treated the Celts. The only brilliant figure in this period is the almost perfect type of a patriot warrior, king and philosopher, in the person of the illustrious ALFRED. For a long time the cultivation of the Latin literature in the monasteries and among the learned, as well as the employment of the Latin language in the services of the Church, must have tended to incorporate with the Saxon tongue a considerable number of Latin words. Alfred, we know, visited Rome in his youth, acquired there a considerable portion of the learning which he unquestionably possessed, and exhibited his patriotic care for the enlightenment of his countrymen by translating into Saxon the "Consolations" of Boëthius. The Venerable BEDE, and other Saxon ecclesiastics, composed chronicles and legends in Latin and a considerable influx of Latin words may have become perceptible in it before the appearance of Normans. It is also to be remarked that the superior civilization of the French race must have exerted an influence on at least the aristocratic classes; and the family connexions between the last Saxon dynasty and the neighbouring dukes of Normandy, must have tended to increase the Gallicizing character perceptible in Anglo-Saxon writings previous to the Conquest.

The invasion of William was carried on under at least a colourable allegation of a legal right to the inheritance of the English throne, his investiture of the crown was accompanied by a studied adherence to the constitutional forms of the Saxon monarchy; and it was perhaps only the obstinate resistance of the sullen sturdy Saxon people, that at length wearied him into treating his new acquisition with all the rigour of a conquering invader. The whole territory was by his orders carefully surveyed and registered in that curious monument of antiquity which still exists, entitled *Domesday Book*: the severest measures of police, were introduced to keep down the rising of the people; the original Saxon holders of these lands were as a general rule ousted from their estates, which were distributed among the warriors who had enabled him to subjugate the country; vast tracts of inhabited lands were depopulated and transformed into forests for the chase, and the higher functions of the Church and State were with few exceptions confided to men of Norman blood. The natural consequence of such a state of things, was to create in the country two distinct and intensely hostile nationalities. The Saxon race gradually descended to the level of an oppressed and servile class. It required several ages to amalgamate the two nationalities; but, they were ultimately amalgamated, and formed a most vigorous people.

The literary models introduced into England by the Norman invasion were no less important than the linguistic changes consequent upon the admixture of their Romance dialect with the Saxon

speech. Together with the institutions of feudalism the Normans brought with them the poetry of feudalism, that is, the poetry of chivalry. The *lais* and *romances*, the *fabliaux* and the legends of mediæval chivalry soon began to modify the rude poetical sagas and the tedious narratives of the lives of saints and hermits which had formed the bulk of the literature of Saxon England. The important part played in these legends by the half-mythical Arthur and his knights might seem to argue in favour of a Celtic origin for these fictions for if ever such a personage as Arthur really existed he must have been a British prince; but when we remember that Arthur, though mentioned in the authentic traditional poems of the ancient Britons, is a comparatively insignificant character, and that these same traditions contain no trace whatever of the existence of that chivalric state of society of which Arthur and his *preux* are the ideal, we shall find ourselves not warranted in accepting the authenticity of a Celtic origin on these grounds.

For two centuries after the Norman conquest, the Anglo-Saxon and the Norman-French continued to be spoken in the island, as two distinct languages, having little intermixture with one another. The most important change which converted the Anglo-Saxon into Old English, was not due in any considerable degree to the Norman conquest. The large introduction of French words into English dates from the time when the Normans began to speak the language of the conquered race. The English still remained essentially a German tongue, though it received such large accessions of French words, as materially to change its character.

The picturesque illustration, so happily employed by Scott in the opening chapter of *Ivanhoe*, has often been quoted as a good popular exemplification of the mode in which the Saxon and French elements were blended: the common animals serving for food to man, while under the charge of Saxon serfs and bondmen, retained their Teutonic appellation; but when served up at the table of the Norman oppressor received a French designation. As examples of this, he cites the parallels *Ox* and *Beef*, *Swine* and *Pork*, *Sheep* and *Mutton*, *Calf* and *Veal*.

CHAPTER II.

1350—1400.

The fourteenth century is the most important epoch in the intellectual history of Europe. It is the point of contact between two widely-differing eras in the annals of our race; between Feudalism and Chivalry, the Revival of Letters and the great Protestant Reformation. Of this great transformation, the personal career, no less than the works, of the first great English poet, Chaucer, will furnish us with the most exact type and expression. The victories of Sluys, of Crécy, and Poitiers, by exciting the national pride, tended to consummate the fusion into one vigorous nationality of the two elements which formed the English people and the English language. It was these triumphs that gave to the English character its peculiar *insularity*; and made the Englishman, whether knight or yeoman, regard himself as the member of a separate and superior race, enjoying a higher degree of liberty and a more solid

material welfare than existed among the neighbouring continental monarchies. The literature, too, abundant in quantity, if not remarkable for much originality of form, was rapidly taking a purely English tone; the rhyming chronicles and legendary romances were either translated into, or originally composed in, the vernacular language.

The immediate poetical predecessor of Chaucer, was Gower, whose productions, half moral, half narrative, and with a considerable infusion of the scholastic theology of the day, rendered inestimable services to the infant literature, by giving regularity, polish, and harmony to the language. It is very curious, as an example of contemporary existence of the French, the Latin, and the vernacular literature at this period in England, that the three parts of Gower's immense work should have been composed in three different languages: the *Vox Clamantis* in Latin, the *Speculum Meditantis* in Norman-French, and the *Confessio Amantis* in English.

For a short account of Chaucer's life and his most important work we refer the reader to the 2nd part of this volume.

By the middle of the fourteenth century the spirit of patriotism evoked by Edward III, and the influence of the continental Renaissance, were united to call forth a vigorous national literature. Its chief product, as in most similar cases, was poetry, but the earliest works in prose that can be properly called English belong to the same age. In 1356, Mandeville dedicated his *Travels* to Edward III.: in 1362 Parliament was first opened by a speech in English; Chaucer had begun to write; and Gower had exchanged the French and Latin of his earlier works for his mother tongue.

There is a famous poem of the same age, the *Vision of Piers Ploughman*, or rather the *Vision of William concerning Piers (or Peter) Ploughman*, an allegory of the difficulties in the course of human life. Its prevalent spirit is that of satire, aimed against abuses and vices in general, but in particular against the corruptions of the church.

Tradition ascribes the work to a certain Robert Langlande; but in the Latin title the author is called William. Nothing whatever is known of his personal history.

English Prose Literature begins with Sir JOHN DE MANDEVILLE, who was born about 1300. His travels and his service under Oriental sovereigns, gave him an extensive knowledge of Palestine, Egypt, Persia, and parts of India, Tartary, and China. He resided three years at Peking. On his return he wrote an account of what he professed to have seen, and dedicated the book to Edward III. in 1356. He borrows freely from the chroniclers and other old writers, preferring what is most wonderful; and his own observations have so much of the marvellous as to discredit his testimony. The work is now chiefly interesting as the earliest example, on a large scale, of English prose.

The great *Scottish Poet* of this age, JOHN BARBOUR, archdeacon of Aberdeen, was rather a contemporary than a precursor of Chaucer, like whom he deserves to rank as the father of a national literature. His *Bruce* is a chronicle of the adventures of King Robert I., of very high merit.

The revolution effected by Chaucer in poetry was accompanied and aided by an entirely new development of religious literature,

which, besides its higher fruits, rendered a similar service to prose literature. The new liberty of thought, which found expression in popular literature, showed itself also in a sifting of ecclesiastical pretensions, which led to a direct appeal to Scripture; and the reforming teachers satisfied this demand by translating the Bible into the mother tongue. In the other Protestant countries of Europe, the revival of national literature has been connected with a similar work; and, if the German Bible of Luther, and the Danish version of 1550, exerted a more powerful influence over the respective languages than the Wicliffite translations, one chief reason is that they appeared after the invention of printing, by which art they were immediately and indefinitely multiplied. In England, this great work is ascribed to JOHN DE WICLIF, WICLIFF, or WYCLIFFE (b. about 1324, d. 1384). He was born at Wicliffe, near Richmond, in Yorkshire and began early to attack the corruptions of the Church; and after his deposition from the post of master of Balliol College by Archbishop Langham, and the Pope's rejection of his appeal, he gave all his energies to the work of reform, both by his writings and by theological lectures at Oxford.

CHAPTER III.

1400—1558.

The most brilliant names which occupy the beginning of this interval are those of Scotsmen. JAMES I. (1394—1437), who was taken prisoner when a child and carefully educated at Windsor, must be regarded as a poet who does equal honour to his own country and to that of his captivity. He was the author of a collection of love-verses under the title of the *King's Quhair* (i. e. *Quire* or *Book*), written in the purest English and breathing the romantic and elegant grace which the immense popularity of Petrarch had at that time made the universal pattern throughout Europe. His own national dialect, too, was that of the Lowland Scots, then and long after the language of literature, of courtly society, and of theology, and by no means to be regarded as the mere *patois* or provincial dialect which it has become since the union of the two crowns has destroyed the political independence of Scotland. In it James composed a number of songs and ballads of extraordinary merit, recounting with much humour his own amorous adventures. This prince was assassinated in 1427 at Perth, by the nobles, among whom his own uncle was a chief conspirator, to revenge the king's concessions to the people. Besides King James, Scotland produced about this time several poets of great merit, the chief of whom are WILLIAM DUNBAR (about 1465—1520), and GAWIN or GAVIN DOUGLAS, Bishop of Dunkeld (1474—1522). Among Dunbar's numerous poetical compositions we must in particular specify his wild allegorical conception of "*The Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins*." Gawin Douglas is now chiefly remembered as the translator of Virgil into Scottish verse. Another Scottish poet, known under the appellation of BLIND HARRY or Harry the Minstrel, wrote, in long rhymed couplets, a narrative of the exploits of the second great national hero, *William Wallace*.

The reign of Henry VII. was by no means favourable to literary

activity; but Henry VIII. was possessed of much of the learning of his age, and even distinguished himself by his controversial writings against Luther. The great and good chancellor Sir THOMAS MORE, (1480—1535) is unquestionably one of the most prominent intellectual figures of this reign; whether as statesman, or man of letters. His philosophical romance of *Utopia* is one of the earliest of many attempts to give, under the form of a voyage to an imaginary island, the theory of an ideal republic, where the laws, the institutions, the social and political usages, are in strict accordance with a philosophical perfection.

Many of our ancient preachers and controversialists too, like HUGH LATIMER and the chronicler of the Protestant Martyrs, JOHN FOXE, who died in 1587, contributed in writings to disseminate among the great mass of the people not only an ardent attachment to Protestant doctrines, but a habit of religious discussion and consequently a tendency to intellectual activity.

Another worthy to be mentioned is ROGER ASCHAM (1515—1568), the learned and affectionate preceptor of Elizabeth and the unfortunate Jane Grey. His treatise entitled the *Schoolmaster*, and the book called *Toxophilus*, devoted to the encouragement of the national use of the bow, are works remarkable for the good sense and reasonableness of the ideas.

JOHN SKELTON, the date of whose birth is unknown, but who died in 1529, was undoubtedly a man of considerable classical learning.

He engaged, with an audacity and an apparent impunity which now appear equally inexplicable, in a series of the most furious attacks upon the then all-powerful favorite and minister Wolsey.

Alexander Barclay, who lived a little later under Henry VIII translated into English verse Sebastian Brandt's once-celebrated satire of the *Ship of Fools*, an epitome of the various forms of pedantry and affectation¹). In the writings, of both we see the rapid development of flexibility and harmony of English versification. How rapid this progress in taste and refinement really was, may be deduced from an examination of the poems of Sir Thomas Wyatt (the elder) and the Earl of Surrey, who were nearly contemporaries in their lives and early deaths.

SURREY was the first who introduced blank verse into English poetry, which he employed in translating the second and fourth books of Virgil's *Æneid*.

We cannot better conclude this Chapter than by making a few remarks on a peculiar class of compositions in which England is unusually rich, which are marked with an intense impress of nationality, and which have exerted, on modern literature in particular, an influence whose extent it is impossible to overrate. These are our national *Ballads*, produced, it is probable, in great abundance during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and in many instances traceable to the „North Countrée,” or the Border region between England and Scotland. They bear the marks of having been composed, by rude wandering minstrels. Such men—probably often blind or otherwise incapacitated from taking part in active

¹) Brand was a learned civilian of Basel, and published in 1494 a satire in German with the above title.

life—gained their bread by singing or repeating them. These poets and narrators were a very different class from the wandering troubadours or jongleurs of Southern Europe and of France; and living in a country much ruder and less chivalric, though certainly not less warlike than Languedoc or Provence, their compositions are inimitable for simple pathos, fiery intensity of feeling, and picturesqueness of description.

Written or composed by obscure and often illiterate poets, these productions were frequently handed down only by tradition from generation to generation: it is to the taste and curiosity, perhaps only to the family pride, of collectors, that we owe the accident by which some of them were copied and preserved; the few that were ever printed being destined for circulation only among the poorest class, were confided to the meanest typography and to flying sheets, or *broadsides*, as they are termed by collectors. Vast numbers of them—perhaps not inferior to the finest that have been preserved—have perished for ever. The first considerable collection of these ballads was published, with most agreeable and valuable notes, by Bishop Thomas Percy in 1765, and it is to his example that we owe, not only the preservation of these invaluable relics, but the immense revolution produced, by their study and imitation, in the literature of the present century.

CHAPTER IV.

1559—1603.

Elizabethan Literature, as a literature, may be said to begin with Surrey and Wyatt. But as their poems were published shortly before Elizabeth came to the throne, we date the beginning of the *early period* of Elizabethan literature from the year of her accession, 1559. That period lasted till 1579, and was followed by the great literary outburst of the days of Spenser and Shakspeare. The apparent suddenness of this outburst has been an object of wonder. We shall best seek its nearest causes in the work done during the early years of Elizabeth, and in doing so we shall find that the outburst was not so sudden after all. It was preceded by a very various, plentiful, but inferior literature, in which new forms of poetry and prose-writing were tried, and new veins of thought opened, and the flowering of Elizabethan literature was the slow result of the growth of the previous literature and the influences that bore upon it.

The literary prose of the beginning of this time is represented by the *Scholemaster* of Ascham.

Poetry is first represented by the *Mirror of Magistrates*, 1559, for which Sackville wrote the *Induction* and one tale. Seven poets, along with Sackville, contributed tales to it. They all wrote legends, pieces on the wars and discoveries of the Englishmen of their day, epitaphs, epigrams, songs, sonnets, elegies, fables, and sets of love poems; and the best things they did were collected in a miscellany called the *Paradise of Dainty Devices*, in 1576. This book, set on foot in the later years of Elizabeth a crowd of other miscellanies

of poetry which were of great use to the poets. Lyrical poetry, and that which we may call „occasional poetry,” were now fairly started. The popular *Ballads* took a wide range. The registers of the Stationers' Company prove that there was scarcely any event of the day, nor almost any controversy in literature, politics, religion, which was not the subject of verse, and of verse into which imagination strove to enter. The ballad may be said to have done the work of the modern weekly review. It stimulated and informed the intellectual life of England.

Theological Reform stirred men to another kind of literary work. A great number of polemical ballads, and pamphlets, and plays issued every year from obscure presses and filled the land. Poets represent in their work the hatred the young men had of the old religious system. It was a spirit which did not do much for literature, but it quickened the habit of composition, and made it easier. The Bible also became common property, and its language glided into all theological writing and gave it a literary tone; while the publication of John Foxe's *Acts and Monuments* or *Book of Martyrs*, 1563, gave to the people all over England a book which, by its simple style, the ease of its story-telling, and its popular charm made the very peasants who heard it read feel what is meant by literature.

The *love of stories* grew quickly. The old English tales and ballads were eagerly read and collected. Italian tales by various authors were translated and sown so broadcast over London by William Painter in his collection, *The Palace of Pleasure*, 1566, by George Turberville, in his *Tragical Tales* in verse, and by others, that it is said they were to be bought at every bookstall. The Romances of Spain and Italy poured in, and *Amadis de Gaul*, and the companion romances the *Arcadia* of Sannazaro, and the *Ethiopian History*, were sources of books like Sidney's *Arcadia* and, with the classics, supplied materials for the pageants. A great number of subjects for prose and poetry were thus made ready for literary men, and prose fiction became possible in English literature.

The *masques*, *pageants*, *interludes*, and *plays* that were written at this time are scarcely to be counted. At every great ceremonial, whenever the queen made a progress or visited one of the great lords or a university, at the houses of the nobility, and at the court on all important days, some obscure versifier, or a young scholar at the Inns of Court, at Oxford or at Cambridge, produced a masque or a pageant, or wrote or translated a play. The habit of play-writing became common; a kind of school, one might almost say a manufacture of plays, arose, which partly accounts for the rapid production, the excellence, and the multitude of plays that we find after 1576. Represented all over England, these masques, pageants, and dramas were seen by the people, who were thus accustomed to take an interest, though of an uneducated kind, in the larger drama that was to follow. The literary men on the other hand ransacked, in order to find subjects and scenes for their pageants, ancient and mediæval, magical, and modern literature, and many of them in doing so became fine scholars. The imagination of England was quickened and educated in this way, and as Biblical stories were also largely used, the images of oriental life were added to the materials of imagination.

Another influence bore on literature. It was that given by the *stories of the voyagers*, who, in the new commercial activity of the country, penetrated into strange lands, and saw the strange monsters and savages which the poets now added to the fairies, dwarfs, and giants of the Romances.

Lastly, we have proof that there was a large number of *persons writing who did not publish their works*. It was considered at this time, that to write for the public injured a man, and unless he were driven by poverty he kept his manuscript by him. But things were changed when a great genius like SPENSER took the world by storm; when LILY's *Euphues* enchanted the whole of court society; when a great gentleman like Sir PHILIP SIDNEY became a writer. Literature was made the fashion, and the disgrace being taken from it, the production became enormous. Manuscripts written and laid by were at once sent forth; and when the rush began it grew by its own force. Those who had previously been kept from writing by its unpopularity now took it up eagerly, and those who had written before wrote twice as much now. The great improvement also in literary quality is easily accounted for by this, that men strove to equal such work as Sidney's or Spenser's, and that a wider and more exacting criticism arose. Nor must one omit to say, that owing to this employment of life on so vast a number of subjects, and to the voyages, and to the new literatures searched into, and to the heat of theological strife, a multitude of new words streamed into the language, and enriched the vocabulary of imagination. Shakspeare uses 15,000 words.

The later Elizabethan poetry begins with the *Shepheardes Calendar* of Spenser. Spenser was born in London in 1552. At sixteen or seventeen he began literary work. The publication of the *Shepheardes Calendar* made Spenser the first poet of the day, and so fresh and musical, and so abundant in new life were its twelve eclogues, that men felt that at last England had given birth to a poet as original as Chaucer.

He was made Clerk of the Council of Munster in Ireland in 1586, and it was then the manor and castle of Kilcolman were granted to him. Here at the foot of the Galtees, and bordered to the north by the wild country, the scenery of which fills the *Faerie Queen*, and in whose woods and savage places such adventures constantly took place in the service of Elizabeth as are recorded in the *Faerie Queen*, the first three books of that great poem were written.

The plan of the poem, so impossible to discover from the poem itself, is described in Spenser's prefatory letter to Raleigh. The twelve books were to tell the warfare of twelve Knights, in whom the twelve virtues of Aristotle were represented; and their warfare was against the vices and errors, impersonated, which opposed those virtues. (For Shakespeare and the drama see 2nd. part.)

Prose Literature.—Philosophy passed from Elizabeth into the reign of James I, with Francis Bacon.

The impulse his books gave to research, and to the true method of research, though only partly right, awoke scientific inquiry in England.

The various elements which we have noticed in the poetry of Elizabeth's reign, though opposed to each other, were filled with one spirit, the love of England and the Queen. This unity of spirit

in poetry became less and less after the queen's death. The elements remained, but they were separated. The cause of this was that the strife in politics between the Divine Right of Kings and Liberty, and in religion between the Church and the Puritans grew so defined and intense that England ceased to be at one, and the poets represented the parties, not the whole, of England. But they all shared in a certain style which induced Johnson to call them *methaphysical*. "They were those," Hallam says, "who laboured after conceits, or novel turns of thought, usually false, and resting on some equivocation of language or exceedingly remote analogy." This style, originating in the *Euphuës* and *Arcadia*, was driven out by the passion which filled poetry in the middle period of Elizabeth's reign, but was taken up again towards its close, and grew after her death until it ended by greatly lessening good sense and clearness in English poetry. It was in the reaction from it, and in the determination to bring clear thought and clear expression of thought into English verse, that the school of Dryden and Pope—the critical school—began. The poetry from the later years of Elizabeth to Milton illustrates all these remarks.

The Lyric Poetry struck a new note in the songs of Ben Jonson. They are less natural, less able to be sung than Shakspeare's, more classical, more artificial. In Charles I.'s reign the lyrics retain the same charm. But none of them have any special tendency. A new character, royalist and of the court, now appears. They are, for the most part, light, pleasant, short songs and epigrams on the passing interests of the day, on the charms of the court beauties, on a lock of hair, a dress, on all the fleeting forms of fleeting love. Here and there we find a pure or pathetic song, and there are few of them which time has selected that do not possess a gay or a gentle grace. As the Civil War deepened, the special court poetry died, and the songs became songs of battle and marching, and devoted and violent loyalty. These have been lately collected under the title of *Songs of the Cavaliers*. Midst of them all, like voices from another world, purer, more musical, and filled with the spirit of fine art, were heard the lyrical strains of Milton.

Satirical Poetry, always arising when natural passion in poetry decays, is represented in the later days of Elizabeth by coarse but vigorous satires. As the Puritan and the Royalist became more opposed to one another, satirical poetry naturally became more bitter; but, like the lyrical poetry of the Civil War, it took the form of short songs and pieces which went about the country.

JOHN MILTON was the last of the Elizabethans, and, except Shakspeare, far the greatest of them all. The reader will find a short account of his life and works in the 2nd. part of this book.

We might say that Puritanism said its last great words with Milton, were it not that four years after his death, in 1678, John Bunyan published the *Pilgrim's Progress*. It is the journey of Christian, the Pilgrim, from the city of Destruction to the Celestial City. In painting the pilgrim's progress towards Heaven, and his battle with the world and temptation, and sorrow, the book touched those deep and poetical interests which belong to poor and rich. Its language, the language of the Bible, and its allegorical form, set on foot a plentiful literature of the same kind.

CHAPTER VI.

1660—1745.

Poetry. Change of Style. — We have seen the natural style as distinguished from the artificial in the Elizabethan poets. Style became not only natural but artistic when it was used by a great genius like Shakspeare or Spenser, for a first-rate poet creates rules of art; his work itself is often art. But when the art of poetry is making, its rules are not laid down, and the second-rate poets, inspired only by their feelings, will write in a natural style unrestrained by rules, that is, they will put their feelings into verse without caring much for the form in which they do it. As long as they live in the midst of a youthful national life, and feel an ardent sympathy with it, their style will be fresh and impassioned, and give pleasure because of the strong feeling that inspires it. But it will also be extravagant and unrestrained in its use of images and words because of its want of art. This is the history of the style of the poets of the middle period of Elizabeth's reign. Afterwards the national life grew chill, and the feelings of the poets also chill. Then the want of art in the style made itself felt. The far-fetched images, the hazarded meanings, the over-fanciful way of putting thoughts, the sensational expression of feeling, in which the Elizabethan poets indulged, not only appeared in all their ugliness when they were inspired by no warm feeling, but were indulged in far more than before. Men tried to produce by extravagant use of words the same results that ardent feeling had produced, and the more they failed the more extravagant and fantastic they became, till at last their poetry ceased to have clear meaning. This is the history of the style of the poets from the later days of Elizabeth till the Civil War. The natural style, unregulated by art, had thus become unnatural. When it had reached that point, men began to feel how necessary it was that the style of poetry should be subjected to the rules of art, and two influences partly caused and partly supported this desire. One was the influence of Milton. Milton, first by his superb genius, which creates of itself an artistic style, and secondly by his knowledge and imitation of the great classical models, was able to give the first example in England of a pure, grand, and finished style, and in blank verse and the sonnet, wrote for the first time with absolute correctness. Another influence was that of the movement all over Europe towards inquiry into the right way of doing things, and into the truth of things, a movement we shall soon see at work in science, politics, and religion. In poetry it produced a school of criticism which first took form in France, and the influence of Boileau, La Fontaine, and others who were striving after greater finish and neatness of expression, told on England now. It is an influence which has been exaggerated. Our own poets had already, before the Restoration, begun the critical work, and the French influence served only to give it a greater impulse. Vigorous form was given to that spirit by Dryden, and perfection of artifice added to it by Pope. The *artificial* style succeeded to and extinguished the *natural*.

The subject of the Elizabethan poets was Man as influenced by

the Passions, and it was treated from the side of natural feeling. This was fully and splendidly done by Shakspeare. But after a time this subject followed, as we have seen in speaking of the drama, the same career as the style. It was treated in an extravagant and sensational manner, and the representation of the passions tended to become, and did become unnatural or fantastic. Milton alone redeemed the subject from this vicious excess. He wrote in a grave and natural manner of the passions of the human heart, and he made strong the religious passions of love of God, sorrow for sin, and others, in English poetry. But with him the subject of man as influenced by the passions died for a time. Dryden, Pope, and their followers, turned to another. They left the passions aside, and wrote of the things in which the intellect and the conscience, the social and political instincts in man were interested. In this way the satiric, didactic, philosophical, and party poetry of a new school arose.

There were a few poets, writing partly before and partly after the Restoration, who represent the passage from the fantastic to the more correct style. Sir W. Davenant's *Gondibert*, an heroic poem, is perhaps the most striking example of this transition. Worthless as poetry, it represents the new interest in political philosophy and in science that was arising, and preludes the intellectual poetry. Its preface discourses of rime and the rules of art, and represents the new critical influence which came over with the exiled court from France. The critical school had therefore begun even before Dryden's poems were written. The change was less sudden than it seemed.

Satiric poetry, soon to become a greater thing, was made during this transition time into a powerful weapon by two men, each on a different side. ANDREW MARVELL'S *Satires*, after the Restoration, embody the Puritan's wrath with the vices of the court and king, and his shame for the disgrace of England among the nations. The *Hudibras* of SAMUEL BUTLER, 1663, represents the fierce reaction which had set in against Puritanism. It is justly famed for wit, learning, good sense, and ingenious drollery, and, in accordance with the new criticism, it is absolutely without obscurity. But it is too long, its wit wearies us at last, and it undoes the force of its attack on the Puritans by its exaggeration. Satire should have at least the semblance of truth: yet Butler calls the Puritans cowards. We turn now to the first of these poets in whom poetry is founded on intellect rather than on feeling, and whose best verse is devoted to argument and satire.

JOHN DRYDEN was the first of the new, as Milton was the last of the elder, school of poetry. It was late in life that he gained fame. Born in 1631, he was a Cromwellite till the Restoration, when he began the changes which mark his life. (Vide 2nd part).

During the Civil War the religious and political struggle absorbed the country, but yet, apart from the strife, a few men who cared for scientific matters met at one another's houses. Out of this little knot, after the Restoration, arose the Royal Society, embodied in 1662. Astronomy, experimental chemistry, medicine, mineralogy, zoology, botany, vegetable physiology were all founded as studies, and their literature begun in the age of the Restoration. One man's work was so great in science as to merit his name

being mentioned among the literary men of England. In 1671 Isaac Newton laid his *Theory of Light* before the Royal Society; in the year before the Revolution his *Principia* established with its proof of the theory of gravitation the true system of the universe.

It was in political and religious knowledge, however, that the intellectual inquiry of the nation was most shown. When the thinking spirit succeeds the active and adventurous in a people, one of the first things they will think upon is the true method and grounds of government, both divine and human. Two sides will be taken: the side of authority and the side of reason in Religion; the side of authority and the side of individual liberty in Politics.

The Theological Literature of those who declared that reason was supreme as a test of truth, arose with some men who met at Lord Falkland's just before the Civil War. The spirit which animated these men filled also Jeremy Taylor, and Milton continued their liberal movement beyond the Restoration. A number of divines in the English Church took sides for Authority or Reason, or opposed the growing Deism during the latter half of the seventeenth century.

The resistance to authority in the opposition to the theory of the Divine Right of Kings did not enter into literature till after it had been worked out practically in the Civil War. During the Commonwealth and after the Restoration it took the form of a discussion on the abstract question of the Science of Government, and was mingled with an inquiry into the origin of society and the ground of social life. Milton's papers on the Divorce Question and his little tractate on Education were bold attempts to solve social questions, and his political tracts after the death of Cromwell, though directed to the questions of Church and State which were burning then, have a bearing beyond their time. But THOMAS HOBBES, during the Commonwealth, was the first who dealt with the question from the side of abstract reason, and he is also the first of all our prose writers whose style may be said to be uniform and correct, and adapted carefully to the subjects on which he wrote. His treatise, the *Leviathan*, 1651, declared that the origin of all power was in the people, and the end of all power was for the common weal. It destroyed the theory of a Divine Right of Kings and Priests, but it created another kind of Divine Right when it said that the power lodged in rulers by the people could not be taken away by the people. We may here mention that it was during this period, in 1667, that the first effort was made after a Science of Political Economy by Sir William Petty in his *Treatise on Taxes*.

John Locke, after the Revolution, in 1689—1690, followed the two doctrines of Hobbes in his treatise on *Civil Government*, but with these important additions that the people have a right to take away the power given by them to the ruler, that the ruler is responsible to the people for the trust reposed in him, and that legislative assemblies are supreme as the voice of the people. This was the political philosophy of the Revolution.

With the closing years of William III. and the accession of Queen Anne (1702) a literature arose which was partly new and partly a continuance of that of the Restoration. The conflict be-

tween those who took the oath to the new dynasty and the Non-jurors who refused, the hot blood that it produced, the war between Dissent and Church, and between the two parties which now took the names of Whig and Tory, produced a mass of political pamphlets, of which Daniel Defoe's and Swift's were the best; of songs and ballads, which were sung in every street; of squibs, reviews, and satirical poems and letters. Every one joined in it, and it rose to importance in the work of the greater men who mingled literary studies with their political excitement. In politics all the abstract discussions we have mentioned ceased to be abstract, and became personal and practical, and the spirit of inquiry applied itself more closely to the questions of everyday life. The whole of this stirring literary life was concentrated in London, where the agitation of society was hottest; and it is round this vivid city life that the Literature of Queen Anne and the two following reigns is best grouped.

It was, with a few exceptions, a Party Literature. The Whig and Tory leaders enlisted on their sides the best poets and prose-writers, who fiercely satirised and unduly praised them under names thinly disguised. Our „Augustan Age” was an age of unbridled slander. Personalities were sent to and fro like shots in battle. Those who could do this work were well rewarded, but the rank and file of writers were left to starve. Literature was thus honoured not for itself, but for the sake of party. The result was that the abler men lowered it by making it a political tool, and the smaller men degraded it by using it in the same way, only in a baser manner. Their flattery was as abject as their abuse was shameless, and both were stupid. Being a party literature, it naturally came to study and to look sharply into human character and into human life as seen in the great city. It debated subjects of literary and scientific inquiry and of philosophy with great ability, but without depth. It discussed all the varieties of social life, and painted town society more vividly than has been done before or since; and it was so wholly taken up with this, that country life and its interests, except in the writings of Addison, were scarcely touched by it at all. Criticism being so active, the *form* in which thought was expressed was now especially dwelt on, and the result was that the style of English prose became for the first time absolutely simple and clear, and English verse reached a neatness of expression and a closeness of thought which was as exquisite as it was artificial. At the same time, and for the same reasons, Nature, Passion, and Imagination decayed in poetry.

The Prose Literature of Pope's time (For Alexander Pope, see Part II.) collects itself round four great names, Swift, Defoe, Addison, and Bishop Berkeley, and they all exhibit those elements of the age of which I have spoken. JONATHAN SWIFT was the keenest of political partizans. The *Battle of the Books*, or the literary fight about the Letters of Phalaris, and the *Tale of a Tub*, a satire on the Presbyterians and the Papists, made his reputation in 1704 and established him as a satirist. Swift left the Whig for the Tory party, and his political tracts brought him court favour and literary fame. On the fall of the Tory party at the accession of George I., he retired to the Deanery of St. Patrick in Ireland an embittered man, and the

Drapier's Letters (1724) written against Wood's halfpence, gained him popularity in a country that he hated. In 1726, his inventive genius, his savage satire, and his cruel indignation with life, were all shown in *Gulliver's Travels*. The voyage to Lilliput and Brobdingnag satirised the politics and manners of England and Europe; that to Laputa mocked the philosophers; and the last, to the country of the Houyhnhnms, lacerated and defiled the whole body of humanity. No English is more robust than Swift's, no wit more gross, no life in private and public more sad and proud, no death more pitiable. He died in 1745 hopelessly insane. DANIEL DEFOE was almost as vigorous a political writer as Swift. His vein as a pamphleteer seems to have been inexhaustible, and the style of his tracts was as roughly persuasive as it was popular. Above all he was the journalist. His *Review*, published twice a week for a year, was wholly written by himself; but he „founded, conducted, and wrote for a host of other newspapers,” and filled them with every subject of the day. His tales grew out of matters treated of in his journals, and his best art lay in the way he built up these stories out of mere suggestions. „The little art he is truly master of, said one of his contemporaries, is of forging a story and imposing it on the world for truth.” His circumstantial invention, combined with a style which exactly fits it by its simplicity, is the root of the charm of the great story by which he chiefly lives in literature. *Robinson Crusoe*, 1719, equalled *Gulliver's Travels* in truthful representation, and excelled them in invention. The story lives and charms from day to day. With his other tales it makes him our first true writer of fiction. But none of his stories are real novels; that is, they have no plot to the working out of which the characters and the events contribute. They form the transition however from the slight tale and the romance of the Elizabethan time to the finished novel of Richardson and Fielding.

The Periodical Essay is connected with the names of JOSEPH ADDISON and SIR RICHARD STEELE. (See Part II).

THE DRAMA FROM THE RESTORATION TO 1780.

The Drama after the Restoration took the tone of the court both in politics and religion, but its partizanship decayed under William III., and died in the reign of Queen Anne. The court of Charles II., which the plays now written represented much more than they did the national life, gave the drama the „genteel” ease and the immorality of its society, and encouraged it to find new impulses from the tragedy and comedy of Spain and of France. The French romances furnished plots to the play-writers. The great French dramatists, Corneille, Racine, and Molière were translated and borrowed from again and again. The “three unities” of Corneille, and rime instead of blank verse as the vehicle of tragedy, were adopted, but “the spirit of neither the serious nor the comic drama of France could then be transplanted into England.”

Dryden is the representative dramatist of the Restoration. Among the tragedians who followed his method and possessed their own, the one most worthy of notice is Thomas Otway, whose two pathetic tragedies, the *Orphan* and *Venice Preserved*, still keep the stage.

Three great comedians followed — William Congreve, Sir John Vanbrugh, and George Farquhar. The indecency of all these writers is infamous, but it is partly forgotten in their swift and sustained vivacity. This immorality produced Jeremy Collier's famous attack on the stage, 1698. Steele, at this time, whose *Lying Lover* makes him the father of *sentimental comedy*, wrote all his plays with a moral purpose, but the greater part of the tragedies of the time definitely mark an epoch in the history of English tragedy, an epoch of decay, on which no recovery has followed." Comedy, however, had still a future. The *Beggars' Opera* of Gay, 1728, revived an old form of drama in a new way. Fielding made the stage the vehicle of criticism on the follies, literature, and politics of his time; and Foote and Garrick did the same kind of work in their farces.

The influence of the Restoration drama continues, past this period in the manner of Goldsmith and Sheridan who wrote between 1768 and 1778; but the exquisite humour of Goldsmith's *Goodnatured Man* and *She Stoops to Conquer*, and the wit, brilliant and epigrammatic, of Sheridan's *Rivals* and the *School for Scandal*, are not deformed by the indecency of the Restoration. Both were Irishmen. The sentimental comedy was carried on into the next age but we may say that with Sheridan the history of the elder English Drama closes.

CHAPTER VII.

1745—1832.

Prose.

The rapid increase of manufactures, science, and prosperity which began with the middle of the eighteenth century is paralleled by the growth of Literature. The general causes of this growth were—

1st, That a good prose style had been perfected, and the method of writing being made easy, production increased. Men were born, as it were, into a good school of the art of composition.

2ndly, The long peace after the accession of the House of Hanover had left England at rest, and given it wealth. The reclaiming of waste tracts, the increased wealth and trade, made better communication necessary; and the country was soon covered with a network of highways. The leisure gave time to men to think and write: the quicker interchange between the capital and the country spread over England the literature of the capital, and stirred men everywhere to express his thoughts. The coaching services and the post carried the new book and the literary criticism to the villages, and awoke the men of genius there, who might otherwise have been silent.

3rdly, The Press sent far and wide the news of the day, and grew in importance till it contained the opinions and writings of men like Johnson. Such seed produced literary work in the country. *Newspapers* now began to play a larger part in literature. They rose under the Commonwealth, but became important when the censorship which reduced them to a mere broadsheet of news was

removed after the Revolution of 1688. The political sleep of the age of the two first Georges hindered their progress; but in the reign of George III., after a struggle which lasted from 1764 to 1771, the press claimed and obtained the right to criticise the conduct and measures of Ministers and Parliament and the King; and the further right to publish and comment on the debates in the two Houses.

4thly, Communication with the Continent had increased during the peaceable times of Walpole, and the wars that followed made it still easier. With its increase two new and great outbursts of literature told upon England. France sent the works of Montesquieu, of Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, D'Alembert, and the rest of the liberal thinkers who were called the Encyclopædists, to influence and quicken English literature on all the great subjects that belong to the social and political life of man. Afterwards, the fresh German movement, led by Lessing and others, and carried on by Goethe and Schiller, added its impulse to the poetical school that arose in England along with the French Revolution. These were the general causes of the rapid growth of literature from the time of the death of Swift and Pope.

Prose Literature between 1745 and the French Revolution may be said to be bound up with the literary lives of one man and his friends. SAMUEL JOHNSON, born in 1709, and whose first prose work, appeared in 1744, was the last representative of the literary king, who, like Dryden and Pope, held a court in London. Poor and unknown, he worked his way to fame, and his first poem, satirized the town where he loved to live. He carried on the periodical essays in the *Rambler* and *Idler*, 1750—52, but in them grace and lightness, the essence of this kind of essay, were lost. Several other series followed and ceased in 1787, but the only one worth reading, for its fanciful stories and agreeable satire of the manners of the time, is Goldsmith's *Citizen of the World*. Driven by poverty, Johnson undertook a greater work; the *Dictionary of the English Language*, 1755—and his celebrated letter to Lord Chesterfield concerning its publication, gave the death-blow to patronage, and makes Johnson the first of the modern literary men who, independent of patrons, live by their pen and find in the public their only paymaster. He represents thus a new class. In 1759 he set on foot the Didactic Novel in *Rasselas*, and in 1781 his *Lives of the Poets* lifted Biography into a higher place in literature. But he did even more for literature as a converser, as the chief talker of a literary club, than by writing. Side by side with Johnson stands OLIVER GOLDSMITH, whose graceful and pure English is a pleasant contrast to the loaded Latinism of Johnson's style. The *Vicar of Wakefield*, the *History of Animated Nature* are at one in charm, and the latter is full of love of natural scenery. Both these men were masters of Miscellaneous Literature.

The Novel. — "There is more knowledge of the heart," said Johnson, "in one letter of Richardson's than in all *Tom Jones*," and the saying introduces SAMUEL RICHARDSON and HENRY FIELDING, the makers of the Modern Novel. Wholly distinct from merely narrative stories like Defoe's, the true novel is a story wrought round the passion of love to a tragic or joyous conclusion. Its

form, far more flexible than that of the drama, admits of almost infinite development. The whole of human life, at any time, at any place in the world, is its subject, and its vast sphere accounts for its vast production. *Pamela*, 1740, appeared while Pope was yet alive, and was the first of Richardson's novels. Like *Clarissa Harlowe*, 1748, it was written in the form of letters. The third of these books was *Sir Charles Grandison*. They are novels of Sentiment, and their purposeful morality and religion mark the change which had taken place in the morals and faith of literature since the preceding age.

HENRY FIELDING followed *Pamela* with *Joseph Andrews*, 1742, and *Clarissa* with *Tom Jones*, 1749. At the same time, in 1748, appeared TOBIAS SMOLLETT's first novel, *Roderick Random*. Both wrote many other stories, but in the natural growth and development of the story, and in the infitting of the characters and events towards the conclusion, *Tom Jones* is the English model of the novel. Fielding draws English life both in town and country with a coarse and realistic pencil: Smollett is led beyond the truth of nature into caricature. Ten years had thus sufficed to create a wholly new literature.

LAURENCE STERNE published the first part of *Tristram Shandy* in the same year as *Rasselas*, 1759. *Tristram Shandy* and the *Sentimental Journey* are scarcely novels. They have no plot, they can scarcely be said to have any story. But a certain unity is given to the book by the admirable consistency of the characters. A little later, in 1766, Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield* was the first, and perhaps the most charming, of all those novels which we may call idyllic, which describe in a pure and gentle style the simple loves and lives of country people.

History shared in the progress made after 1745 in prose writing, and was raised into the rank of literature by three of Johnson's contemporaries. All of them were influenced by the French school, by Montesquieu and Voltaire. DAVID HUME's *History of England*, finished in 1761, is, in the writer's endeavour to make it a philosophic whole, in its clearness of narrative and purity of style, our first literary history. But he is neither exact, nor does he care to be exact. He does not love his subject, and he wants sympathy with mankind and with his country. His manner is the manner of Voltaire, passionless, keen, and elegant. DR. ROBERTSON, Hume's friend, and also a Scotchman, was a careful and serious, but also a cold writer. His *Histories of Scotland*, of *Charles V*, and of *America* show how historical interest again began to reach beyond England. Their style is literary, but they fail in philosophical insight and in imagination. EDWARD GIBBON, whose *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, completed in 1788, gave a new impulse and a new model to historical literature, had no more sympathy with humanity than Hume, and his irony lowers throughout the human value of his history. But he had creative power, originality, and the imagination of his subject. It was at Rome in 1764, while musing amid the ruins of the Capitol, that the idea of writing his book started to his mind, and his conception of the work was that of an artist. Rome, eastern and western, was painted in the centre of the world, dying slowly like a lion. Around it and towards it he drew all the nations and hordes and faiths that

wrought its ruin; told their stories from the beginning, and the results on themselves and on the world of their victories over Rome. This imaginative conception, together with the collecting and use of every detail of the arts and costumes and manners of the times he described, the reading and use of all the contemporary literature, the careful geographical detail, the marshalling of all this information with his facts, the power with which he moved over this vast arena, and the use of a full, but too grandiose a style, to give importance to the subject, makes him the one historian of the eighteenth century, whom modern research recognises as its master.

Hume, following Locke, inquired into the nature of the human understanding, and based philosophy upon psychology. He constructed a science of man: and finally limited all our knowledge of reality to the world of phenomena revealed to us by experience. In morals he made utility the only measure of virtue. In 1741-42, he published two volumes of *Essays Moral and Political*, from which we might infer a political philosophy; and in 1752 the *Political Discourses* appeared, and they have been fairly said to be the cradle of political economy. But that subject was afterwards taken up by ADAM SMITH, a friend of Hume's. His *Wealth of Nations*, 1776, by its theory that labour is the source of wealth, and that to give the labourer absolute freedom to pursue his own interest in his own way is the best means of increasing the wealth of the country; by its proof that all laws made to restrain, or to shape, or to promote commerce, were stumblingblocks in the wealth of a state, he created the Science of Political Economy, and started the theory and practice of Free Trade. All the questions of labour and capital were now placed on a scientific basis, and since that time the literature of the whole of the subject has engaged great thinkers. As the immense increase of the industry, wealth, and commerce of the country from 1720 to 1770 had thus stirred inquiry into the laws which regulate wealth, so now the Methodist movement, beginning in 1738, awoke an interest in the poor, and gave the first impulse to popular education. Social Reform became a literary subject, and fills a large space until 1832, when political reform brought forward new subjects, and the old subjects under new forms. This new philanthropy was stirred into further growth by the theories of the French Revolution, and these theories, taking violent effect in France, roused into opposition the genius of Edmund Burke. Unlike Hume, whose politics were elaborated in the study, Burke wrote his political tracts and speeches face to face with events and upon them. Philosophical reasoning and poetic passion were wedded together in them on the side of Conservatism, and every art of eloquence was used with the mastery that imagination gives.

The death of Johnson in 1784 marks a true period in our later prose literature. London had ceased then to be the only literary centre. Books were produced in all parts of the country, and Edinburgh had its own famous school of literature. The doctrines of the French Revolution were eagerly supported and eagerly opposed, and stirred like leaven through a great part of the literary world of England. Later on, through Coleridge, Scott, Carlyle, and others, the influence of Goethe and Schiller, of the new literature

of Germany, began to tell upon us, in theology, in philosophy and even in the novel. The great English Journals, the *Morning Chronicle*, the *Times*, the *Morning Post*, the *Morning Herald*, were all set on foot between 1775 and 1793, between the war with America and the war with France; and when men like Coleridge and Canning began to write in them the literature of journalism was started. A Literature especially directed towards Education arose in the *Cyclopædias*, which began in 1778, and rapidly developed into vast Dictionaries of knowledge. Along with them were the many series issued from Edinburgh and London of *Popular Miscellanies*. A crowd of literary men found employment in writing about books rather than in writing them, and the Literature of Criticism became a power. The *Edinburgh Review* was established in 1802, and the *Quarterly*, its political opponent, in 1808, and these were soon followed by *Fraser's* and *Blackwood's Magazine*. Jeffrey, Professor Wilson, Sydney Smith, and a host of others wrote in these on contemporary events and books. Interest in contemporary stimulated interest in past literature, and Coleridge, Charles Lamb, Thomas Campbell, Hazlitt, Southey, and Savage Landor carried on that study of the Elizabethan and earlier poets to which Warton had given so much impulse in the eighteenth century. DE QUINCEY, one of the Edinburgh school, is, one of our first, as he is one of our most various miscellaneous writers: and with him for masculine English, for various learning and forcible fancy, and, not least, for his vigorous lyrical work and poems, we may rank WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, who deepened an interest in English and classic literature. CHARLES LAMB's fineness of perception was shown in his criticisms on the old dramatists, but his most original work was the *Essays of Elia*, in which he renewed the lost grace of the essay, and with a humour not less gentle, but more subtle than Addison's.

The eloquent intelligences of Edinburgh continued the Literature of Philosophy. Coleridge brought his own and the German philosophies into the treatment of theological questions. The utilitarian view of morals was put forth by Jeremy Bentham with great power and he wrote also on political economy, but that subject was more fully developed by Malthus, Ricardo, and James Mill.

The Historical School produced Mitford's *History of Greece*, 1810, and Lingard's *History of England*, 1819; but it was HENRY HALAM who for the first time wrote history in this country without a grain of prejudice. His *Europe during the Middle Ages*, 1818, is distinguished by its exhaustive and judicial summing-up of facts, and his *Constitutional History of England* set on foot a new kind of history in the best way. Since his time, impelled by Macaulay, Dean Milman, and others, history has become more and more worthy of the name of fine literature, and the critical schools of our own day, while making truth the first thing, and the philosophy of history the second, do not disdain but exact the graces of literature. But of all the forms of prose literature, the novel was the most largely used and developed.

The Novel. — The stir of thought made by the French Revolution had many side influences on novel-writing. Political stories and wild and picturesque tales introduced the Romantic Novel, then the novel of Passion, and the novel of domestic life succeeded Pathetic stories,

the novel of national character, and the novel with a moral purpose, completed the series. Miss AUSTEN, „with an exquisite touch which renders commonplace things and characters interesting from truth of description and sentiment,” produced the best novels we have of everyday society, 1811—17. With the peace of 1815 arose new forms of fiction; and travel, now popular, gave birth to the tale of foreign society and manners.

It was WALTER SCOTT, however, who raised the whole of the literature of the novel into one of the great influences that bear on human life. (See Part II.)

CHAPTER VIII.

1730 to 1832.

Poetry.

The Elements and Forms of the New Poetry. — The poetry we are now to study may be divided into *two periods*. The first dates from about the middle of Pope's life, and closes with the publication of Cowper's *Task*, 1785; the second begins with the *Task* and closes in 1832. The first is not wrongly called a time of transition. The influence of the poetry of the past lasted; new elements were added to poetry, and new forms of it took shape. There was a change also in the style and in the subject of poetry.

(1.) *The influence of the didactic and satirical poetry of the critical school lingered* among the new elements as clearly appears from Johnson's satires on the manners of his time, Robert Blair's poem of *The Grave*, Edward Young's *Night Thoughts*, and his satires; and in the vigorous satires of Charles Churchill.

(2.) *The study of the Greek and Latin classics revived*, and with it a more artistic poetry. Not only correct form, which Pope attained, but beautiful form also was sought after. Men like THOMAS GRAY and WILLIAM COLLINS strove to pour into their work that simplicity of beauty which foreign poets had reached as the last result of genius restrained by art. Their best poems, are exquisite examples of English work wrought in the spirit of the imaginative scholar and the moralist. The affectation of the age touches them now and again, but their manner, their way of blending together natural feeling and natural scenery, their studious care in the choice of words are worthy of special study.

(3.) *The study of the Elizabethan and the earlier poets like Chaucer, and of the whole course of poetry in England, was taken up with great interest.* Shakspeare and Chaucer had engaged both Dryden and Pope; but the whole subject was now enlarged. Gray like Pope projected a history of English poetry, Thomas Warton wrote his *History of English Poetry*, 1774—78, and in doing so suggested fresh material to the poets. They began to take delight in the childlikeness and naturalness of Chaucer as distinguished from the artificial and critical verse of the school of Pope. Shakspeare was studied in a more accurate way. Pope's, Theobald's, Sir Thomas Hanmer's, and Warburton's editions of Shakspeare were succeeded by Johnson's in 1765; and Garrick the actor began the

restoration of the genuine text of Shakspeare's plays for the stage.

Spenser formed the spirit and work of some poets, and T. Warton wrote an essay on the *Faerie Queen*. William Shenstone's *Schoolmistress*, 1742, was one of these Spenserian poems, and so was the *Castle of Indolence*, 1748, by JAMES THOMSON, author of the *Seasons*. James Beattie, in the *Minstrel*, 1771, also followed the stanza and manner of Spenser.

(4.) A new element — *interest in the romantic past* — was added by the publication of Dr. Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, 1765. The narrative ballad and the narrative romance, afterwards taken up and perfected by Sir Walter Scott, now struck their roots afresh in English poetry. Men began to seek among the ruder times of history for wild, natural stories of human life; and the pleasure in these increased and accompanied the growing love of lonely, even of savage scenery. The *Ossian*, 1762, of JAMES MACPHERSON, which asserted itself as a translation of Cælic epic poems, is an example of this new element. Still more remarkable in this way were the poems of THOMAS CHATTERTON, the „marvellous boy,” who died by his own hand, in 1770, at the age of seventeen. He pretended to have discovered, in a muniment room at Bristol, the *Death of Sir Charles Bowdin*, and other poems, by an imaginary monk named Thomas Rowley. Written with quaint spelling, and with a great deal of lyrical invention, they raised around them a great controversy.

We have seen how the natural style of the Elizabethan poets had ended by producing an unnatural style. In reaction from this the critical poets set aside natural feeling, and wrote according to frigid rules of art. Their style lost life and fire; and losing these, lost art, which has its roots in emotion, and gained artifice, which has its roots in intellectual analysis. In the process two things had been learned. First, that artistic rules were necessary — and secondly, that natural feeling was necessary, in order that poetry should have a style fitted to express nobly the emotions and thoughts of man. The way was therefore now made ready for a style in which the Art should itself be Nature, and it found its first absolute expression in a few of Cowper's lyrics. His style, arises out of the simplest pathos, and yet is most pure in expression. The work was then done; but the element of fervent passion did not enter into poetry until 1789.

The Poets have always worked on two great subjects—Man and Nature. Up to the age of Pope the subject of Man was alone treated, and we have seen how many phases it went through. There remained the subject of Nature and of man's relation to it; that is, of the visible landscape, sea, and sky, and all that men feel in contact with them. Natural scenery had been hitherto only used as a background to the picture of human life. It now began to occupy a much larger space in poetry, and after a time grew to occupy a distinct place of its own apart from Man. It is the growth of this new subject which will engage us now.

We have already found traces in the poets, but chiefly among the Puritans, of a pleasure in rural things and the emotions they awakened. But Nature is only, as in the work of Marvell and Milton, incidentally introduced. The first poem devoted to natural description appeared, while Pope was yet alive, in the very midst

of the town poetry. It was the *Seasons* 1726—30; and it is curious, remembering what I have said about the peculiar turn of the Scotch for natural description, that it was the work of JAMES THOMSON, a Scotchman. It described the scenery and country life of Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter. He wrote with his eye upon their scenery, and even when he wrote of it in his room, it was with „a recollected love.” The descriptions were too much like catalogues, the very fault of the previous Scotch poets, and his style was always heavy and often cold, but he was the first poet who led the English people into that new world of nature which has enchanted us in the work of modern poetry, but which was entirely impossible for Pope to understand. The impulse he gave was soon followed. Men left the town to visit the country and record their feelings.

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Foreign travel now enlarged the love of nature. Gray's letters, some of the best in the English language, describe natural scenery with a minuteness quite new in English Literature. In his poetry he used the description of nature as „its most graceful ornament,” but never made it the subject. In other poems natural scenery is interwoven with reflections on human life, and used to point its moral. There is as yet but little love of nature for its own sake. A further step was made by OLIVER GOLDSMITH in his *Traveller*, 1764, a sketch of national manners and governments, and in his *Deserted Village*, 1770. The scenes he paints are pure pictures, and he has no personal interest in them. The next step was made by men whose poems do not speak of nature and human life, but of nature and themselves. They see the reflection of their own joys and sorrows in the woods and streams, and for the first time the pleasure of being alone with nature apart from men became a distinct element in modern poetry. In the latter poets it becomes one of their main subjects. These were the steps towards that love of nature for its own sake which we shall find in the poets who followed Cowper.

During this time the interest in Mankind, that is, in Man independent of nation, class, and caste, which we have seen in prose, began to influence poetry. One form of it appeared in the interest the poets began to take in men of other nations than England; another form of it—and this was increased by the Methodist revival—was the interest in the lives of the poor. Thomson speaks with sympathy of the Siberian exile and the Mecca pilgrim, and the *Traveller* of Goldsmith enters into foreign interests. Connected with this new element is the simple ballad of simple love, such as Goldsmith's *Edwin and Angelina*, which started a new type of human poetry, afterwards worked out more completely in the *Lyric Ballads* of Wordsworth.

Scottish Poetry illustrates and anticipates the poetry of the poor and the ballad. With the exception of stray songs its voice was silent for a century and a half. It revived in ALLAN RAMSAY, a friend of Pope and Gay. His light pieces of rustic humour were followed by collections of existing Scottish songs mixed up with some of his own. Ramsay's pastoral drama of the *Gentle Shepherd*, 1725, is a pure, tender, and genuine picture of Scottish life and love among the poor and in the country. The Ballad, always continuous in Scotland, took a more modern but very pathetic form

in such productions as *Auld Robin Gray* and the *Flowers of the Forest*, a mourning for those who fell at Flodden Field. There is the same nationality, the same rough wit, the same love of nature, but the love of colour has lessened. With ROBERT BURNS poetry written in the Scotch dialect may be said to say its last word of genius, though it continues a songmaking existence to the present day.

The new elements and the changes on which I have dwelt are expressed by three poets—Cowper, Crabbe, and Burns. (See Part II.)

GEORGE CRABBE took up the side of the poetry of Man which had to do with the lives of the poor in the *Village*, 1783, and in the *Parish Register*, 1807. In the short tales related in these books we are brought face to face with the sternest pictures of humble life, its sacrifices, temptations, righteousness, love, and crimes. The prison, the workhouse, the hospital, and the miserable cottage are all sketched with a truthfulness perhaps too unrelenting, and the effect of this poetry in widening human sympathies was very great. The kind of poetry thus started long continued in our verse. Wordsworth took it up and added to it new features, and THOMAS HOOD in short pieces like the *Song of the Shirt* gave it a direct bearing on social evils.

One element, the passionate treatment of love, had been on the whole absent from our poetry since the Restoration. It was restored by Robert Burns. (Part II.)

Certain ideas relating to Mankind considered as a whole had been growing up in Europe for more than a century, and we have seen their influence on the work of Cowper, Crabbe, and Burns. These ideas spoke of natural rights that belonged to every man, and which united all men to one another. All men were by right equal, and free, and brothers. There was therefore only one class, the class of Man; only one nation, the nation of Man, of which all were equal citizens. All the old divisions therefore which wealth and rank and class and caste and national boundaries had made, were put aside as wrong and useless. Such ideas had been for a long time expressed by France in her literature. They were now waiting to be expressed in action, and in the overthrow of the Bastille in 1789, and in the proclamation of the new Constitution in the following year, France threw them abruptly into popular and political form. Immediately they became living powers in the world, and it is round the excitement they kindled in England that the work of the poets from 1790 to 1830 can best be grouped. Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey accepted them with joy, but receded from them when they ended in the violence of the Reign of Terror, and in the imperialism of Napoleon. Scott turned from them with pain to write of the romantic past. Byron did not express them themselves, but he expressed the whole of the revolutionary spirit in its action against old social opinions. Shelley took them up after the reaction against them had begun to die away and re-expressed them. Two men, ROGERS and KEATS, were wholly untouched by them. One special thing they did for poetry. They brought back, by the powerful feelings they kindled in men, passion into its style, into all its work about Man, and through that, into its work about Nature.

ROBERT SOUTHEY began his poetical life with the revolutionary poem of *Wat Tyler*, 1794; and between 1802 and 1814 wrote *Thalaba*, *Madoc*, *The Curse of Kehama*, and *Roderick the Last of the Goths*. *Thalaba* and *Kehama* are stories of Arabian and of Indian mythology. SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE in 1796 wrote the *Ode to the Departing Year* and the *Ode to France*. When France, however, ceasing to be the champion of freedom, attacked Switzerland, Coleridge as well as Wordsworth ceased to believe in her, and fell back on the old English ideas of patriotism and of tranquil freedom. Still the disappointment was bitter, and the *Ode to Dejection* is instinct not only with his own wasted life, but with the sorrow of one who has had golden ideals and found them turn in his hands to clay. There is little in our language to be compared with *Christabel*, 1805, and *Kubla Khan* and the *Ancient Mariner*, published as one of the *Lyrical Ballads* in 1798. The little poem called *Love* touches with great grace that with which all sympathise. All that he did excellently might be bound up in twenty pages, but it should be bound in pure gold.

Of all the poets misnamed Lake Poets, WILLIAM WORDSWORTH was the greatest. (See Part II.)

SIR WALTER SCOTT was Wordsworth's dear friend, and his career as a poet began when Wordsworth first came to Grasmere, with the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, 1805. *Marmion* followed in 1808, and the *Lady of the Lake* in 1810.

Scotland produced another poet in THOMAS CAMPBELL. He will chiefly live by his lyrics. *Hohenlinden*, the *Battle of the Baltic*, the *Mariners of England*, are splendid specimens of the war poetry of England; and the *Song to the Evening Star* and *Lord Ullin's Daughter* are full of tender feeling, and mark the influence of the more natural style that Wordsworth had brought to perfection.

The *Pleasures of Memory*, 1792, and the *Italy*, 1812, of SAMUEL ROGERS, are the work of a slow and cultivated mind, and contain some laboured but fine descriptions. The curious thing is that, living apart in a courtly region of culture, there is not a trace in all his work that Europe and England and Society had passed during his life through a convulsion of change. To that convulsion the best work of THOMAS MOORE, an Irishman, may be referred. Ireland during Moore's youth endeavoured to exist under the dreadful and wicked weight of its Penal Code. The excitement of the French Revolution kindled the anger of Ireland into the rebellion of 1798, and Moore's genius into writing songs to the Irish airs collected in 1769. The best of these have for their hidden subject the struggle of Ireland against England they all have this excellence, that they are truly things to be sung. He sang them himself in society, and it is not too much to say that they helped by the interest they stirred to further Catholic Emancipation. Moore's Oriental tales in *Lalla Rookh* are pleasant reading.

The post-Revolution Poets.—We turn to very different types of men when we come to Lord Byron, Shelley (Part II) and Keats, whom we may call post-Revolution poets.

John Keats had no care whatever for the great human questions which stirred Shelley; the present was entirely without interest to him. He marks the close of that poetic movement which the ideas of the Revolution in France had started in England, as Shelley

marks the attempt to revive it. Keats, seeing nothing to move him in an age which had now sunk into apathy on these points, went back to Greek and mediæval life to find his subjects, and established, in doing so, that which has been called the literary poetry of England.

CHAPTER IX.

Poems were never produced by so large a number of writers as during the last forty years; and never were so many pieces written that show felicitous moments, both in matter and in style.

The minor poets of the early part of the Victorian Age claim our first attention. We cannot be wrong in giving the first place in this category to the humorously pathetic THOMAS HOOD (1799—1845). The most characteristic feature of his genius was that subtle mingling of mirth and sadness which reveals itself in his moods of wildest jesting as in those of deepest pathos. He produced his finest pieces in his closing years, when his naturally gay spirit was prostrated by ill health and by the dire struggle for existence. "The Song of the Shirt" appeared in 1843, and "The Bridge of Sighs," the best of all his poems, in the year of his death.

The poems of LORD MACAULAY, (1800—1859) the distinguished historian, are of an entirely different stamp. His poetry, the graceful accomplishment of a highly-cultivated mind, is pleasing from its melodious rhetoric, and from the chivalrous fire of its sentiments. His "Lays of Ancient Rome" were, avowedly, illustrations of Niebuhr's well-known hypothesis, that the early history of Rome is a concretion of legendary elements; while the Lay on Ivry and the fragment on the Armada are tasteful chronicles in his favourite walk of history.

The life of ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, (1809—1861) sustained through half a century despite fragile health, convinced the world, once for all, that genius owns no distinctions of sex. Mrs Browning appeared after a succession of popular poetesses, but speedily took rank far above them; and we now remember her, along with her husband and the Laureate, not only as a singer of fluent sweetness, but as possessed of imagination of the highest kind. Her earliest works—an essay on Mind, and a translation of the Prometheus of Æschylus—were evidence at once of severe taste and of masculine vigour of intellect. Her "Drama of Exile" breathes the holy fervour of the finest religious poetry. Her Sonnets, worthy to rank with those of Milton and Wordsworth, abound with that intense personal emotion which has always been the special charm of such compositions. In Italy, to which she removed with her husband after her marriage in 1846, Mrs Browning led a secluded life from which her art suffered in completeness. The Revolution of 1848 broke in on this seclusion, and won for Italian freedom her most ardent sympathies. From the windows of her Florentine home, the Casa Guidi, she describes the stirring events of that time in a strain of passionate moralizing, full of practical energy and poetic fire. We see this characteristic energy, combined with other qualities, at its best in "Aurora Leigh" — regarded by its author as the most mature of her works. It is a modern novel in blank verse, longer than "Paradise Lost," as full of passionate fire as Byron's

* "Childe Harold," and as thoughtful in its philosophical aspirations as Wordsworth's "Excursion."

Our survey now brings us to the Laureateship of ALFRED TENNYSON, (b. 1809) whose career of upwards of forty years connects the second quarter of the century with that now current. Like Macaulay, Tennyson first distinguished himself, when only nineteen years of age, in a university prize poem. He is the son of a Lincolnshire clergyman, and the youngest of three brothers—all more or less gifted with poetical talent—in conjunction with the second of whom he first essayed authorship. In 1842 Tennyson published a collection of poems, containing those gems of lyrical melody which establish, in the opinion of many, his most genuine claims to fame. Here we find those universal favourites, "The May Queen," "Dora," "The Miller's Daughter," "Locksley Hall," and "The Lotos-Eaters," poems which present a rare combination of delicate thought, matchless melody, and genial sympathy with Nature in her calmer moods. Tennyson's next work was "The Princess, a Medley,"—a poem on a novel plan, being substantially an epic narrated in a series of lyrics, whose beauty forms the great charm of the poems; thereby showing that as yet the poet had not quitted the meditative mood of the lyrist for that union of epic narration and lyrical reflection which he has since cultivated with so much success. The premature death of his college companion, a son of Hallam the historian, gave occasion for the "In Memoriam," one of the most remarkable poems of the century. While still singing those lyric strains which charmed his early admirers, the Laureate has alternated between mythical epic pictures and the tragic complications of modern society. "Maud," one of his most striking and novel essays in the latter field, is a dramatic monologue exhibiting all the varied modulation, involution of narrative, and subtle symbolism, so characteristic of this poet. The whole poem is another "Locksley Hall," painted on a wider canvass and in deeper colours. "Enoch Arden" is still another proof that Tennyson is a poet of the living present.

In the "Mort d'Arthur" and "Sir Galahad," the Laureate early struck that mine whence he has since enriched at once his age and his own fame with precious treasures. The cycle of Arthurian myth has formed an inexhaustible store of poetry and romance, which has enchanted at once the fancy of the mediæval chronicler and the warm imagination of modern genius. We know that, while Milton was casting about for the subject of a great epic, his eye rested fondly for a time on the tale of Arthur and his Knights; but our Laureate, weaving out of the story of his country's *origines* a tissue of modern sentiment, has gone beyond the monkish chronicle of Geoffrey of Monmouth, and has unearthed from ancient Cymric poetry the materials from which it was compiled. The irregular publication of the Laureate's Arthurian Restorations somewhat marred their first effect. We cannot get rid of the feeling that we might have had the epic of the Round Table narrated as a whole, with a distinct beginning, middle, and end. As it is, we have the romance of Camelot and the passionate deeds of its nobles reproduced in a series of exquisite pictures, each complete in itself, and contributing at the same time to the general epical effect. The "Coming of Arthur" stands as the prologue to the epic, the body of which is found in the six beautiful idylls of "Enid," the "chaste

Griseld" of Camelot; "Elaine," a tragic tale of unrequited love; the weird and powerful "Vivien;" the "Quest of the Holy Grail," the mystic cup used at the institution of the Eucharist; "Pelleas and Etarre," a painful episode in the general story; and the intensely passionate "Guinevere." "The Passing of Arthur" forms the epilogue to this profoundly significant tragedy. The Arthurian society of the castle and the palace lives again in these glowing pictures, which present a magnificent panorama of heroic life. The Laureate's dramatic power, unexpectedly displayed in the ballads of the Lincolnshire farmer, has lately found vent in a more regular form. When we say that "Queen Mary" and "Harold" are dramas of character rather than dramas of action, we do not mean it to be inferred that action and the drama are separable. In "Becket" the subject is taken from that interesting period in the history of England which treats of the struggles for supremacy between Government and Church in which Thomas à Becket, archbishop of Canterbury, falls a victim to the jealousy and envy of the king and his barons.

ROBERT BROWNING (*b.* 1812) and the Laureate started from the opposite poles of the poetical sphere, and both of them have traversed nearly the whole of it. As the one for many years wrote pure lyrics, so the earlier works of the other were real dramas that were put upon the stage, though they met with slight success. Tennyson passed from lyrical to epic poetry, and thence to the drama. Browning quitted the formal drama for lyrical and epic poems, in which, however, the dramatic element is the strongest feature. It is on his later works that Robert Browning's fame most securely rests, as these exhibit a more refined art and a less irritating mannerism. His "Men and Women" and "Dramatis Personæ" revealed a wonderful power of analysing motive and drawing character, and at once gave him a place in the front rank of the poets of the age. His most elaborate work is "The Ring and the Book," a product of his twenty years' residence in Italy. The "Book" is the contemporary record of a Roman murder case, found by the poet on an old bookstall in Florence, while the "Ring" symbolizes the leading aim and spirit of the poem, which, extending to more than 20,000 lines, forms a drama in twelve books. Of these books, the first and the last are, respectively, the prologue and epilogue, while the remaining ten are the dramatic monologues of the actors in the tragedy. The interest of this remarkable work does not lie in its plot—which, extremely simple in its general features, is revealed at the outset in a narration of the clearest possible kind, rich with the hues of imagination. It secures our attention as a profound psychological study, whose key-note is the relative nature of human truth; and it shows that nothing is less easily demonstrable than matters of fact. Few recent works afford such indubitable evidence of intellectual power, spiritual insight, earnest purpose, and daring yet candid thoughtfulness. Mr Browning's industry is untiring. Since publishing "The Ring and the Book" he has produced several volumes of verse, conspicuous among which are two Greek transcripts—"Balaustion's Adventure" and "Aristophanes' Adventure." In "The Inn Album" he reverts to the leading feature of his art, which he describes as "lyrical in expression, but dramatic in principle." His "Pacchiarotto" (1876) is noteworthy,

as being in part a reply to those critics who have charged him with unnecessary obscurity.

Tennyson and Browning stand alone among living poets. Of the numerous contrasts which they present, the most obvious are found in their style. The Laureate's verse, it is said, exemplifies the *ornate* in poetry; that of Browning, the *grotesque*. Nothing can exceed the exquisite polish, the delicate chiselling, and the chaste colour of Tennyson's lines and stanzas. Browning, on the other hand, though never careless, and always in tune with his theme, is everywhere wilful, rugged, brusque, and quaint. No poet since Shakspeare has given us so much of the essentially Shakspearean. Of all the Elizabethans, Tennyson most resembles Spenser, though Spenser lacked that human reference which is ever present to the Victorian Laureate. "In Memoriam" is largely Shakspearean, but it is the Shakspeare of the Sonnets of which it reminds us. Browning is also Shakspearean, but his is the Shakspeare of the dramas alone.

While Tennyson and the Brownings are indisputably the most original poets of our time, their contemporaries, though not without novel and striking thoughts and fancies, have hitherto been more reproductive than creative. Among them, MATTHEW ARNOLD, (b. 1822) a son of the celebrated Dr. Arnold of Rugby, occupies an eminent position. His writings show two distinct tendencies—the earlier, poetical; the later, critical. Both by precept and by example he has endeavoured to revive a preference for models of classic antiquity, superadding to them, however, the spirit and sentiment of modern civilization. His "Empedocles on Etna" is a monologue similar in kind to Tennyson's "Lucretius;" but the materials, in this case more slender, have been filled out by a strong dash of modern speculation. His "Merope" is a pure Greek drama like the "Samson Agonistes" of Milton.

ROBERT BUCHANAN (b. 1841) was only twenty-two years of age when he won the hearty welcome accorded to a new poet of genuine fibre and rhythmic ease. His first essay—"Undertones"—was a bold foray into the realm of pure phantasy in a poem of subtle ideality of design, wrought out with a power of word-painting and rich imagery that marked the hand of no mean artist. This poem was succeeded by lyrics and idyllic and homely ballads, as decidedly realistic as the earlier work was fantastic and ideal. In these the poet recognises how much of heroism and of epical import, exist now in the fisherman's rude hut, now in the gas-lit city, exist in the world of to-day.

The high rank, since well sustained, which WILLIAM MORRIS (b. 1834) speedily reached, is another evidence of the masculine vigour of recent poetical genius. In grandeur of design and elevation of purpose, his "Jason" rises to the level of the epic; its character and incidents are heroic, and are eminently fitted for poetic treatment; while the story is rendered with thorough fidelity to external nature, as well as to the spirit and manners of the times in which it is cast. "The Earthly Paradise" is the work of a modern Chaucer, connecting, as it does, on a separate fictitious thread, a series of independent legends drawn from classical, mediæval, and Oriental sources. The stories are at once connected and skilfully relieved by pensive reflections on the changing sea-

sons and the motions of the wanderers. In a later work, "Sigurd the Volsung," Mr Morris has taken his theme from the storehouse of Scandinavian legend. He has retold part of the tale of the Nibelungs with that combination of dreamy meditation and descriptive vigour which is peculiar to himself. In addition to the metaphysical under-current which pervades the poetry of Mr Morris, there is evidence of that simple sensuous beauty which marks the influence of Wordsworth.

Like Mr Morris, ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURSE (*b.* 1837) has drawn his finest poetical inspiration from the tragic tales of Greek Mythology; the "Atalanta in Calydon," written in his twenty-second year, being modelled on the Greek drama. In common with the Brownings, Mr Swinburne has cordially identified himself with the cause of Italian freedom. In his studies after the antique, his characterization is true to classic art, while his choruses finely embody the meditative mysticism of the Greek drama. "Chastelard," founded on a morally painful episode in the life of Mary, Queen of Scots, contains vivid and startling delineation of character, picturesque grandeur of description, and highly tragic incident. The lyrics abound in emotional fervour, strength, and colour, conveyed in passionate verse.

The poems of DANTE GABRIEL ROSETTI (1828—1882) have much in common with those of the three writers just mentioned. Long well known as a distinguished member of the Pre-Raphaelite school of painters, he had been favourably regarded as a graceful and appreciative translator of the early Italian poets before he revealed his original powers in a collection of lyrics, ballads, and sonnets. In their earnest purpose, careful finish, pensive sentiment, and vivid colouring, these "Poems" are an embodiment in literature of this poet's artistic principles.

Our next group includes the names of GEORGE ELIOT and LORD LYTTON, writers whose verse, intellectual rather than distinctively imaginative, possess some qualities in which recent poetry is deficient. George Eliot, (1819—1880) after ten years of distinguished success as a novelist, turned aside into the kindred walk of poetry. "The Spanish Gipsy" blends, in one singularly thrilling dramatic narrative, the opposing spirit and purpose of the Spaniard and the Moor towards the close of their protracted struggle. "The Legend of Jubal" is a beautiful specimen of epical narration, occupied with a congenial theme—to wit, the working out of an abstract idea in the life of a contemplative sage, whose individuality is finally merged in the spiritual principle which he evoked. Lord Lytton (Sir E. Bulwer Lytton) (1805—1873) was a poet in his fifteenth year; and, throughout his long literary career, he again and again yielded to the poetic aspirations of his youth; but his great fame as a novelist has somewhat dimmed his poetical achievements. His poetry, though able and cultured, is in some respects alien to the taste of the century. His "Milton" is unquestionably his best poetical production; while his "King Arthur," a serio-comic legendary poem in twelve books, combines the flippant satire of his "New Timon" with allegorical phantasy, which, however, is based on sound erudition.

The acted Drama has been cultivated during this period with but indifferent success; dramatists have been numerous, but the dramas that deserve to be regarded as substantial additions to literature have been very few. SHERIDAN KNOWLES, (1784—1862) a cousin of the distinguished Richard Brinsley Sheridan, wrote his first play,

"Leo the Gipsy," for Edmund Kean, in his twenty-fourth year. "Gracchus" secured his position as play-wright; while "Virginus" and "Tell" widened not only his own fame but also that of Macready. Although wanting in humour, his works are characterized by high moral tone and earnest purpose. THOMAS NOON TALFOURD, (1795—1854) a distinguished judge, wrote two classic and two romantic dramas. One of the former, "Ion," his greatest work, successfully reproduces the simplicity and moral dignity of the Greek stage. LORD LYTTON has the merit of having produced some of the few standard acting plays of this century. The "Lady of Lyons" is picturesque and romantic, and abounds with passages of fine poetry and genuine feeling.

Comedy was written with marked success by DOUGLAS JERROLD. (1803—1857). In his hands it was brilliant and sparkling, full of lively wit, and terse, pungent satire. "Time Works Wonders" is perhaps his best piece; but the simplicity of plot and fine pathos of "Black-Eyed Susan" have rendered it his most popular work.

A brief notice of contemporary American poets will close this section. The poems of HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, (1807—1882) who to much originality adds elegant culture, gained by an earnest study of European models, have been widely popular in this country. His shorter pieces breathe throughout a high tone of morality; but their symbolism is sometimes overstrained. The awkward hexameters of "Evangeline" and "Miles Standish" have perhaps necessitated a verbiage which renders the paucity of incident more apparent; but both poems are full of beautiful description, touching pathos, and highly tragic interest. "The Song of Hiawatha," the most poetical of Longfellow's works, is an ode in a novel but charming measure, descriptive of the Saturnian age of the native race of North America. In the fanciful personifications of natural forces, and in the majestic scenery of the prairie and the forest, the author finds full scope for his rare gift of imaginative description. In Longfellow's later poems, characterized by his usual grace and tenderness of expression, there are traces of that meditative tendency so prevalent in our time. No Transatlantic poetry smacks so much of the soil as that of JOHAN G. WHITTIER. (b. 1808). An ardent advocate, in prose and verse, of Abolition, he has poetized republican themes with great energy. The "Home Ballads" are more subdued and contemplative in tone than the early "New England Legends;" while their effect is heightened by a skilful use of the common psalm metre. "The Tent on the Beach" takes its title from the fiction by which the author unites a series of otherwise unconnected poems, remarkable for their keen and lively appreciation of nature.

Passing over the airy sentiment of Willis, and the humorous and elegant verse of OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, we notice, finally, the more popular poetry of JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. (b. 1819). His "Biglow Papers," a clever Hudibrastic poem in the Yankee dialect, scarcely prepared us for the pure, tender, and pensive verse of "Under the Willows." No American poet seems to have so genuine a love of nature, so playful a fancy, so truthful and genial a spirit.

CHAPTER X.

Nothing is more remarkable, in the literary history of the nineteenth century, than the unexampled development of the

department of prose fiction. On this subject Professor Masson supplies some interesting statistics in his work on "British Novelists and their Styles." He calculates that, in the period from the publication of "Waverley" in 1814 to 1859, 3000 novels were written in this country; and that "the annual yield had been quadrupled by the time of Scott's death, as compared with what it had been when he was in the middle of his Waverley series — having risen from 26 a year, or a new novel every fortnight, to about 100 a year, or nearly two new novels every week." During recent years the average production has been at the rate of 500 new novels per annum, which, as a novel generally exceeds one volume, gives about three volumes of fiction for every day in the year.

During the earlier portion of our period we encounter those novelists who began their career about the time when Scott died. Of these, more than a dozen in number, we note first FENIMORE COOPER (1789—1851) and CAPTAIN MARRYAT, (1792—1848) who give us stirring tales of adventure by flood and field. The former delights in the wild Indian life of his native America, with picturesque descriptions of its forest scenery, as in "The Spy" and "The Last of the Mohicans;" while the latter, in such works as "Peter Simple" and "Jacob Faithful," is specially at home on the sea, and invests the ship and its crew with an absorbing interest.

Our next group is one of female novelists — Mrs Trollope, Mrs Hall, Mrs Gore, the Brontës, and Mrs Gaskell. Mrs TROLLOPE (1790—1863) commenced her literary career at the age of fifty after she had met with much trial and misfortune. Her books of travel are marked by acute observation. Interesting herself in the men and manners around her, she seized on the ethical side of her subject, and treated it in a caustic style. In a humbler manner, Mrs HALL worked in the field of Irish life and character, so successfully cultivated by her predecessor, Miss Edgeworth; while Mrs GORE trod in the footsteps of Miss Austen, though she made a much nearer approach than the latter to the fashionable novel in its latest development. In "Jane Eyre" the novel-reading public hailed the advent of a new genius, "capable of depicting the strong, self-reliant, racy, and individual characters which lingered still in the north." The authoress was CHARLOTTE BRONTË, (1816—1855) one of three sisters, all endowed with remarkable power. Emily wrote the weird tale of "Wuthering Heights," and Anne the less successful "Agnes Gray." "Jane Eyre" belongs to what is called the realistic school of novels, and brings into the domain of literature an outlying portion of society previously considered unworthy of artistic delineation, from its provincialisms and commonplace experiences. The innovation is notable, as forming the beginning of a tendency which has since been strongly developed. The strange life of these sisters has been narrated, with all the interest of romance, by Mrs GASKELL, (1811—1865) who, herself a novelist, did for her native Lancashire what Charlotte Brontë did for Yorkshire. "She was a prose Crabbe, — earnest, faithful, and often spirited in her delineations of humble life."

The Earl of BEACONSFIELD (Benjamin Disraeli) (1804—1881) and Lord Lytton have combined literary pursuits with active political life. During the career of the former (interrupted by a protracted and ardent devotion to politics, but resumed, after a long interval,

in "Lothair") he has produced more than a dozen novels, of which the most notable are "Vivian Grey," "Coningsby" and "Tancred". These exhibit great power of gorgeous description, and of neat and pointed sarcasm; but they are brilliant political essays rather than works of fiction.

In respect of versatility and uniform excellence, LORD LYTTON (1805—1873) was the most remarkable literary man of his time. Prose fiction owes much to him, for he has tested its capabilities in many departments, and that with scientific notions of his art rarely found among other novelists. Nothing is more notable in his novels than the progressive improvement in design and execution which they display; their philosophy deepens and mellows, and their morality becomes sounder and nobler. His first prose work was a tale of love and passion, in the manner of Byron; his second was a fashionable novel in the style of Theodore Hook. By and by there came "Paul Clifford" and "Eugene Aram," idealised sketches of notorious criminals; and from these he passed to the gorgeous romances which form the most secure pillar of his fame. His "Pompeii" and "Rienzi" restored classic and mediæval Rome — his "Harold" and "Last of the Barons," Old English and Norman times. Leaving such solid ground, his art has soared aloft, in "Zanoni," into ærial realms; and, in "A Strange Story," has sounded the depths of speculation; but it unquestionably attained its greatest perfection in the delightful Caxton series of domestic fiction. In these exquisite pictures of English life, we have a charming interchange of town and country, much interesting portraiture, and the wise suggestiveness of a matured intellect.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, (1811—1863) though a year older than Dickens, wrote his first great novel eight years after the "Pickwick Papers" had appeared. Not till his thirtieth year was he seriously reconciled to literature. His short and lively sketches, communicated to magazines and humorous journals under facetious *sobriquets*, looked more like trifles thrown off by an original but unsettled genius than earnest work. His early life, slightly reproduced in his character of Clive Newcome, had been somewhat singular. Born in Calcutta, but educated in England, Thackeray had studied, at home and on the Continent, as an artist, when the loss of most of his fortune led him into the kindred walk of literature. Slowly, and after much labour, did he obtain that profound acquaintance with men and manners which his works exhibit. Less generally pleasing than that of Dickens, though more graceful and masculine, his style was not calculated to win immediate success. Dealing with the higher circles of society and the foibles and frivolity of fashionable life, and intermingling his sketches with satire on the knavery and pretence common to mankind, his views contrasted unfavourably with the genial and idealized pictures of his great contemporary. Thackeray was fond of exhibiting the development of his heroes in the fashion set by Goethe, inducing in them in youth a mocking sceptical spirit, and leaving them, after a period of perplexity, sobered and disciplined, in the prosaic sphere of wedded life. This is specially observable in "Pendennis," "The Newcomes," "The Virginians," and "Esmond." "The Newcomes" is considered his most pleasing and most artistically complete novel; but "Vanity Fair" is the most remarkable for dramatic

situation and for powerful analysis of character. "Esmond" is a scholarly and sympathetic sketch of the wits and men of action of Queen Anne's time; and "The Virginians" is a somewhat disjointed tale of the time of Washington and the American War. The portion of history embraced in these two works had strong attractions for Thackeray, as is proved by his delightful sketches of "The English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century," and his characteristic "Lectures on the Four Georges." Anne Isabella, Thackeray's eldest daughter, has inherited no small share of her father's peculiar vein of moral reflection. Her novels, of which "The Story of Elizabeth" and "Old Kensington" are the best specimens, are carefully constructed on recognised principles of art, and are written in a chaste and pleasing style.

The "Pickwick Papers" of CHARLES DICKENS (1812—1870) appeared in 1837 — five years after the death of Scott. Here he exhibits, at the very outset of his career, his peculiar merits and defects — his genial style, imaginative description, and exuberant humour, combined with a tendency to caricature and sentimentalism. There followed, in the same vein, though showing a rapidly maturing mastery over character and plot, that series of noble works which made him by far the best in the domain of prose fiction since Scott. On the whole, the most regular and most representative of all his works is "David Copperfield," which was his own favourite, and in which, as his biographer John Forster tells us, many of his own early experiences are embodied. The last fact accounts for that wonderfully minute acquaintance with London life in its humbler strata, which gives a special character to his works. In the courts and alleys of the city, among barges and ships, or under gloomy arches by its great river, he was most at his ease. But his pictures of the country—the peaceful hamlet, the wild sea-beach, the lone churchyard, the sky, bright over sunlit meadow, or lurid over the furnace forest of "the black country"—are vivid and impressive, in spite of their occasional mannerism. It is eminently characteristic of Dickens's mission in literature that many of his works are permeated by a special social purpose—witness his exposure of defects in the educational and poor-law systems in "Nicholas Nickleby" and "Oliver Twist;" of the tricks to which the emigrant is exposed in "Martin Chuzzlewit;" and of the miseries of Chancery wards and prisoners for debt, in "Bleak House," "Dombey and Son," and other works. Mr Dickens's later works showed his art divorced from such definite aims, and devoted to the ministering of pleasure for its own sake.

Fiction was only one of the forms in which the truly philanthropic spirit of CHARLES KINGSLEY (1819—1875) found expression and activity. He was a theologian, an essayist, a poet as well as a novelist; but above all, and through all, he was a practical philanthropist. It is significant that his first work of fiction—"Alton Locke"—was written amid the political and social turmoil of the year 1848. It forcibly portrays the difficulties which beset an earnest, thoughtful man; whether arising, on the one hand, from our social and commercial system, or, on the other, from the fundamental perplexity which lies outside the haven of a genuine faith. His historical novels form a splendid group—"Hypatia," a tragic conflict between the poetic philosophy of Paganism and the

strong youth of Christianity; "Westward Ho!" a patriotic tale of Elizabethan daring and Protestantism; and "Hereward," a picturesque representation of the high courage and simple faith of a heroic Englishman. While Mr Kingsley had as real a hold of English industrial society as Miss Brontë or Mrs Gaskell, he reminds us of Thackeray by his insight into the mysteries of life, and of Dickens by his fine poetic fibre and susceptibility to pathos. Akin to Kingsley in his interest in social problems, and his sympathy with industrial life, is THOMAS HUGHES, author of "Tom Brown's School Days," a story of life at Rugby in the time of the great Dr Arnold. Like Kingsley, he has charged his novel with definite and elevated purpose, though its theme is but the struggle of a schoolboy towards manliness and Christian earnestness.

The name of GEORGE ELIOT, (1819—1880) whom we have already encountered in the department of poetry, unquestionably occupies in that of fiction the place nearest to those of Dickens and Thackeray. George Eliot is the acknowledged pseudonym of a land agent's daughter, (Mary Ann Evans) who acted for some time as joint editor of the "Westminster Review." Her original powers were first tried in "Scenes of Clerical Life," which appeared in "Blackwood's Magazine." This was followed at intervals by "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," "Silas Marner," and "Felix Holt," which form a splendid gallery of studies in English country life, remarkable alike for realism, artistic finish, wealth of intellectual power, and moral significance. "Romola," which immediately preceded "Felix Holt," is a romance of mediæval Italy. In her latest works, "Middlemarch" and "Daniel Deronda," both elaborate delineations of modern English life, there is developed a wondrous power of grasping and analyzing character, and of conveying ethical lessons in a form as unpretending as it is irresistible.

There remains a multitude of novelists, who, if they have not permanently enriched the library of fiction, have ministered a vast amount of pleasure to their contemporaries. Their works are more or less faithful photographs of the humours and manners, the pleasures and speculations, of the day. For abundance and artistic finish, fidelity to nature, and general excellence, ANTHONY TROLLOPE (1815—1882) is honourably distinguished after those leaders of fiction before mentioned. Appearing as an author in his thirty-second year, he at first depicted features of Irish life: but he very soon began to cultivate that variety of middle-class domestic fiction which has since been so thoroughly identified with him. In all his works there are racy sketches of character and incident, genuine good sense, easy and natural dialogue, and a healthy interest in commonplace people, singularly free from sensational effect. He is an uncommonly ready writer, and the scrupulous care and elegance with which he performs his work are well seen in his "Doctor Thorne" and "Last Chronicle of Barset." After Mr Trollope, the most pleasing delineators of contemporary life and manners are Mrs Craik (Miss Mulock), Mrs Oliphant, Miss Yonge, and William Black. Mrs CRAIK, better known as "the Author of 'John Halifax,'" is one of our most earnest moral teachers. There is a prevailing sadness of tone in all her works, as she aims at exhibiting the action of misfortune on the disposition and temper, according as it strengthens and expands innate worth, or ruins the weak and the

vicious. In her latest novels, such as "Salem Chapel" and "At His Gates," which are not free from sensational elements, Mrs OLIPHANT has departed widely from the quiet pathos and simplicity of her early Scottish stories, "Passages in the Life of Mrs Margaret Maitland," and its continuation, "Lilliesleaf." The popularity which Miss Charlotte Yonge acquired by "The Heir of Redcliffe" and "The Daisy Chain," especially with young readers, has been maintained, though not increased, by her subsequent works. Mr BLACK's stories are life-like pictures of modern society, with characters sharply drawn. "A Princess of Thule" is remarkable for its graphic descriptions of scenery, and for the success with which the author has caught and fixed down the peculiar character of Hebridean English.

As the last group forms a class of novelists who in general tell their story quietly and with some under current of purpose, so Charles Reade and Wilkie Collins, Mrs Henry Wood, and Miss Braddon, may represent those writers who delight in fiction for its own sake, with its exciting machinery of mysterious situations and complicated plots. The works of the first two are more remarkable for constructive skill than for delineation of character, as a consequence of which they are sometimes extravagant in incident. In the works of Mrs Henry Wood, a tendency to melodramatic effect is corrected by purity of tone and healthy principle.

We can give but a passing notice to the humorously gay fictions of Samuel Lover and Charles Lever; the amusing and able sketches of Samuel Warren; the stately classic romance and contemporary tales of Whyte Melville; the thrilling adventure of Mayne Reid and James Hannay; the weird stories of Mrs Crowe; and the lively travels of Albert Smith.

Transatlantic fiction, during the current period, has been as fertile as our own, but it contains far less of permanent value. The immense sensation produced by Mrs STOWE's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was due more to the subject than to its intrinsic merits. Miss E. Wetherell has written several pleasing tales of American life. But by far the greatest and most individual writer of this class in America was the late NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. (1804—1864). He was in his thirty-third year before he was known here; but he was speedily appreciated for his dreamy plantasy, his quaintness of thought, and the simplicity and terse vigour of his style. "The Scarlet Letter," "The House of Seven Gables," "The Blithedale Romance," and "Transformation," could have been produced only by an imaginative writer of uncommon merit.

CHAPTER XI.

The "Imaginary Conversations" of WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR (1775—1864) form an excellent example of the Intellectual Essay. His poetry is not in any way notable, but the prose work just mentioned is one of the most remarkable productions of its kind in this century. Begun in 1826, the series of "Conversations" was continued almost till the author's death. They exhibit throughout the unusual classical scholarship of the author, as well as his just notions of art, and his thoughts and feelings on history, politics, and religion. Full of beauties which appeal to the reflective and cultivated mind,

and sparkling with condensed imagery and quaint colour, these "Conversations" are always bright and impressive, though the views advanced are often paradoxical, and sometimes extreme.

OLIVER W. HOLMES has also concealed a series of intellectual essays under the mask of fiction. The "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" is a voluble American, who discourses at a boarding-house on philosophy, morals, manners, and æsthetics. He is less didactic and more conversational, less profound and earnest, than the "Friends" of Sir Arthur Helps; but his vivacity is much more pleasing to the general reader.

Mr Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus" is properly a philosophical work; but it contains so much skilfully-constructed biography and lifelike characterization, and makes so free a use of irresistible humour, that it may fairly be classed in that sub-variety of imaginative prose which consists of the Intellectual Miscellany.

The Picturesque Sketch is removed a degree further from fiction than the foregoing forms of essay, and requires for its successful execution a poet, or at least a man of strong poetic susceptibilities, able to transport himself in spirit into external nature, or into an idealized region of fancy, and, at the same time, to stamp his imaginings with the tastes and culture of the mind itself. THOMAS DE QUINCEY, (1786—1859) above all modern writers, has carried the spirit and manner of poetry into prose in the way indicated. The "impassioned prose" of the "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater" and the "Suspiria" are conscious attempts at creating a new variety of literature. The most characteristic feature of De Quincey's genius is this power of seizing and vivifying those subtle emotions, — now throbbing under the influence of music, now flitting through the soul in dreams or in dreamlike reminiscence, — which had previously defied fitting expression in prose.

The character and writings of HUGH MILLER (1802—1856) present the strongest possible contrast to those of De Quincey. Not the least interesting portion of the works of both is autobiographic; but while the latter records misspent opportunities and aimless meditation in an atmosphere of books, the former tells of successful struggles with adverse circumstances, of healthy observation, and of the earnest though limited study of an active man. The author of "The Old Red Sandstone" occupies no unimportant position as a man of science; but he is more remarkable for his beautiful descriptions of nature, and for the halo of poetic fancy, which he has shed around scientific subjects. In his hands the dry facts of geology are aglow with picturesque colouring, while he treats its grander theories with epic sublimity of conception and with rich imagery. Hugh Miller's writings have had a vast influence in popularizing science.

The historians of this period fall easily into two groups—the one embracing authors born within last century, but writing during the second quarter of this; the other, those born in the first quarter of the current century, but not actively engaged before 1850. The most valuable labours of SIR FRANCIS PALGRAVE were directed to the elucidation of early English history, and supply, in an agreeable style, fuller and more accurate information than was formerly possessed regarding the Saxons and the Normans. SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON'S "History of Europe" narrates, on a scale both

extensive and minute, the interesting period from the first French Revolution to the *coup d'état* of 1852. The narrative portions are good, but the speculation and inference show much prejudice and narrowness of view; while the style is often slovenly, inaccurate, and verbose. The book is, nevertheless, a marvel of patient industry, involving, as it did, fifteen years of travel and study, while it required as long a period for its composition.

Hitherto the most substantial productions of American literature have belonged to the department of history, in which Prescott, Bancroft, and Motley are honoured names. It is pleasing to see, in the labours of WILLIAM HENRY PRESCOTT, the New World repaying with the pen the gift of civilisation which the Old presented with the sword. With energies crippled by partial blindness, this author laboured for more than twenty years in that department of Spanish conquest and adventure which Robertson had already raised to the highest rank in literature. Commencing with that glorious epoch, the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, and keeping clear of the ground directly taken up by his predecessor, he narrates the conquests of Cortez, follows Pizarro to Peru, and finally sketches the decline of Spanish power under Philip II. His works are characterized by picturesque and masterly narration, great variety of detail, and abundant evidence in support or in illustration of his judgments. George Bancroft, at one time American minister in England, has devoted almost his entire literary life to the history of his country. Beginning with the Colonization of the United States, he has now brought the record through the eventful struggle for independence. His work — though imbued, as was natural, with democratic prejudices—is as candidly as it is ably written.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY, (1800—1859) at an early age, gave evidence of unusual parts, and particularly of that gift of memory which afterwards served him in such stead. His nephew and biographer, G. O. Trevelyan, states that when a boy he could recite the whole of one of Scott's poetical romances. After a careful education he was entered for the bar. His career was a very active one, as a politician and as an author. The last twelve years of his life were devoted almost entirely to the production of his History, which he left a mere fragment. In four volumes, and part of a fifth, he has narrated the events of only a dozen years (1685—1697) of the century and a half contemplated in his plan; but, by way of grand prologue, he has told the story of the infancy and growth of our nation, in a rapid flight of historical narration unrivalled for masterly condensation, extensive and varied illustration, and unflagging interest. Grave history was never before treated in a style at once so scholarly and so fascinating, so perspicuous and so picturesque. Eleven editions of the first portion of the work were taken up before the second appeared. Not the historical student alone, but every lover of pure literature as well, was charmed by such dramatic portraiture of character, and such scenic effect, combined with minute and familiar details of social life, found hitherto only on the stage or in domestic fiction. The work, indeed, is not so much a history as a grand prose epic, with William III. as hero, and the establishment of representative government as *dénouement*. Of his Essays, those on Clive and Hastings, as embodying the result of residence and study in India,

are thoroughly fresh and original, while they contain some of his finest word-painting. As essayist and critic Macaulay stood high; but it is on his *History* that his fame most securely rests; and despite the taint of partisanship from which it is not wholly free and those minor inaccuracies and partial judgments which it has been shown to contain, it will ever remain one of the brightest ornaments in the library of English historical literature.

The "French Revolution" of THOMAS CARLYLE (1795—1881) is one of the great books of the century. Its author was in his forty-second year when it appeared; but he had been well known previously as an ardent admirer of Goethe and the modern German literature, and as an able contributor to the *Encyclopædia Britannica* and to various magazines. The work evinced many novel and striking features. Never before in our historical literature had there been witnessed such a combination of individuality of view and treatment, of picturesque sketches of scene and incident, of quaint and graphic delineation of character, and of thrilling pathos alternating with dry humour and satire. And if every writer who attempts to inform must above all impress the imagination and the memory, here was a style which, by perspicuity and emphasis at once unique and effective, fixed indelibly on the mind a historic drama of surpassing interest and significance. The "French Revolution" is the author's most purely historical work, the others being mainly biographical. Of this character were his early "Life of Schiller," almost without trace of his peculiar manner; "Hero Worship," an exposition of his philosophy of life; his "Cromwell," which establishes the character of the Protector on original evidence; and his "The Life of Sterling," remarkable alike as a fascinating biography and as a disclosure of Mr Carlyle's sympathies in the region of religion and morals. His long literary career culminated in the completion of "Frederick the Great." Though its interest to the author centred in the personality of its hero, it far transcends ordinary biography—being substantially a history of the early German Empire and the formation of the Prussian Monarchy. To its production Mr Carlyle has brought not only extraordinary genius, but the most unwearied industry: he has conferred honour and worth on the patient Dryasdust, the facetious personification of his own labours of research. For this, were it for nothing else, sound literature owes him a debt of gratitude. It is extremely difficult, however, to estimate the value of those ethical and speculative elements with which his works are saturated. Few writers have given utterance to so many original and suggestive thoughts: few have more emphatically impressed both true and false ideas. His philosophy lays special stress on veracity or loyal conformity to the laws of nature and sound sense, which, if not synonymous with moral excellence, includes a practical and intelligible form of it; but it seems scarcely to embrace all the springs of human action, and perhaps not the purest. Yet there are tender chords in his philosophy, and often he will break into pathetic eloquence under the thrill of emotion which some pitiful episode evokes. It is surely good that genius and an earnest conviction of the reality of life should unite in insisting that an honest man must ever keep a faithful account with those eternal conditions of right thinking and right acting under which he lives.

The names of Macaulay and Carlyle connect the second quarter of the century with the present generation. Their careers were widely different; the one early becoming an active politician, and the other remaining all along a retired student. Macaulay became a historian, partly because he was ambitious of rivalling Hume, partly because he was a master of rhetoric, but mainly because he was a politician. Carlyle set to his task with profound views of life, with warm sympathy for certain phases of character, and with a horror of the conventional and the unreal. Both are eminently picturesque and impressive writers, each in his own way. Macaulay is a recognised master of style, but there is equal power and flexibility in that of his contemporary. How graphically, for example, does Carlyle handle topography or physiognomy! With what vivacity and delicacy does he follow the fortunes of a battle, or the passions of a mob! How rapidly and easily does he alternate between brusque levity and impassioned eloquence, between the simplicity of pathetic narrative and the abrupt strokes of satiric contempt!

The current quarter of the century has already produced some valuable histories. Foremost among these stands JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE's recently completed narrative of the Tudors. This work—the first portion of which appeared in 1856—was designed to extend from the fall of Wolsey to the death of Elizabeth, but now closes with the defeat of the Armada. The work is throughout characterized by rare honesty in dealing with evidence, as well as by unusual artistic skill.

An earlier period of English history has been narrated by EDWARD AUGUSTUS FREEMAN. In the "History of the Norman Conquest" he endeavours to place the origin of the English nation on a true footing, by going deeper than his predecessors, and by unwearied research and careful judgment. While Mr Freeman's work tells of the earliest doings of Englishmen, another living historian has turned to the latest heroic work of the race. Alexander William Kinglake's "History of the Crimean War," coming so closely on the events it narrates, and criticising them so boldly, is a notable production. As a history of a definite action by an eyewitness it may be compared with Napier's "Peninsular War," but it lacks the minute professional knowledge of that work.

Of historical works not connected with England, the most notable are the Spanish Histories of Helps and Motley. HELPS's "History of Spanish Conquest in America" deals mainly with the slavery question and with the colonial policy of the Spaniards, and consequently does not trench on the ground so well occupied by Robertson and Prescott. The style of the work is chaste, the sentiment pure and elevated, while the matter is fresh and extensive. JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY (1814—1877) is the worthy successor of his countryman Prescott. He began his literary career with a picturesque and eloquent narrative of the "Rise of the Dutch Republic" and has besides written "The History of the United Netherlands." There has been brought to bear on these themes the most conscientious study and painstaking research; but its abundant illustration sometimes mars the artistic effect. The interest deduced from great catastrophes, graphic portraiture, and striking episodes, is throughout absorbing.

PART II.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

1340—1400.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER was born in 1340, and his long and active life extended till the 25th of October, 1400. He is supposed to have sprung of wealthy, though not illustrious parentage, and must have been of gentle blood.

In 1367 we find him named one of the „valets of the king's chamber." His official career appears to have been active and even distinguished: he enjoyed during a long period various profitable offices connected with the customs, having been comptroller of the important revenue arising from the large importation of Bordeaux and Gascon wines into the port of London; and he seems also to have been occasionally employed in diplomatic negotiations. Thus, he was joined with two citizens of Genoa in a commission to Italy in 1373, on which occasion he is supposed to have made the acquaintance of Petrarch, then the most illustrious man of letters in Europe. One of the most interesting particulars of his life was his election as representative for Kent in the Parliament of 1386, which was dissolved in December of the same year.

The poetical immortality of Chaucer rests on his *Canterbury Tales* which are a series of independent stories, linked together by an ingenious device.

A party of about thirty persons, the poet being one, are bound on a pilgrimage from London, to the tomb of Thomas à Becket at Canterbury. They meet at an inn, the host of which joins the cavalcade and assumes the post of director. To while away the time on the road they agree that each person shall tell two tales, the one in going, the other in returning; but we are allowed to accompany the travellers only on a part of the journey to Canterbury, and to hear twenty-four of their stories.

The Pilgrims described in a Prologue to the *Tales* are very judiciously selected from the several ranks of society in Chaucer's time. Among them we find a Knight and his son representing the chivalry of the times, a Franklin or country-gentleman, a Ploughman, a whole swarm of ecclesiastical persons and a merchant.

We subjoin the story told by a Priest from which such passages are omitted as we thought might be dispensed with without marring too much the beauty of the whole. •

The Nonne Prestes Tale.

A poure wydow somdel stope¹ in age,
 Was whilom duellyng in a narwe cotage,
 Bisyde a grove, stondyng in a dale.
 This wydwe of which I telle yow my tale,
 Syn² thilke³ day that sche was last a wif,
 In pacience ladde a ful symple lyf,
 For litel was hire catel⁴ and hire rente;⁵
 By housbondry⁶ of such as God hire sente,
 Sche fond hireself, and eek hire doughtres tuo.

¹somewhat advanced; ²since; ³the like, that; ⁴wealth; ⁵income; ⁶by economy;

Thre large sowes hadde sche, and no mo⁷,
 Thre kyn,⁸ and eek⁹ a scheep that highte¹⁰ Malle.
 A yerd sche hadde, enclosed al aboute
 With stikkes, and a drye dich¹¹ withoute,
 In which she hadde a cok, highte Chauntecleere,
 In al the lond of crowyng nas¹² his peere.
 This gentil cok hadde in his governaunce
 Seven hennes,
 Of whiche the faireste hiewed¹³ on hire throte
 Was cleped¹⁴ fayre damysel Pertelote.
 In thilke tyme, as I have understonde,
 Bestes¹⁵ and briddes¹⁶ cowde¹⁷ speke and synge.
 And so byfel,¹⁸ that in a dawyngye,¹⁹
 As Chaunteclere among his wyves alle
 Sat on his perche, that was in the halle,
 And next him sat this faire Pertelote,
 This Chaunteclere gan gronen²⁰ in his throte,
 As man that in his dreem is drecched²¹ sore.
 And whan that Pertelote thus herde him rore,
 Sche was agast, and sayde, 'O herte deere,
 What eyleth²² yow to grone in this manere?
 Ye ben a verray²³ sleper, fy for schame!'
 And he answerde and sayde thus, 'Madame,
 I praye yow, that ye take it nought agreef:²⁴
 By God, me mette²⁵ I was in such meschief²⁶
 Righ now, that yit myn herte is sore afright.
 Now God,' quod he, 'my sweven rede aright,²⁷
 And keep my body out of foul prisoun!
 Me mette, how that I romede²⁸ up and doun
 Withinne oure yerd, wher as I saugh²⁹ a beest,³⁰
 Was lik an hound, and wolde han³¹ maad arrest³²
 Upon my body, and wolde han had me deed.³³
 His colour was bitwixe yelwe³⁴ and reed;
 And tipped was his tail, and bothe his eeres
 With blak, unlik the remenaunt³⁵ of his heres.³⁶
 His snowt was smal, with glowyng eyen tweye;
 Yet of his look for feere almost I deye;
 This causede me my gronyng douteles.
 'Away!' quod sche, 'fy on yow, herteles!³⁷
 Allas!' quod sche, 'for, by that God above!
 Now han ye lost myn herte and al my love;
 I can nought love a coward, by my feith.
 For certes, what so eny womman seith,
 We alle desiren, if it mighte be,
 To han housbondes, hardy, riche, and fre.
 Allas! and konne ye ben agast of swevenys?³⁸
 Nothing, God wot,³⁹ but vanité, in sweven is.
 Dredeth⁴⁰ non dreem; I can say yow no more.'

⁷more; ⁸kine or cows; ⁹also; ¹⁰was called; ¹¹ditch; ¹²ne was, was not;
¹³hued, coloured; ¹⁴called; ¹⁵beasts; ¹⁶birds; ¹⁷could; ¹⁸it so happened;
¹⁹dawn; ²⁰groan; ²¹troubled; ²²ails; ²³true, very; ²⁴do not take it amiss;
²⁵I dreamt; ²⁶misfortune; ²⁷may God, said he, bring my dreams to a
 good issue; ²⁸roamed; ²⁹saw; ³⁰after beest, the relative that is omitted;
³¹have; ³²seized; ³³dead; ³⁴yellow; ³⁵remnant; ³⁶hair; ³⁷heartless, cow-
 ard; ³⁸dreams; ³⁹knows; ⁴⁰dread, fear;

'Madame,' quod he, '*graunt mercy*'⁴¹ of your lore.
 But dremes ben significaciouns,
 As wel of joye, as tribulaciouns,
 That folk endure in this lif present.
 Ther nedeth⁴² make of this noon argument;
 The verray preve⁴³ scheweth it in dede.
 Oon of the gretteste auctours that men rede
 Saith thus, that whilom two felawes wente
 On pylgrimage in a ful good entente;⁴⁴
 And happede so, thay come into a toun,
 Wher as ther was such congregacioun
 Of poeple, and eek so streyt of herbergage;⁴⁵
 That thay ne founde as moche as oon cotage,
 In which thay bothe mighte i-logged⁴⁶ be.
 Wherfor thay mosten of necessité,
 As for that night, departe here⁴⁷ compaignye;
 And ech of hem⁴⁸ goth to his hostelrye,
 And took his loggyng as it wolde falle.
 That oon of hem was logged in a stalle,
 Fer⁴⁹ in a yerd, with oxen of the plough;
 That other man was logged wel y-nough,
 As was his adventure, or his fortune,
 That us governeth alle as in comune.
 And so bifel, that, long er⁵⁰ it were day,
 This man mette in his bed, ther as he lay,
 How that his felawe gan⁵¹ upon him calle,
 And sayde, 'allas! for in an oxe stalle
 This night I schal be murdred ther I lye.
 Now help me, deere brother, or I dye;
 In alle haste com to me,' he sayde.
 This man out of his slep for fere abrayde;⁵²
 But whan that he was wakned of his sleep,
 He tornede⁵³ him, and took of this no keep;⁵⁴
 Him thoughte his dreem nas but a vanité.
 Thus twies in his sleepyng dremede he.
 And atte thridde tyme⁵⁵ yet his felawe
 Com, as him thoughte, and sayde, 'I am now slawe;⁵⁶
 Bihold my bloody woundes, deepe and wyde!
 Aris⁵⁷ up erly in the morwe tyde,
 And at the west gate of the toun,' quod he,
 'A carte ful of donge⁵⁸ there schalt thou see,
 In which my body is hyd ful prively;
 Do thilke carte arresten boldely.
 My gold causede my mouldre, soth to sayn.'⁵⁹
 And tolde him every poynt how he was slayn,
 With a ful pitous face, pale of hewe.⁶⁰
 And truste wel, his dreem he fond ful trewe;
 For on the morwe, as sone as it was day,
 To his felawes in⁶¹ he took the way;
 And whan that he cam to this oxe stalle,

41'graunt mercy, grand merci; 42'needs; 43'proof; 44'intention, purpose; 45'such a want of lodgings; 46'lodged; 47'their; 48'them; 49'far; 50'ere, before; 51'began; 52'started, awoke; 53'turned; 54'notice; 55'at the third time; 56'slain; 57'arise; 58'dung; 59'to say the truth; 60'hue, colour; 61'inn, lodging;

After his felawe he bigan to calle.
 The hostiller answered him anon,⁶²
 And sayde, 'Sire, your felawe is agoon⁶³
 Als soone as day he wente out of the toun.'
 This man gan falle⁶⁴ in gret suspecion,
 Remembring on his dremes that he mette,
 And forth he goth, no lenger wolde he lette,⁶⁵
 Unto the west gate of the toun, and fond
 A dong carte, as it wente to donge lond,
 That was arrayed in that same wise
 As ye han herd the deede man devise;
 And with an hardy herte he gan to crie
 Vengeance and justice of this felonye.
 „My felawe mordred is this same night,
 And in this carte he lith gapinge upright.”⁶⁶
 The peple upsterte,⁶⁷ and caste the carte to grounde,
 And in the middes of the dong thay founde
 The dede man, that mordred was al newe:
 'O blisful God, that art so just and trewe!
 Lo, how that thow bywreyest⁶⁸ mordre alway!
 Mordre wil out, that se we day by day.
 Here may men sen that dremes ben to drede.
 And certes, in the same book I rede,
 Tuo men that wolde han passed over see
 For corteyn cause into a fer contré,
 If that the wynd ne hadde ben contrarie,
 That made hem in a cité for to tarie,⁶⁹
 That stood ful mery upon an haven syde.
 But on a day, agayn⁷⁰ the even tyde,
 The wynd gan chaunge, and blew right as hem leste.⁷¹
 Jolyf⁷² and glad they wente unto here resto,
 And casten hem ful erly for to sayle;⁷³
 But to that oon man fel a gret mervayle.
 That oon of hem in slepyng as he lay,
 Him mette a wonder drem, agayn the day;
 Him thoughte a man stood by his beddes syde,
 And him comaundede, that he schulde abyde,
 And sayde him thus 'If thou to morwe wende⁷⁴
 Thow schalt be dreynt;⁷⁵ my tale is at an ende.
 He wook,⁷⁶ and tolde his felawe what he mette,
 And prayde him his viage for to lette;⁷⁷
 As for that day, he prayde him to abyde.
 His felawe that lay by his beddes syde,
 Gan for to lawghe⁷⁸ and scornede him ful faste.
 'No dreem,' quod he, 'may so myn herte agaste,
 That I wil lette for to do my thinges.
 I sette not a straw by thy dremynges,⁷⁹
 For swevens been but vanitees and japes.⁸⁰
 Men dreme al day of owles or of apes,

⁶¹anon, immediately; ⁶²gone; ⁶³began to fall; ⁶⁴tarry, delay; ⁶⁵lies flat on his back with his mouth open; ⁶⁶started up, arose; ⁶⁷makest known; ⁶⁸tarry; ⁶⁹against, towards; ⁷⁰just as they desired; ⁷¹joyful; ⁷²they resolved to sail early in the morning; ⁷³to go; ⁷⁴drowned; ⁷⁵awoke; ⁷⁶put off; ⁷⁷began to laugh; ⁷⁸I do not care a straw for your dreams; ⁷⁹deceit;

And eek of many a mase^{*1} therwithal;
 Men dreame of thing that nevere was ne schal.^{*}
 But sith^{*3} I see that thou wilt her abyde,
 And thus forslouthe^{*4} wilfully thy tyde,
 God wot it roweth me,^{*5} and have good day.
 And thus he took his leve, and wente his way.
 But er that he hadde half his cours i-sayled,
 Noot^{*6} I nought^{*7} why, ne what meschaunce it ayled,^{*8}
 But casuelly the schippes botme^{*9} rente,
 And schip and man under the water wente
 In sight of othere schippes ther byside,
 That with hem sailede at the same tyde.
 And therfore, faire Pertelote so deere,
 By suche ensamples olde maistow^{*10} leere^{*11}
 That no man scholde be so recheles^{*12}
 Of dremes, for I say the^{*13} douteles,
 That many a dreem ful sore is for to drede.^{*14}
 I pray yow loketh wel
 In the olde Testament, of Daniel,
 If he held dremes eny vanyte.
 Red eek of Joseph, and ther schul ye see
 Wher dremes ben som tyme (I say nought all)
 Warnyng of thinges that schul after falle.^{*15}
 Now every wys man let him herkne me;^{*16}
 This story is also trewe, I undertake,
 As is the book of Launcelot de Lake.
 A col-fox,^{*17} ful of sleigh^{*18} iniquité,
 That in the grove hadde woned^{*19} yeres thre,
 By heigh ymaginacioun forncast,
 The same nighte thurghout the hegges brast!^{*20}
 Into the yerd, ther Chaunteclere the faire
 Was wont, and eek his wyves, to repaire;
 And in a bed of wortes¹ stille he lay,
 Til it was passed undern² of the day,
 Waytyng his tyme on Chaunteclere to falle;
 As gladly doon these homicides alle,
 That in awayte lyn³ to morthro⁴ men.
 O Chaunteclere, accursed be that morwe,
 That thou into that yerd floughe⁵ fro the bemes!⁶
 Thow were ful wel iwarned by thy dremes,
 That thilke day was perilous to the.
 But what that God forwot⁷ mot needes be.
 And so byfel that as he caste his eye,
 Among the wortes on a boterflye,
 He was war⁸ of this fox that lay ful lowe.
 No thing ne liste him⁹ thanne for to crowe,

^{*1}wild fancy; ^{*}strange thing; ^{**}nor shall be; ^{***}since; ^{****}to lose through sloth or laziness; ^{*****}God knows I am sorry for it; ^{*****}ne wot, know not, (Compare nas = ne was); ^{**}not (Double negations are of frequent occurrence in old English); ^{***}ailed, troubled it; ^{****}bottom; ^{*****}mayst thou; ^{*****}learn; ^{*****}reckless, careless; ^{*****}thee; ^{*****}is much to be dreaded; ^{*****}be fall, kappen; ^{*****}listen to me; ^{*****}cunning fox; ^{*****}crafty; ^{*****}lived; ^{*****}burst, broke through the hedge; ^{*****}herbs; ^{*****}the time of the mid-day meal; ^{*****}lie in ambush; ^{*****}murder; ^{*****}flew; ^{*****}from the beams, perch, roost; ^{*****}foreknows; ^{*****}werd gewaar; ^{*****}he had no desire;

But cryde anon, 'cok, cok,' and up he sterte,
 As man that was affrayed in his herte.
 For naturelly a beest desireth flee
 Fro his contrarie, if he may it see,
 Though he nevere erst hadde seyn¹⁰ it with his eye.
 This Chaunteclere, whan he gan him aspye,¹¹
 He wolde han fled, but that the fox anon
 Saide, 'Gentil sire, alas! wher wol ye goon?
 Be ye affrayd of me that am youre freend?
 Now certes, I were worse than a feend,
 If I to yow wolde harm or vileynye.
 I am nought come youre counsail¹² for tespye¹³
 But trewely the cause of my comynge
 Was oonly for to herkne how that ye singe.
 My lord youre fader (God his soule blesse)
 And eek youre moder of hire gentillesse
 Han in myn hous ibeen, to my gret ese;¹⁴
 And certes, sire, ful fayn¹⁵ wolde I yow plese.
 But for men speke of syngyng, I wol saye,
 So mot I brouke¹⁶ wel myn eyen twaye,
 Save you, I herde nevere man so synge,
 As dede youre fader in the morwenynge.
 Certes it was of herte al that he song.
 And for to make his vois the more strong,
 He wolde so peyne him,¹⁷ that with bothe his oyen
 He moste wynke, so lowde he wolde crien,
 And stonden on his typtoon¹⁸ therwithal,
 And strecche¹⁹ forth his nekke long and smal.
 Let se,²⁰ konne ye youre fader countrefete?²¹
 This Chaunteclere his wynges gan to bete,
 As man that couthe²² his tresoun nought espye,
 So was he ravyssht with his flaterie.
 This Chaunteclere stood heighe upon his toos,
 Strecching his nekke, and held his eyghen²³ cloos,
 And gan to crowe lowde for the noones;²⁴
 And daun²⁵ Russel²⁶ the fox sterte up at oones,
 And by the garget²⁷ hente²⁸ Chauntecleer,
 And on his bak toward the woode him beer.
 Certes such cry no lamentacioun
 Was nevere of ladies maad, whan Ilioun
 Was yonne, and Pirrus with his streite swerd,²⁹
 Whan he hadde hent kyng Priam by the berd,
 And slayn him (as saith us *Eneydos*),
 As maden alle the hennes in the clos,³⁰
 Whan thay hadde seyn of Chaunteclere the sighte.
 But soveraignly³¹ dame Pertelote schrighte,³²
 Ful lowder than dide Hasdrubaldes wijf;
 Whan that hire housbond hadde lost his lyf,

¹⁰seen; ¹¹espy, see; ¹²council, company; ¹³to espy; ¹⁴ease, pleasure;
¹⁵with the greatest pleasure; ¹⁶may I have the use of; ¹⁷do his best, take
 pains; ¹⁸tiptoe; ¹⁹stretch; ²⁰let us see; ²¹could; ²²eyes; ²³for the nonce,
 for the occasion, purpose; ²⁴lord; ²⁵the fox is called Russel, from its
 red colour, russet = roodbruin, ros; ²⁶gorge, throat; ²⁷caught; ²⁸drawn,
 naked sword; ²⁹enclosure, yard; ³⁰surpassingly, more than the others;
³¹shrieked;

And that the Romayns hadde i-brent³² Cartage,
 Sche was so ful of torment and of rage,
 That wilfully into the fyr sche sterte,
 And brende hirselves with a stedfast herte.³³
 O woful hennes, right so³⁴ criden ye,
 As, whan that Nero brente the cité
 Of Rome, criden senatoures wyves,
 For that here housbondes losten alle here lyves;
 Withouten gult³⁵ this Nero hath hem slayn.
 Now wol I torne to my tale agayn:
 This sely³⁶ wydwe, and eek hire doughtres tuo,
 Herden these hennes crie and maken wo,³⁷
 And out at dores³⁸ starten thay anoon,
 And seyen³⁹ the fox toward the grove goon,
 And bar upon his bak the cok away;
 They criden, 'Out! harrow and wayleway!⁴⁰
 Ha, ha, the fox!' and after him thay ran,
 And eek with staves many another man;
 Ran Colle our dogge, and Talbot, and Garlond,
 And Malkyn, with a distaf in hire hond;
 Ran cow and calf, and eek the verray hogges
 So were they fered for berkyng⁴¹ of the dogges
 And schowtyng of the men and wymmen eke,
 Thay ronne so hem thoughte here herte breke.⁴²
 Thay yelleden as feendes doon in helle;
 The dokes⁴³ criden as men wolde hem quelle;⁴⁴
 The gees for fere flowen over the trees;
 Out of the hyves cam the swarm of bees;
 Now, goode men, I praye you herkneth⁴⁵ alle;
 Lo, how fortune torneth sodeinly
 The hope and pride eek of hire enemy!
 This cok that lay upon this foxes bak,
 In al his drede, unto the fox he spak,
 And saide, 'Sire, if that I were as ye,
 Yet schulde I sayn (as wis⁴⁶ God helpe me),
 Turneth ayein⁴⁷ ye proude cherles⁴⁸ alle!
 A verray pestilens upon you falle!
 Now I am come unto this woodes syde,
 Maugre⁴⁹ youre heed, the cok schal heer abyde;
 I wol him ete in faith, and that anoon.'
 The fox answerde, 'In faith, it schal be doon.'
 And as he spak that word, al sodeinly
 This cok brak from his mouth delyverly,⁵⁰
 And heigh upon a tree he fleigh anoon.
 And whan the fox seigh that he was i-goon,
 'Allas!' quod he, 'O Chaunteclere, alas!
 I have to you,' quod he, 'y-don trespas,
 In-as-moche as I madeke you aferd,⁵¹
 Whan I you hente; and broughte out of the yerd;

³²burnt; ³³resolutely; ³⁴just so; ³⁵without guilt on the part of the victims; ³⁶simple; ³⁷woe, sorrow; ³⁸out of the door; ³⁹saw; ⁴⁰cries of distress; ⁴¹barking; ⁴²they ran so fast that they thought their hearts would break; ⁴³ducks; ⁴⁴kill; ⁴⁵hear, hark; ⁴⁶as truly; ⁴⁷back, again; ⁴⁸churls; ⁴⁹in spite of, malgré; ⁵⁰quickly; ⁵¹afraid;

But, sire, I dede it in no wikke entente;⁵²
 Com down, and I schal telle yow what I mente.
 I schal you seye soth,⁵³ God help me so.
 'Nay than,' quod he, 'I schrewe⁵⁴ us bothe tuo,
 And first I schrewe myself, bothe blood and boones,
 If thou bigile⁵⁵ me any ofter than oones.
 Thou schalt no more, thurgh⁵⁶ thy flaterye,
 Do me to synge⁵⁷ and wynke with myn eye.
 For he that wynketh, whan he scholde see,
 Al wilfully, God let him never the!'⁵⁸

⁵²with no wicked intention; ⁵³the truth; ⁵⁴curse; ⁵⁵beguile, deceive;
⁵⁶through; ⁵⁷make me sing; ⁵⁸thrive, prosper.

THE OLD ENGLISH DRAMA.

In early times none but the clergy could read the stories of their religion, and it was not the custom to deliver sermons to the people. It was necessary to instruct uneducated men in the history of the Bible, the Christian faith, the lives of the Saints and Martyrs. Hence the church set on foot Miracle Plays and Mysteries. They were representations of some portion of Scripture history, of the life of some Saint of the Church, or of the New Testament history connected with a mysterious subject, such as the Atonement or Resurrection. In the beginning these plays were written in Latin and acted by the clergy in the churches. But as the Latin language must have been almost unintelligible to the mass of the spectators, an attempt was made to enliven them by introducing among the Latin phrases popular proverbs or even sometimes a song in the vulgar tongue. When these performances were transferred to the guilds a much greater advance was made and the Latin was discarded altogether. Another considerable change took place with regard to the locality where these pieces were acted. At first the churches were naturally set apart for the purpose of acting religious plays. But these plays and the festivities in which they were employed were disapproved by the stricter church disciplinarians and so early as the papacy of Gregory the Eighth, the pope urged the clergy to extirpate from their churches theatrical plays and other festive practices which were not quite in harmony with the sacred character of these buildings.

And now the guilds which may, perhaps, have taken a part in these performances while they were still confined to the church, took them entirely into their own hands. Certain annual religious festivals were still the occasions on which the plays were acted, but they were taken entirely from the churches, and the performances took place in the open streets. Each guild had its particular play, and they acted on movable stages. These stages were divided into three floors, that in the middle, which was the prin-

cipal stage, representing this world, while the upper division represented heaven, and that at the bottom hell.

Now that the whole institution had become secularised the want of something to amuse people was felt more than ever, and this want was supplied by the introduction of droll and ludicrous scenes, which are often very slightly, if at all, connected with the subject of the play. These short pieces or interludes (inter, between; ludus, a play;) as they were called, as well as the plays themselves contained much that would be ill-suited to our age but which afforded the greatest delight to an audience not at all remarkable for a highly refined taste. A quarrel between Noah and his wife, which is carried so far that the latter actually beats her husband in the presence of the audience; the Billingsgate language ¹⁾ that passes between the Hebrew mothers and Herod's soldiers who are murdering their children; the three Shepherds, cheated by a fourth who steals one of their sheep, carries it home and hides it in his bed; — at the sight of these scenes we might perhaps feel disgusted in our times, they then provoked the mirth of our ancestors and set them all a roaring.

These interludes were not looked upon as parts of the Mysteries themselves, but as separate pieces which might be used at pleasure. We find that not only this was the case, but that these farces were performed separately and altogether independently of the religious plays. In the same manner the Dutch word *klucht* (originally: part — a farce being called „sotte klucht”, droll or comical part as opposed to the „abele klucht”, serious part) has gradually acquired the meaning of comedy.

The next step brings us to the Sotties and Moralities, an innovation for which we are indebted to France. They were dramatic pieces in which allegorical personages, such as Folly, Shame, Despair etc., and afterwards historical characters celebrated for a virtue or vice, were introduced. These French sotties and Moralities were imitated and sometimes translated into English and many of them were printed. It soon became fashionable in England to act these plays at intervals in the great festivals and entertainments given at court, or in the household of the great nobles. The custom of performing plays in the universities and great schools had also the effect of producing a number of very clever dramatic writers; for when this branch of literature was so warmly patronised by princes and nobles, people of the highest qualifications sought to excel in it.

The Reformers soon saw the use which might be made of the Stage, and compiled and caused to be acted interludes in which the old doctrines and ceremonies were turned to ridicule and the new ones were held up in a favourable light. The stage now became a political instrument in England and it thus became frequently the object of private as well as public persecution. In 1549 a royal proclamation prohibited for a time the performance of interludes throughout the kingdom, on the ground that they contained „matter tendyng to sedicion and contempnyng of sundery

¹⁾ Billingsgate, fish-market in London; Billingsgate language, visch-wijventaal.

good orders and lawes, whereupon are growen daily, and are likely to growe, muche disquiet, division, tumultes, and uproares in this realme”.

The first Stage of the regular drama begins with the first English comedy *Ralph Roister Doister*, written about 1550 by *NICHOLAS UDALL*, headmaster of Eton-College. It relates the ridiculous adventures of a weak-headed, conceited fellow, who believes that all the women must be in love with him. And now comedies and tragedies followed each other in rapid succession and towards the close of the sixteenth century a host of playwrights abounded of whom *WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE*, the greatest English dramatist, will claim our notice hereafter.

About the beginning of Shakespeare's career, there were five public theatres in London and several private establishments. The theatres were constructed of wood, of a circular form, open to the weather, excepting over the stage which was covered with a thatched roof. Outside, on the roof, a flag was hoisted during the time of the performance which commenced at three o'clock. The ladies and nobles sat in boxes or in stools on the stage where some of the young gallants threw themselves at length on the floor, while their pages handed them pipes and tobacco, then a fashionable and highly prized luxury; the people stood in the pit or yard. The stage itself, strewn with rushes, was a naked room, with a blanket for a curtain. Wooden imitations of animals, towers, woods etc. were all the scenery used, and a board, stating the place of action, was hung out from the top when the scene changed. The female parts were taken by boys. Under the reign of James I and Charles I they were occasionally acted by women but not till after the Restoration did the custom of women performing on the stage of public theatres become prevalent.

While the public theatre continued long in this state, without scenes, without dresses, without an orchestra, the court displayed scenical and dramatic exhibitions with costly magnificence. These theatrical entertainments called *Masks* were combinations of scenery, music and poetry. They were generally prepared for some remarkable occasion, as a coronation, the birth of a young prince or noble, a peer's marriage, or the visit of some royal personage of foreign countries; and they usually took place in the hall of the palace. The *Mask* attained the zenith of its glory in the reign of James I. The queen, the princess, and nobles and ladies of the highest rank, took parts in them, and they engaged the genius of Jonson, the poet, Inigo Jones, the architect and Lawes, the musician, while no expense was spared to render them worthy of the place, the occasion, and the audience. It appears that no less than £ 4215 was lavished on these entertainments in the first six years of the king's reign.

The greatest of Shakespeare's precursors in the drama was *CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE*. (1563—1593). Among his best plays we must rank *Faustus*, the *Jew of Malta* and *Edward II*. In the '*Life and Death of Dr. Faustus*' the hero studies necromancy, and makes a solemn disposal of his soul to Lucifer, on condition of having a familiar spirit at his command, and unlimited enjoyment for twenty-four years; during which period *Faustus* visits different countries, calls up spirits from the deep, and revels in luxury and

splendour. At length the time expires, the bond becomes due, and a party of evil spirits enter, amidst thunder and lightning, to claim his forfeited life and person. Marlowe's 'Jew of Malta' was in a certain sense the prototype of Shylock in the Merchant of Venice, and his historical plays the foundation of Shakespeare's first efforts in the same popular walk of the drama.

Great uncertainty hangs over many of the old dramas, from the common practice of managers of theatres employing different authors, at subsequent periods, to furnish additional matter for established plays. Another source of uncertainty as to the paternity of old plays, was the unscrupulous manner in which booksellers appropriated any popular name of the day, and affixed it to their publications.

The few incidents in Shakespeare's life are surrounded with doubt and fable. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE was born at Stratford-on-Avon in the county of Warwick in 1564. His father, John Shakespeare, was a wool-comber or glover, and afterwards rose to be high-bailiff and chief alderman of Stratford. William was the eldest of six children, and after some education at the grammar-school, he is said to have been brought home to assist at his father's business. It has been conjectured that he was some time in a lawyer's office, as his works abound in technical legal phrases and illustrations. The London players were also then in the habit of visiting Stratford; who can doubt, then, that the high-bailiff's son, from the years of twelve to twenty, was a frequent and welcome visitant behind the scenes? — that he there imbibed the tastes and feelings which coloured all his future life — and that he there felt the first stirrings of his immortal dramatic genius?

After his marriage he removed to London where he soon rose to distinction in the theatre. He was a shareholder of the Blackfriars Company and also a proprietor of the Globe theatre; and at the lowest computation, his income must have been about £ 300 a year, or £ 1500 at the present day. He visited Stratford once a year; and when wealth flowed in upon him, he purchased property in his native town and its vicinity.

The year 1612 has been assigned as the date of his final retirement to the country. In the fulness of his fame, with a handsome competency, and before age had chilled the enjoyment of life, the poet returned to his native town to spend the remainder of his days among the quiet scenes and the friends of his youth. He died in 1616, having just completed his fifty-second year. His widow survived him seven years. His two daughters were both married -- his only son had died in 1596 -- and one of them had three sons; but all these died without issue, and there now remains no lineal representative of the great poet.

From his works we have selected the Merchant of Venice in which the serious and comic elements are so happily blended. Of his plays *Midsummer Night's dream*, *King Richard III*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *King Lear*, *Macbeth* and *Hamlet* are among the best.

The decay of the Drama begins while Shakespeare is alive. At first one can scarcely call it decay, for it began with 'rare BEN JONSON.' He wrote several comedies the fierce satire of which

brought the town upon him, and he replied to their noise in the *Poetaster*, in which Dekker and Marston were satirised. Dekker answered with the *Satiro-Mastix*, a bitter parody on the *Poetaster*, in which he did not spare Jonson's bodily defects. Every man in his Humour — humour to be taken in the sense of special bias of the mind — was written in 1598; it was followed by *Volpone*, the *Fox*, the *Silent Woman*, and the *Alchemist*. In 1611 his *Catiline* appeared, and eight years after he was made Poet Laureate.

The most graceful and tender thing he ever wrote was written in his old age. His pastoral drama the *Sad Shepherd* proves that, like Shakespeare, Jonson grew kinder and gentler as he grew near to death, and death took him in 1637.

BEAUMONT (d. 1616) and FLETCHER (d. 1625) worked together and produced more than fifty plays. Their *Philaster* and *Thierry and Theodoret* are fine examples in their tragic power. The two men mark a change in politics and society from Shakespeare's time. Shakespeare's loyalty is constitutional; Beaumont and Fletcher are blind supporters of James I's invention of the divine right of kings. Shakespeare is on the whole decent, Beaumont and Fletcher are studiously indecent. Shakespeare's men are of the type of Sydney and Raleigh, Burleigh and Drake. The men of these two writers represent the 'young bloods' of the Stuart court. Their women are either monsters of badness or of goodness. The high art which in Shakespeare sought to give a noble pleasure by being true to human nature in its natural aspects, sank now into the baser arts which wished to excite, at any cost, the passions of the audience by representing human nature in unnatural aspects.

Among a crowd of dramatists, all of whom spoke nearly the same language, and had a set of moral feelings and notions in common, the greatest names are: Massinger, Ford, Webster, Dekker and Chapman. In 1642 the theatres were closed during the calamitous times of the Civil War. Strolling players managed to exist with difficulty, and against the law, till 1656, when SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT had his opera of the *Siege of Rhodes* acted in London. It was the beginning of a new drama, in every point but impurity different from the old, and four years after, at the Restoration, it broke loose from the prison of Puritanism to indulge in a shameless license.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

(1564—1616).

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE DUKE OF VENICE.	OLD GOBBO, father to Launcelot.
THE PRINCE OF MOROCCO, { suitors to	LEONARDO, servant to Bassanio.
THE PRINCE OF ARRAGON, { Portia.	BALTHASAR, { servants to Portia.
ANTONIO, a merchant of Venice.	STEPHANO,
BASSANIO, his friend, suitor likewise to Portia.	PORTIA, a rich heiress.
SALANIO,	NERISSA, her waiting-maid.
SALARINO, { friends to Antonio and	JESSICA, daughter to Shylock.
GRATIANO, { Bassanio.	Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of
SALERIO,	the Court of Justice, Gaoler, Ser-
LORENZO, in love with Jessica.	vants to Portia, and other At-
SHYLOCK, a rich Jew.	tendants.
TUBAL, a Jew, his friend.	SCENE: <i>Partly at Venice, and partly</i>
LAUNCELOT GOBBO, the clown, servant to Shylock.	<i>at Belmont, the seat of Portia, on</i>
	<i>the Continent.</i>

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Venice. A street.*

Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, and SALANIO.

Ant. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad:¹
It wearies me: you say it wearies you:
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

Salar. Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There, where your argosies² with portly sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants³ of the sea,
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curtsy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Salan. Believe me, sir, had I such venture⁴ forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still⁵
Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind,
Peering in maps for ports and piers and roads;⁶
And every object that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad.

Salar. My wind cooling my broth⁷
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought *
What harm a wind too great at sea might do.

¹The sadness of Antonio, which has no apparent cause, is really a pre-sentiment of disaster; ²large vessel; ³The word pageant was first used for a lofty scaffold or stage for public shows, afterwards for the show itself. Shakespeare probably had in his mind the gay barges used in the pageants on the Thames when he calls the ships 'the pageants of the sea'; *what is risked in a merchant's enterprise; ⁵constantly; ⁶Dutch, reede; ⁷the wind that cools my perspiration.

I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
 But I should think of shallows and of flats,
 And see my wealthy Andrew¹ dock'd in sand,
 Vailing² her high-top lower than her ribs
 To kiss her burial. Should I go to church
 And see the holy edifice of stone,
 And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
 Which touching but my gentle vessel's side,
 Would scatter all her spices on the stream,
 Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks,
 And, in a word, but even now worth this,
 And now worth nothing³? Shall I have the thought
 To think on this, and shall I lack the thought
 That such a thing bechanced would make me sad?
 But tell not me; I know, Antonio
 Is sad to think upon his merchandise.

Ant. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
 My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
 Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
 Upon the fortune of this present year:
 Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad.

Salar. Why, then you are in love.

Ant. Fie, fie!

Salar. Not in love neither? Then let us say you are sad,
 Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easy
 For you to laugh and leap and say you are merry,
 Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,
 Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time:
 Some that will evermore peep through their eyes
 And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper,
 And other of such vinegar aspect
 That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
 Though Nestor⁵ swear the jest be laughable.

Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, and GRATIANO.

Salan. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,
 Gratiano and Lorenzo. Fare ye well:

We leave you now with better company.

Salar. I would have stay'd till I had made you merry,
 If worthier friends had not prevented⁶ me.

Ant. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
 I take it, your own business calls on you
 And you embrace the occasion to depart.

Salar. Good morrow, my good lords.

Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? say, when?
 You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?

Salar. We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.

[Exeunt Salarino and Salanio.]

Lor. My Lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio,

¹Perhaps the name Andrew was given to ships in compliment to the famous Andrea Doria, the Genoese admiral; ²lowering; ³The meaning is here obscure; perhaps a line has been lost after silks; ⁴The Roman sun-god; ⁵The oldest, and therefore presumably the gravest. of heroes; ⁶anticipated.

We two will leave you: but at dinner-time,
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.

Bass. I will not fail you.

Gra. You look not well, Signior Antonio;
You have too much respect upon the world:¹
They lose it that do buy it with much care:
Believe me, you are marvellously changed.

Ant. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage where every man must play a part,
And mine² a sad one.

Gra. Let me play the fool:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
And let my liver rather heat with wine
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.³
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?⁴
Sleep when he wakes and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio—
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks—
There are a sort of men whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion⁵
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit,⁶
As who should say 'I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark!'
O my Antonio, I do know of these
That therefore only are reputed wise
For saying nothing, when, I am very sure,
If they should speak, would⁷ almost damn those ears
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
I'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fish not, with this melancholy bait,
For this fool gudgeon, this opinion.
Come, good Lorenzo. Fare ye well awhile:
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leave you then till dinner-time:
I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years more,⁸
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

Ant. Farewell: I'll grow a talker for this gear.⁹

Gra. Thanks, i' faith, for silence is only commendable.
In a neat's tongue dried.

[*Exeunt Gratiano and Lorenzo.*]

Ant. Is that any thing now?

Bass. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than
any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains of wheat
hid in two bushels of chaff: you shall seek all day ere you find
them, and when you have them, they are not worth the search.

¹Your mind is too much occupied with worldly affairs; and my part
is; ²It was an old belief that sighs and groans drained the blood from
the heart; ³alabaster tombs; ⁴reputation; ⁵thought; ⁶'t would; ⁷more;
⁸matter, affair in hand.

- Ant.* Well, tell me now what lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promised to tell me of?
- Bass.* 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled¹ mine estate,
By something² showing a more swelling port³
Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moan to be abridged
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts
Wherein my time something too prodigal
Hath left me gaged.⁴ To you, Antonio,
I owe the most, in money and in love,
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburden all my plots and purposes
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.
- Ant.* I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;
And if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assured,
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.
- Bass.* In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight⁵
The self-same way with more advised⁶ watch,
To find the other forth⁷, and by adventuring both
I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost; but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self⁸ way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both
Or bring your latter hazard back again
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.
- Ant.* You know me well, and herein spend but time
To wind about my love with circumstance;⁹
And out of doubt you do me now more wrong
In making question of my uttermost¹⁰
Than if you had made waste of all I have:
Then do but say to me what I should do
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest¹¹ unto it: therefore, speak.
- Bass.* In Belmont is a lady richly left;¹²
And she is fair and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues: sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages:
Her name is Portia, nothing undervalued
To¹³ Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia:
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,

¹embarrassed; ²somewhat; ³ostentatious bearing; ⁴pledged; ⁵an arrow calculated for the same range, identical in length, weight and feathering; ⁶careful; ⁷find the other out; ⁸same; ⁹circumlocution; ¹⁰in doubting my readiness to do my utmost in your service; ¹¹ready (French prêt); ¹²with a large inheritance; ¹³inferior in value to.

For the four winds blow in from every coast
 Renowned suitors, and her sunny locks
 Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
 Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos' strand,
 And many Jasons come in quest of her,
 O my Antonio, had I but the means
 To hold a rival place with one of them,
 I have a mind¹ presages me such thrift,²
 That I should questionless be fortunate!

Ant. Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea;
 Neither have I money nor commodity³
 To raise a present sum: therefore go forth;
 Try what my credit can in Venice do:
 That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
 To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
 Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
 Where money is, and I no question make
 To have it of my trust or for my sake.⁴ [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *Belmont. A room in PORTIA's house.*

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are: and yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much as they that starve with nothing. It is no mean happiness therefore, to be seated in the mean:⁵ superfluity comes sooner by⁶ white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences⁷ and well pronounced.

Ner. They would be better, if well followed.

Por. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree: such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion⁸ to choose me a husband. O me, the word 'choose!' I may neither choose whom I would nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father.⁹ Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one nor refuse none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men at their

¹which is omitted; (The omission of the relative is very common in Shakespeare); ²success; ³merchandise; ⁴I do not doubt that I shall have the money lent to me, either on my credit as a merchant or from personal friendship; ⁵play upon the two senses of the word mean: 1. little, trifling; 2. middle; ⁶sooner acquires; ⁷maxims; ⁸the way; ⁹play upon the word will: 1. wil; 2. testament; (it is stipulated in her father's will that she must marry the man who chooses her picture which is hidden in one of three caskets; the reason why this stipulation is made the reader will find out for himself a few lines further on).

death have good inspirations: therefore the lottery, that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver and lead, whereof who chooses his meaning chooses you, will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly but one who shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and, according to my description, level¹ at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself.

Ner. Then there is the County² Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown, as who should say 'If you will not have me, choose:' he hears merry tales and smiles not: I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher³ when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

Ner. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker: but, he! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's, a better bad habit of frowning than the Count Palatine; he is every man in no man; if a throstle sing, he falls straight a capering: he will fence with his own shadow: if I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him, for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

Ner. What say you, then, to Falconbridge, the young baron of England?

Por. You know I say nothing to him⁴ for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian, and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English.⁵ He is a proper⁶ man's picture, but, alas, who can converse with a dumb-show? How oddly he is suited!⁷ I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany and his behaviour every where.

Ner. What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him, for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman and swore he would pay him again when he was able: I think the Frenchman became his surety and sealed under for another.⁸

Ner. How like you the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober, and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man, and when he is worst, he is little better

¹aim, guess; ²count; ³another Heraclitus; ⁴Portia playfully uses the phrase, 'say to' in a different sense from that which Nerissa meant; ⁵You will bear me witness that I have but a very small stock of English; ⁶handsome; ⁷dressed; ⁸there is an allusion here to the constant assistance, or rather promises of assistance, that the French gave the Scots in their quarrels with the English.

than a beast: an' the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of rhenish wine on the contrary² casket, for if the devil be within and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I'll be married to a sponge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords: they have acquainted me with their determinations; which is, indeed, to return to their home and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort³ than your father's imposition⁴ depending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable, for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think, he was so called.

Ner. True, madam: he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

Enter a Serving-man.

How now! what news?

Serv. The four strangers⁵ seek for you, madam, to take thier leave: and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the Prince of Morocco, who brings word the prince his master will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good a heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition⁶ of a saint and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me.

Come, Nerissa. Sirrah, go before.

Whiles we shut the gates upon one wooer, another knocks at the door.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Venice. A public place.

Enter BASSANIO and SHYLOCK.

Shy. Three thousand ducats; well.

Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months; well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.⁷

Shy. Antonio shall become bound; well.

¹if; ²wrong; ³method, manner; ⁴condition; ⁵this is an oversight; six strangers have been enumerated; ⁶disposition, character; ⁷Antonio shall be my surety (borg).

Bass. May you stead me?¹ will you pleasure me? shall I know your answer?

Shy. Three thousand ducats for three months and Antonio bound.

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good² man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Oh, no, no, no, no: my meaning in saying he is ~~a good~~ man is to have you understand me that he is sufficient. Yet his means are in supposition:³ he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto,⁴ he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath, squandered abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves, I mean pirates, and then there is the peril of waters, winds and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient. Three thousand ducats; I think I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assured you may.

Shy. I will be assured I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet the Nazarite conjured the devil into.⁵ I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following, but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto? Who is he comes here?

Enter ANTONIO.

Bass. This is Signior Antonio.

Shy. [*Aside*] How like a fawning publican he looks!

I hate him for he is a Christian.

But more for that in low simplicity

He lends out money gratis and brings down

The rate of usance⁶ here with us in Venice.

If I can catch him once upon the hip,⁷

I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.

He hates our sacred nation, and he rails,

Even there where merchants most do congregate,

On me, my bargains and my well-won thrift,

Which he calls interest.⁸ Cursed be my tribe,

If I forgive him!

Bass. Shylock, do you hear?

Shy. I am debating of my present store,

And, by the near guess of my memory,

I cannot instantly raise up the gross

Of full three thousand ducats. What of that?

Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,

Will furnish me. But soft! how many months

Do you desire? [*To Ant.*] Rest you fair,⁹ good signior;

Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

¹can you assist me?; ²rich; ³doubtful; ⁴the Exchange in Venice; ⁵see Matthew 8, 32; ⁶interest; ⁷a wrestler's phrase meaning to catch hold of of a person in such a manner as entirely to leave him at the mercy of his opponent; ⁸usury; ⁹May the Lord preserve you.

Ant. Shylock, although I neither lend nor borrow
By taking nor by giving of excess,¹
Yet, to supply the ripe wants² of my friend,
I'll break a custom. Is he yet possess'd³
How much ye would?

Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot; three months; you told me so.
Well then, your bond; and let me see; but hear you;
Methought you said you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.

Ant. I do never use it.

Shy. When Jacob grazed his uncle Laban's sheep—⁴
This Jacob from our holy Abram was,
As his wise mother wrought in his behalf,⁵
The third possessor; ay, he was the third—

Ant. And what of him? did he take interest?

Shy. No, not take interest, not, as you would say,
Directly interest: mark what Jacob did
When Laban and himself were compromised⁶
That all the earlings which were streak'd and pied
Should fall as Jacob's hire.

This was a way to thrive, and he was blest:
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

Ant. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob served for;
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of heaven.
Was this inserted⁷ to make interest good?
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?

Shy. I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast:
But note me, signior.

Ant. Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul producing holy witness
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart:
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!⁸

Shy. Three thousand ducats; 'tis a good round sum.
Three months from twelve; then, let me see; the rate—

Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding⁹ to you?

Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my moneys and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,¹⁰
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help:

¹interest; ²wants that require immediate satisfaction, as ripe fruit requires plucking; ³informed; ⁴See Genesis xxx; ⁵See Geneses xxvii; ⁶had come to a mutual agreement; ⁷inserted in the Bible; ⁸These line are spoken to Bassanio while Shylock is, or affects to be, occupied in his calculations; ⁹beholden; ¹⁰a loose outer coat or smockfrock.

Go to, then; you come to me, and you say
 'Shylock, we would have moneys:' you say so;
 You, that did void your rheum upon my beard
 And foot¹ me as you spurn a stranger cur
 Over your threshold: moneys is your suit.
 What should I say to you? Should I not say
 'Hath a dog money? is it possible
 A cur can lend three thousand ducats?' Or
 Shall I bend low and in a bondman's key,
 With bated breath and whispering humbleness,
 Say this;
 'Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
 You spurn'd me such a day; another time
 You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
 I'll lend you thus much² moneys'?

Ant. I am as like³ to call thee so again,
 To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
 If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
 As to thy friends; for when did friendship take
 A breed⁴ for barren metal of his friend?
 But lend it rather to thine enemy,
 Who,⁵ if he break, thou mayst with better face
 Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why, look you, how you storm!
 I would be friends with you and have your love,
 Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
 Supply your present wants and take no doit⁶
 Of usance for my moneys, and you'll not hear me;
 This is kind I offer.

Bass. This were kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I show,
 Go with me to a notary, seal me there
 Your single bond;⁷ and, in a merry sport,
 If you repay me not on such a day,
 In such a place, such sum or sums as are
 Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
 Be nominated for an equal pound⁸
 Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
 In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Ant. Content, i' faith: I'll seal to such a bond
 And say there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me;
 I'll rather dwell⁹ in my necessity.

Ant. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it:
 Within these two months, that's a month before
 This bond expires, I do expect return
 Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shy. O father Abram, what these Christians are,
 Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect

¹kick; ²much is often used with a plural noun; ³likely; ⁴interest; ⁵This use of the relative with no verb following, was not uncommon in old authors; ⁶a small coin (Cf. Du. duit); ⁷a bond with your own signature alone attached to it; ⁸a pound of flesh, which shall be accepted as an equivalent for the debt; ⁹continue.

The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me this;
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?

A pound of man's flesh taken from a man
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour, I extend¹ this friendship:
If he will take it, so: if not, adieu;
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.

Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight,
See to my house, left in the fearful guard²
Of an unthrifty knave, and presently
I will be with you.

Ant. Hie thee, gentle Jew. [Exit Shylock.]

The Hebrew will turn Christian: he grows kind.

Bass. I like not fair terms and a villain's mind.

Ant. Come on: in this there can be no dismay;
My ships come home a month before the day. [Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Belmont. A room in PORTIA's house.*

*Flourish of cornets. Enter the PRINCE OF MOROCCO and his train;
PORTIA, NERISSA, and others attending.*

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd³ the valiant: by my love, I swear
The best-regarded virgins of our clime
Have loved it too: I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

Por. In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice⁴ direction of a maiden's eyes;
Besides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing:
But if my father had not scanted⁵ me
And hedged me by his wit, to yield myself,
His wife who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair⁶
As any comer I have look'd on yet

¹proffer; ²the guardianship in which no confidence can be placed;
³affrighted; ⁴fanciful, fastidious; ⁵limited; ⁶would have stood as fair for
my affection. In the word 'fair' there is a reference to the complexion of
the Moor.

For my affection.

Mor. Even for that I thank you:
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets
To try my fortune. By this scimitar
That slew the Sophy¹ and a Persian prince
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,
I would outstare the sternest eyes that look,
Outbrave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady. But, alas the while!
If Hercules and Lichas play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Alcides beaten by his page;
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

Por. You must take your chance,
And either not attempt to choose at all
Or swear before you choose, if you choose wrong
Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage: therefore be advised.

Mor. Nor will not.² Come, bring me unto my chance.

Por. First, forward to the temple:³ after dinner
Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then!
To make me blest or cursed'st among men.

[*Cornets, and exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Venice. A street.

Enter LAUNCELOT.

Laun. Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew my master. The fiend is at mine elbow and tempts me saying to me 'Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot,' or 'good Gobbo,' or 'good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away.' My conscience says 'No; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo,' or, as aforesaid, 'honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels.' Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack: 'Via!'⁴ says the fiend; 'away!' says the fiend; 'for the heavens, rouse up a brave mind,' says the fiend, 'and run.' Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me 'My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son,' or rather an honest woman's son: for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to,⁵ he had a kind of taste; well, my conscience says 'Launcelot, budge not.' 'Budge,' says the fiend, 'Budge not,' says my conscience.

¹name of the Emperor of Persia; ²Observe the double negative with a negative sense, common in old authors: 'Nor will I speak to lady'; ³the temple or church where the Prince was to take the oath; ⁴Italian, meaning away; ⁵a household phrase applied to milk when burnt to the saucepan, and thence acquiring an unpleasant taste.

'Conscience,' say I, 'you counsel well;' 'Fiend,' say I, 'you counsel well:' to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who, God bless the mark,¹ is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who saving your reverence,² is the devil himself. Certainly the Jew is the very devil incarnal; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your command; I will run.

Enter Old Gobbo, with a basket.

Gob. Master young man, you, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. [*Aside*] O heavens, this is my true-begotten³ father! who, being more than sand-blind,⁴ high-gravel blind, knows me not: I will try confusions with him.

Gob. Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry,⁵ at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

Gob. By God's sonties,⁶ 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him or no?

Baun. Talk you of young Master Launcelot! [*Aside*] Mark me now; now will I raise the waters. Talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gob. No master, sir, but a poor man's son: his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what a⁷ will, we talk of young Master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship's friend and Launcelot, sir.

Laun. But I pray you, ergo, old man, ergo, I beseech you, talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gob. Of Launcelot, an' 't please your mastership.

Laun. Ergo, Master Launcelot. Talk not of Master Launcelot, father⁸; for the young gentleman, according to Fates and Destinies and such old sayings, the Sisters Three and such branches of learning, is indeed deceased, or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel or a hovel-post, a staff or a prop? how you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman: but I pray you, tell me, is my boy, God rest his soul, alive or dead.

¹an apology for some profane word; ²another apology; ³sand-blind, is a corruption of a prefix sam = half; high-gravel is merely a jest; ⁴originally Mary, used here as an expletive: ⁵corrupted from 'saints' or 'sanctities'; ⁶he; ⁷if; ⁸As old men were frequently addressed by the young with the respectful title 'father', old Gobbo does not recognise his son at once,

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind; I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son: give me your blessing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long; a man's son may, but at the length truth will out. '

Gob. Pray you, sir, stand up: I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing: I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my son.

Laun. I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man, and I am sure Margery your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipped might he be! what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my fill-horse² has on his tail.

Laun. It should seem, then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward: I am sure he had more hair of³ his tail than I have of my face when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord, how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. How 'gree you now?

Laun. Well, well: but, for mine own part, as I have set up my rest⁴ to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew: give him a present! give him a halter: I am famished in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come: give me⁵ your present to one Master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries: if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground. O rare fortune! here comes the man: to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter BASSANIO, with LEONARDO and other followers.

Bass. You may do so; but let it be so hasted that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock. See these letters delivered; put the liveries to making, and desire Gratiano to come anon⁶ to my lodging. *[Exit a Servant.]*

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bless your worship!

Bass. Gramercy!⁷ wouldst thou aught with me?

Gob. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy, —

Laun. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir, as my father shall specify—

Gob. He hath a great inflection,⁸ sir, as one would say, to serve,—

¹Stage-tradition makes Launcelot, at this point, kneel with his back to his sand-blind old father, who mistakes his long black hair for a beard; ²shaft-horse; ³on; ⁴I have made up my mind, am determined; ⁵redundant, common in Shakespeare; ⁶immediately; ⁷grand merci; ⁸in these and following lines Gobbo and Launcelot mispronounce the hard words; Gobbo probably means here affection.

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire, as my father shall specify—

Gob. His master and he, saving your worship's reverence, are scarce cater-cousins—¹

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is that the Jew, having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being, I hope, an old man, shall frutify² unto you—

Gob. I have here a dish of doves that I would bestow upon your worship, and my suit is—

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet poor man, my father.

Bass. One speak for both. What would you?

Laun. Serve you, sir.

Gob. That is the very defect³ of the matter, sir.

Bass. I know thee well; thou hast obtain'd thy suit:

Shylock thy master spoke with me this day,

And hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferment⁴

To leave a rich Jew's service, to become

The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir: you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.⁵

Bass. Thou speak'st it well. Go, father, with thy son.

Take leave of thy old master and inquire

My lodging out. Give him a livery

More guarded⁶ than his fellows': see it done.

Laun. Father, in. I cannot get a service, no; I have ne'er a tongue in my head. Well, if any man in Italy have a fairer table⁷ which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune. Go to, here's a simple line of life: * here's a small trifle of wives: alas, fifteen wives is nothing! eleven widows and nine maids is a simple coming-in for one man: and then to 'scape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed; here are simple 'scapes. Well, if Fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear. Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

[*Exeunt Launcelot and Old Gobbo.*]

Bass. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this:

These things being bought and orderly bestow'd,

Return in haste, for I do feast to-night

My best-esteem'd acquaintance: hie thee, go.

Leon. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Where is your master?

Leon. Yonder, sir, he walks, [Exit.]

¹are barely on speaking terms; ²certify; ³effect; ⁴to prefer means 'to recommend for promotion', and 'to promote'; Bassanio plays upon this double sense; ⁵the proverb referred to runs thus in its Scotch form: 'The grace of God is geir enough; ⁶trimmed; ⁷in the science of chiromancy the palm of the hand was called a table; Launcelot looks on his palm and affirms that there is no man in Italy whose 'table' gives more positive assurance of good fortune; 'a poor, mean line, is ironical for the converse,

Gra. Signior Bassanio!

Bass. Gratiano!

Gra. I have a suit to you.

Bass. You have obtain'd it.

Gra. You must not deny me: I must go with you to Belmont.

Bass. Why, then you must. But hear thee, Gratiano;
Thou art too wild, too rude and bold of voice;
Parts that become thee happily enough
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where thou art not known, why, there they show
Something too liberal.¹ Pray thee, take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit, lest through thy wild behaviour
I be misconstrued in the place I go to
And lose my hopes.

Gra. Signior Bassanio, hear me:

If I do not put on a sober habit,²
Talk with respect and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely,
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh and say 'amen,'
Use all the observance of civility,³
Like one well studied in a sad ostent⁴
To please his grandam, never trust me more.

Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.

Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night; you shall not gauge me
By what we do to-night.

Bass. No, that were pity:
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment. But fare you well:
I have some business.

Gra. And I must to Lorenzo and the rest:
But we will visit you at supper-time.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A room in SHYLOCK'S house.*

Enter JESSICA and LAUNCELOT.

Jes. I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so;
Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.
But fare thee well, there is a ducat for thee:
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest:
Give him this letter; do it secretly;
And so farewell: I would not have my father
See me in talk with thee.

Laun. Adieu! tears exhibit⁵ my tongue. Most beautiful pagan,
most sweet Jew! if a Christian did not play the knave and get
thee, I am much deceived. But, adieu: these foolish drops do
something drown my manly spirit: adieu.

¹licentious; ²demeanour; ³civilisation, refinement; ⁴grave appearance;
⁵he means inhibit.

Jes. Farewell, good Launcelot. [Exit Launcelot.]
 Alack, what heinous sin is it in me
 To be ashamed to be my father's child!
 But though I am a daughter to his blood,
 I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo,
 If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife,
 Become a Christian and thy loving wife. [Exit.]

SCENE IV. *The same. A street.*

Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, and SALANIO.

Lor. Nay, we will slink away in supper-time,
 Disguise us at my lodging and return,
 All in an hour.¹
Gru. We have not made good preparation.
Salar. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.²
Salan. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly³ order'd,
 And better in my mind not undertook.
Lor. 'Tis now but four o'clock: we have two hours
 To furnish us.

Enter LAUNCELOT, with a letter.

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

Laun. An⁴ it shall please you to break up⁵ this, it shall seem
 to signify.

Lor. I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand;
 And whiter than the paper it writ on
 Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, sir.

Lor. Whither goest thou?

Laun. Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew to sup to-night
 with my new master the Christian.

Lor. Hold here, take this: tell gentle Jessica
 I will not fail her; speak it privately. [Exit Launcelot.]
 Go, gentlemen,
 Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?
 I am provided of a torch-bearer.

Salar. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.

Salan. And so will I.

Lor. Meet me and Gratiano
 At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

Salar. 'Tis good we do so.

[Exeunt Salar. and Salan.]

Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

Lor. I must needs tell thee all. She hath direct^{ed}
 How I shall take her from her father's house,
 What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with,
 What page's suit she hath in readiness.

¹Gratiano and his friends are contriving a masque or masquerade as a farewell entertainment to Bassanio; ²made arrangements about torchbearers; ³elegantly; ⁴if; ⁵break open.

If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
 It will be for his gentle daughter's sake:
 And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
 Unless she do it under this excuse,
 That she is issue to a faithless¹ Jew.
 Come, go with me; peruse this as thou goest:
 Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. *The same. Before SHYLOCK'S house.*

Enter SHYLOCK and LAUNCELOT.

Shy. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,
 The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio: —
 What, Jessica!² — thou shalt not gormandise,
 As thou hast done with me: — What, Jessica! —
 And sleep and snore, and rend³ apparel out; —
 Why, Jessica, I say!

Laun. Why, Jessica!

Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me that
 I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter JESSICA.

Jes. Call you? what is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth⁴ to supper, Jessica:
 There are my keys. But wherefore should I go?
 I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
 But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
 The prodigal Christian. Jessica, my girl,
 Look to my house. I am right loath to go;
 There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,
 For I did dream of money-bags to-night.⁵

Laun. I beseech you, sir, go: my young master doth expect
 your reproach.⁶

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. An they have conspired together, I will not say you shall
 see a masque; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my
 nose fell a-bleeding on Black-Monday⁷ last at six o'clock i' the
 morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year,
 in the afternoon.

Shy. What, are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica:
 Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum
 And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife,⁸
 Clamber not you up to the casements then,
 Nor thrust your head into the public street
 To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd⁹ faces,
 But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements:

¹unbelieving; ²the Jew calls his daughter; what and why are used as exclamations of impatience; ³wear; ⁴invited out; ⁵last night; ⁶he means perhaps approach; ⁷Easter-Monday; ⁸because the musician always looks away from his instrument; ⁹painted. disguised; Shylock alludes also to Christian duplicity.

Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house. By Jacob's staff, I swear,
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night:
But I will go. Go you before me, sirrah;
Say I will come.

Laun. I will go before, sir. Mistress, look out at window, for all this;

There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewess' eye.¹ [Exit.

Shy. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha?

Jes. His words were 'Farewell mistress;' nothing else.

Shy. The patch² is kind enough, but a huge feeder;
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild-cat: drones hive not with me;
Therefore I part with him, and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrow'd purse. Well, Jessica, go in:
Perhaps I will return immediately:
Do as I bid you; shut doors after you:
Fast bind, fast find;

A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [Exit.

Jes. Farewell; and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [Exit.

SCENE VI. *The same.*

Enter GRATIANO and SALARINO, masqued.

Gra. This is the pent-house under which Lorenzo
Desired us to make stand.

Salar. His hour is almost past.

Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwell³ his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.

Salar. O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
To seal love's bonds new-made, than they are wont
To keep obliged faith⁴ unforfeited!

Gra. That ever holds: who riseth from a feast
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse that doth untread⁵ again
His tedious measures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first? All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.
How like a younker⁶ or a prodigal
The scarfed⁷ bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
How like the prodigal⁸ doth she return,
With over-weather'd⁹ ribs and ragged sails,
Lean, rent and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

Salar. Here comes Lorenzo: more of this hereafter.

¹'it is worth a Jew's eye' is proverbial, and probably dates from the time when large ransoms were extorted by torture from the wealthy Jews in the middle ages by their oppressors; ²fool; ³out-stays; ⁴faith bound by contract; ⁵tread in reverse order, retrace; ⁶gay young fellow; ⁷decked with flags; ⁸the prodigal son; three lines back the word prodigal is taken in the sense of dissolute person; ⁹injured by storms.

Enter LORENZO.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;¹
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait:
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for you then. Approach;
Here dwells my father Jew. Ho! who's within?

Enter JESSICA, above, in boy's clothes.

Jes. Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty,
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.

Jes. Lorenzo, certain, and my love indeed,
For who² love I so much? And now who knows
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that thou art.

Jes. Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains.
I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
For I am much ashamed of my exchange:
But love is blind and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit;
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torchbearer.

Jes. What, must I hold a candle to my shames?
They in themselves, good sooth,³ are too too light.⁴
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love;
And I should be obscured.

Lor. So are you, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.⁵
But come at once;

For the close night doth play the runaway,⁶
And we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast.

Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.

[Exit above.]

Gra. Now, by my hood, a Gentile and no Jew.⁷

Lor. Beshrew⁸ me but I love her heartily;
For she is wise, if I can judge of her,
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true,
And true she is, as she hath proved herself,
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter JESSICA, below.

What, art thou come? On, gentlemen; away!
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.

[Exit with Jessica and Salarino.]

¹stay, tarrying; ²who is frequently used by Shakespeare for 'whom'; ³in good truth; ⁴play upon the two senses of the word light: giddy and not dark or bright; ⁵there is a play also on the word obscured; Jessica means that she ought to be hidden, Lorenzo that her lustre is dimmed; ⁶the secret night is stealing away; ⁷play upon Gentile and gentle; ⁸curse me.

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Who's there?

Gra. Signior Antonio!

Ant. Fie, fie, Gratiano! where are all the rest?

'Tis nine o'clock: our friends all stay for you.

No masque to-night: the wind is come about;

Bassanio presently will go aboard:

I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

Gra. I am glad on't: I desire no more delight

Than to be under sail and gone to-night. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE. VII. *Belmont. A room in PORTIA'S house.*

Flourish of cornets. Enter PORTIA, with the PRINCE OF MOROCCO, and their trains.

Por. Go draw aside the curtains and discover

The several caskets to this noble prince.

Now make your choice.

Mor. The first, of gold, who¹ this inscription bears,

'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire;'

The second, silver, which this promise carries,

'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves;'

This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,

'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.'

How shall I know if I do choose the right?

Por. The one of them contains my picture, prince:

If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

Mor. Some god direct my judgement! Let me see;

I will survey the inscriptions back again.

What says this leaden casket?

'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.'

Must give: for what? for lead? hazard for lead?

This casket threatens. Men that hazard all

Do it in hope of fair advantages:

A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;²

I'll then nor give nor hazard aught for lead.

What says the silver with her virgin hue?

'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.'

As much as he deserves! Pause there, Morocco,

And weigh thy value with an even hand:

If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,

Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough

May not extend so far as to the lady:

And yet to be afraid of my deserving

Were but a weak disabling³ of myself.

As much as I deserve! Why, that's the lady:

I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,

In graces and in qualities of breeding;

But more than these, in love I do deserve.

¹sometimes used instead of which; ²vile appearances; ³depreciation,

What if I stray'd no further, but chose here?
 Let's see once more this saying graved in gold;
 'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.'
 Why, that's the lady; all the world desires her;
 From the four corners of the earth they come,
 To kiss this shrine, this mortal-breathing saint:
 The Hyrcanian¹ deserts and the vasty² wilds
 Of wide Arabia are as throughfares now
 For princes to come view fair Portia:
 The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head
 Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
 To stop the foreign spirits, but they come,
 As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.
 One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
 Is 't like³ that lead contains her? 'Twere damnation
 To think so base a thought: it were too gross
 To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave⁴
 Or shall I think in silver she's immured,
 Being ten times undervalued to tried gold?⁵
 O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem
 Was set in worse than gold. They have in England
 A coin that bears the figure of an angel
 Stamped in gold, but that's insculp'd upon;⁶
 But here an angel in a golden bed
 Lies all within. Deliver me the key:
 Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!

Por. There, take it, prince; and if my form lie there,
 Then I am yours. [*He unlocks the golden casket.*]

Mor. O hell! what have we here?

A carrion Death,⁷ within whose empty eye
 There is a written scroll! I'll read the writing.

[*Reads*] All that glisters is not gold;
 Often have you heard that told:
 Many a man his life hath sold
 But my outside to behold:
 Gilded tombs do worms infold.
 Had you been as wise as bold,
 Young in limbs, in judgement old,
 Your answer had not been inscroll'd:
 Fare you well; your suit is cold.⁸

Cold, indeed; and labour lost:

Then, farewell, heat, and welcome, frost!

Portia, adieu. I have too grieved a heart
 To take a tedious leave: thus losers part.⁹

[*Exit with his train. Flourish of cornets.*]

Por. A gentle riddance. Draw the curtains, go
 Let all of his complexion choose me so. [*Exeunt.*]

¹Hyrcania was a name given to a district south of the Caspian; ²waste, desolate; ³likely; ⁴lead would be too common a metal to enclose her shroud, here called 'cerecloth'; ⁵in 1600, the year in which this play was first printed, gold was to silver in the proportion of 10 to 1; ⁶graven on the outside, cut in relief; ⁷a skull from which the flesh had rotted off; ⁸a familiar expression in those days, meaning, your suit or request meets a cold reception; ⁹depart.

SCENE VIII. *Venice. A street.**Enter SALARINO and SALANIO.*

Salar. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail:
 With him is Gratiano gone along;
 And in their ship I am sure Lorenzo is not.

Salan. The villain Jew with outcries raised¹ the duke,
 Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

Salar. He came too late, the ship was under sail:
 But there the duke was given to understand
 That in a gondola were seen together
 Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica:
 Besides, Antonio certified the duke
 They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

Salan. I never heard a passion² so confused,
 So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
 As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:
 'My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter!
 Fled with a Christian! O my Christian ducats!
 Justice! the law! my ducats³, and my daughter!
 A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
 Of double ducats, stolen from me by my daughter!
 And jewels, two stones, two rich and precious stones,
 Stolen by my daughter! Justice! find the girl;
 She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats.'

Salar. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
 Crying, his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Salan. Let good Antonio look he keep his day,⁴
 Or he shall pay for this.

Salar. Marry, well remember'd.
 I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,
 Who told me, in the narrow seas that part
 The French and English, there miscarried
 A vessel of our country richly fraught:⁵
 I thought upon Antonio when he told me;
 And wish'd in silence that it were not his.

Salan. You were best to tell Antonio what you hear;
 Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

Salar. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
 I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:
 Bassanio told him he would make some speed
 Of his return: he answer'd, 'Do not so;
 Slubber⁶ not business for my sake, Bassanio,
 But stay the very riping of the time;
 And for⁶ the Jew's bond which he hath of me,
 Let it not enter in your mind of love;⁷
 Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts
 To courtship and such fair ostents⁸ of love
 As shall conveniently⁹ become you there.'
 And even there, his eye being big with tears,

¹roused; ²passionate outcry; ³be punctual to his day of payment; ⁴freighted;
⁵to slur, pass over lightly; ⁶as for; ⁷loving mind; ⁸show, appearance;
⁹suitably.

Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
 And with affection¹ wondrous sensible²
 He wrung Bassanio's hand; and so they parted.
Salan. I think he only loves the world for him.
 I pray thee, let us go and find him out
 And quicken his embraced heaviness³
 With some delight or other.

Salar. Do we so. [Exeunt.

SCENE IX. *Belmont. A room in PORTIA'S house.*

Enter NERISSA with a Servitor.

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee; draw the curtain straight:⁴
 The Prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath;
 And comes to his election⁵ presently.

*Flourish of cornets. Enter the PRINCE OF ARRAGON, PORTIA,
 and their trains.*

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince:
 If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
 Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemnized:
 But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
 You must be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:
 First, never to unfold to any one
 Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail
 Of the right casket, never in my life
 To woo a maid in way of marriage:
 Lastly,

If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
 Immediately to leave you and be gone.

Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear
 That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

Ar. And so have I address'd me.⁶ Fortune now
 To my heart's hope! Gold; silver; and base lead.
 'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.'
 You shall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.
 What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:
 'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.'
 What many men desire! that 'many' may be meant
 By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
 Not learning more than the fond⁷ eye doth teach;
 Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet,
 Builds in the weather⁸ on the outward wall,
 Even⁹ in the force and road of casualty.⁹
 I will not choose what many men desire,
 Because I will not jump¹⁰ with common spirits
 And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.

• Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;

¹emotion; ²sensitive; ³the sadness to which he clings; ⁴straightway,
 directly; ⁵choice; ⁶prepared myself; ⁷foolish; ⁸storm; ⁹more exposed to
 casualties than it would be anywhere else; ¹⁰agree with.

Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:
 'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.'
 And well said too; for who shall go about
 To cozen fortune and be honourable
 Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
 To wear an undeserved dignity.
 O, that estates, degrees and offices
 Were not derived corruptly, and that clear honour
 Were purchased¹ by the merit of the wearer!
 How many then should cover² that stand bare!
 How many be commanded that command!
 How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
 From the true seed of honour! and how much honour
 Pick'd from the chaff and ruin³ of the times
 To be new-varnish'd! Well, but to my choice:
 'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.'
 I will assume desert. Give me a key for this,
 And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

[*He opens the silver casket.*]

Por. Too long a pause for that which you find there.

Ar. What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
 Presenting me a schedule! I will read it.
 How much unlike art thou to Portia!
 How much unlike my hopes and my deservings!
 'Who chooseth me shall have as much as he deserves.'
 Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
 Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?
Por. To offend, and judge, are distinct offices
 And of opposed natures.

What is here?

[*Reads*] The fire seven times tried this:
 Seven times tried that judgement is,
 That did never choose amiss.
 Some there be that shadows kiss;
 Such have but a shadow's bliss:
 There be fools alive, I wis,⁴
 Silver'd o'er; and so was this.
 Take what wife you will to bed,
 I will ever be your head:⁵
 So be gone: you are sped.⁶
 Still more fool I shall appear
 By the time⁷ I linger here:
 With one fool's head I came to woo,
 But I go away with two.
 Sweet, adieu. I'll keep my oath,
 Patiently to bear my wroth.

[*Exeunt Arragon and train.*]

Por. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth.
 O, these deliberate fools! when they do choose,

¹acquired; ²wear their hats, as masters; ³refuse, rubbish; ⁴wis, Dutch gewis; ⁵whether you marry or not, you will always have a fool's head. In these lines there is perhaps a reference to the text 'The husband is the head of the wife'. (Ephesians 23); ⁶disposed of; ⁷in proportion to the time.

They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.¹

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy,
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

Por. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Where is my lady?

Por. Here: what would my lord?²

Serv. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signify the approaching of his lord;
From whom he bringeth sensible³ regrets,⁴
To wit, besides commend⁵ and courteous breath,⁶
Gifts of rich value. Yet I have not seen
So likely⁷ an ambassador of love:
A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

Por. No more, I pray thee: I am half afraid
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day⁸ wit in praising him.
Come, come, Nerissa: for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post⁹ that comes so mannerly.

Ner. Bassanio, lord Love, if thy will it be! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Venice. A street.*

Enter SALANIO and SALARINO.

Salan. Now, what news on the Rialto?

Salar. Why, yet it lives there unchecked¹⁰ that Antonio hath
a ship of rich lading wrecked on the narrow seas;¹¹ the Goodwins,¹²
I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat and fatal, where
the carcases of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my
gossip Report be an honest woman of her word.

Salan. I would she were as lying a gossip in that as ever
knapped¹³ ginger or made her neighbours believe she wept for the
death of a third husband. But it is true, without any slips of
prolixity or crossing the plain highway of talk, that the good
Antonio, the honest Antonio, — O that I had a title good enough
to keep his name company! —

Salar. Come, the full stop.

Salan. Ha! what sayest thou? Why, the end is, he hath lost a
ship.

Salar. I would it might prove the end of his losses.

Salan. Let me say 'amen' betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer,
for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.

¹they are so over-wise, that their subtlety leads them to make a wrong choice; ²Portia jestingly addresses the servant by a title corresponding to that which he had used in addressing her; ³substantial; ⁴greetings; ⁵compliments; ⁶words; ⁷promising; ⁸holiday, splendid, extraordinary; ⁹post-man, courier; ¹⁰the rumour is current there uncontradicted; ¹¹the English Channel; ¹²the Goodwin Sands, off the eastern coast of Kent; ¹³snapped, broke into small pieces. Ginger was a favourite condiment with old people.

Enter SHYLOCK.

How now, Shylock! what news among the merchants?

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Salar. That's certain: I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.¹

Salan. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledged; and then it is the complexion² of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damned for it.

Salar. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Salan. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?

Shy. I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

Salar. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods than there is between red wine and rhenish. But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match:³ a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto; a beggar, that was used to come so smug⁴ upon the mart; let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer; let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy; let him look to his bond.

Salar. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh: what's that good for?

Shy. To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million;⁵ laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed⁶ with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villany you teach me, I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.⁷

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house and desires to speak with you both.

Salar. We have been up and down to seek him.

¹the boy's dress in which she made her escape; ²nature; ³bargain; ⁴neat; ⁵hindered me from gaining half a million ducats; ⁶Is he not fed; ⁷The obstacles must be great indeed which shall prevent me from improving upon your teaching.

Enter TUBAL.

Salan. Here comes another of the tribe: a third cannot be matched,¹ unless the devil himself turn Jew.

[Exeunt Salan., Salar., and Servant.]

Shy. How now, Tubal! what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why, there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now: two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels. I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them? Why, so: and I know not what's spent in the search: why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill lucks stirring but what lights on my shoulders; no sighs but of my breathing; no tears but of my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too: Antonio, as I heard in Genoa, —

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. Hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God. Is't true, is't true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal: good news, good news! ha, ha! where? in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, in one night fourscore ducats.

Shy. Thou stickest a dagger in me: I shall never see my gold again: fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it: I'll plague him; I'll torture him: I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer;² bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for, were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal.

SCENE^{II}. *Belmont. A room in PORTIA's house.*

Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, and Attendants.

Por. I pray you, tarry: pause a day or two

Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong,

¹cannot be found to match them; ²engage me an officer to be ready to arrest Antonio.

I lose your company: therefore forbear awhile.
 There's something tells me, but it is not love,
 I would not lose you; and you know yourself,
 Hate counsels not in such a quality.¹
 But lest you should not understand me well, —
 And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought, —²
 I would detain you here some month or two
 Before you venture for me. I could teach you
 How to choose right, but I am then forsworn;
 So will I never be: so may you miss me;
 But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,
 That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,
 They have o'erlook'd³ me and divided me;
 One half of me is yours, the other half yours,
 Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours,
 And so all yours. O, these naughty⁴ times
 Put bars between the owners and their rights!
 And so, though yours, not yours. Prove it so,
 Let fortune go to hell for it, not I.⁵
 I speak too long; but 'tis to peize⁶ the time,
 To eke it and to draw it out in length,
 To stay⁷ you from election.

Bass. Let me choose;

For as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, Bassanio! then confess
 What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bass. None but that ugly treason of mistrust,
 Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love:
 There may as wel be amity and life
 'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

Por. Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack,
 Where men enforced do speak anything.

Bass. Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

Por. Well then, confess and live.

Bass. 'Confess' and 'love'

Had been the very sum of my confession:⁸

O happy torment, when my torturer

Doth teach me answers for deliverance!

But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Por. Away, then! I am lock'd in one of them:⁹

If you do love me, you will find me out.

Nerissa and the rest, stand all aloof.

Let music sound while he doth make his choice;

Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,

Fading!¹⁰ in music: that the comparison

May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream

¹Hatred would not give counsels of such a kind as those which I am giving you; ²Portia means, 'And yet, since a maiden may only think and not speak her thoughts, you will not understand me, however long you stay; ³fascinated; ⁴wicked; ⁵If it prove that I, who am yours by affection, am not yours owing to your unlucky choice of casket, Fortune ought to suffer the penalty, not I; ⁶to weigh with deliberation ⁷prevent; ⁸Had you said 'love' instead of 'live' you would have expressed all that I have to confess; ⁹Here the curtain is withdrawn which concealed the caskets; ¹⁰vanishing.

And watery death-bed for him. He may win;
 And what is music then? Then music is
 Even as the flourish when true subjects bow
 To a new-crowned monarch: such it is
 As are those dulcet sounds in break of day
 That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear
 And summon him to marriage.¹ Now he goes,
 With no less presence,² but with much more love,
 Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
 The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
 To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice;
 The rest aloof are the Dardanian³ wives,
 With bleared visages, come forth to view
 The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules!
 Live thou, I live: with much much more dismay
 I view the fight than thou that makest the fray.

Music, whilst BASSANIO comments on the caskets to himself.

SONG.

Tell me where is fancy⁴ bred,
 Or in the heart or in the head?
 How begot, how nourished?

Reply, reply.

It is engender'd in the eyes,
 With gazing fed; and fancy dies
 In the cradle where it lies.

Let us all ring fancy's knell:

I'll begin it, --- Ding, dong, bell.

All. Ding, dong, bell.

Bass. So may the outward shows be least themselves:
 The world is still⁵ deceived with ornament.
 In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt
 But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
 Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
 What damned error, but some sober brow⁶
 Will bless it and approve⁷ it with a text,
 Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
 There is no vice so simple but assumes
 Some mark of virtue on his outward parts:
 How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
 As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
 The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,
 Who inward search'd, have livers white as milk;⁸
 And these assume but valour's excrement⁹
 To render them redoubt'd! Look on beauty,
 And you shall see 'tis purchased by the weight;
 Which therein works a miracle in nature,

¹The musicians who were to accompany the bridegroom to the house of the bride went betimes to awaken him; ²high, proud bearing; ³Trojan; ⁴love; ⁵constantly; ⁶some one of grave aspect; ⁷prove it to be true; ⁸a white liver was considered the badge of cowardice; ⁹hair which gives them the appearance of being brave.

Making them lightest that wear most of it:¹
 So are those crisped snaky golden locks
 Which make such wanton gambols with the wind
 Upon supposed fairness² often known
 To be the dowry of a second head,
 The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.
 Thus ornament is but the guiled³ shore
 To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
 Veiling an Indian beauty;⁴ in a word,
 The seeming truth which cunning times put on.
 To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
 Hard food for Midas,⁵ I will none of thee;
 Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
 'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre lead.
 Which rather threatenest than dost promise aught,
 Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence;
 And here choose I: joy be the consequence!

Por. [*Aside*] How all the other passions fleet to air,
 As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embraced despair,
 And shuddering fear, and green eyed jealousy!
 O love.
 Be moderate; allay thy ecstasy;
 In measure rein thy joy; scant this excess.
 I feel too much thy blessing: make it less,
 For fear I surfeit.

Bass.

What find I here?

[*Opening the leaden casket.*]

Fair Portia's counterfeit! What demi-god
 Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
 Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
 Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,
 Parted with sugar breath: so sweet a bar
 Should sunder such sweet friends. Here in her hairs
 The painter plays the spider and hath woven
 A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men
 Faster than gnats in cobwebs: but her eyes, —
 How could he see to do them? having made one,
 Methinks it should have power to steal both his
 And leave itself unfurnish'd.⁶ Yet look, how far
 The substance of my praise⁷ doth wrong this shadow
 In underprizing it, so far this shadow
 Doth limp behind the substance. Here's the scroll,
 The continent⁸ and summary of my fortune.

[*Reads*] You that choose not by the view,
 Chance as fair and choose as true!
 Since this fortune falls to you,
 Be content and seek no new.
 If you be well pleased with this
 And hold your fortune for your bliss,

¹play upon the two senses of 'light', i.e. in weight and in conduct; ²fictitious beauty; ³deceptive; ⁴perhaps ironically for the converse; ⁵Midas had prayed that everything he touched might turn to gold, and found himself likely to be famished by the literal fulfilment of his prayer; ⁶not equipped with its fellow eye; ⁷Portia herself; ⁸that which contains.

Turn you where your lady is
And claim her with a loving kiss.

A gentle scroll. Fair lady, by your leave;
I come by note, to give and to receive.¹
Like one of two contending in a prize,²
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no;
So, thrice-fair lady, stand I, even so;
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

Por. You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet, for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich;
That only to stand high in your account,³
I might in virtues, beauties, livings,⁴ friends,
Exceed account;⁵ but the full sum of me
Is sum of something, which, to term in gross,⁶
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractised;
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself and what is mine to you and yours
Is now converted: but now⁷ I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants and this same myself
Are yours, my lord: I give them with this ring;
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love

And be my vantage to exclaim on you.⁸
Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins;
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As, after some oration fairly⁹ spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude;
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Express'd and not express'd. But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence:

¹ I come according to written warrant (the scroll just read) to 'give' a kiss and 'receive' the lady; ²contest for a prize; ³estimation; ⁴estates; ⁵be innumerable; ⁶to define generally; ⁷a few moments ago; ⁸and give me such strong ground for complaining of your conduct that you will be unable to defend it; ⁹clearly, well.

- O, then be bold to say Bassanio's dead!
- Ner.* My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy: good joy, my lord and lady!
- Gra.* My lord Bassanio and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish;
For I am sure you can wish none from me:
And when your honours mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married too.
- Bass.* With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.
- Gra.* I thank your lordship, you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
You loved, I loved for intermission.¹
No more pertains to me,² my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the casket there,
And so did mine too, as the matter falls;
For wooing here until I sweat again,
And swearing till my very roof³ was dry
With oaths of love, at last, if promise last,
I got a promise of this fair one here
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achieved⁴ her mistress.
- Por.* Is this true, Nerissa?
- Ner.* Madam; it is, so you stand pleased withal.
- Bass.* And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?
- Gra.* Yes, faith,⁵ my lord.
- Bass.* Our feast shall be much honour'd in your marriage.
But who comes here? Lorenzo and his infidel?
What, and my old Venetian friend Salerio?

Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, and SALERIO, a Messenger
from Venice.

- Bass.* Lorenzo and Salerio, welcome hither;
If that the youth of my new interest⁶ here
Have power to bid you welcome. By your leave,
I bid my very⁷ friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.
- Por.* So do I, my lord:
They are entirely welcome.
- Lor.* I thank your honour. For my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here;
But meeting with Salerio by the way,
He did intreat me, past all saying nay,⁸
To come with him along
- Saler.* I did, my lord;
And I have reason for it. Signor Antonio
Commends him to you. [*Gives Bassanio a letter.*]
- Bass.* Ere I ope his letter,

¹I loved to fill up the time; ²our circumstances are the same; ³the roof of my mouth; ⁴obtained; ⁵truly; ⁶if the short space of time that has elapsed since Portia accepted me as her husband; ⁷true; ⁸beyond all possibility of refusal.

I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.

Saler. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
Nor well, unless in mind; his letter there
Will show you his estate.¹

Gra. Nerissa, cheer yon stranger; bid her welcome.
Your hand, Salerio: what's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?
I know he will be glad of our success;
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.

Saler. I would you had won the the fleece that he hath lost.

Por. There are some shrewd² contents in yon same paper,
That steals the colour from Bassanio's cheek:
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse!
With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of anything
That this same paper brings you.

Bass. O sweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true: and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart. When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,
I have engaged myself to a dear friend,
Engaged my friend to his mere³ enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing⁴ life-blood. But is it true, Salerio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?⁵
From Tripolis, from Mexico and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary and India?
And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

Raler. Not one, my lord.
Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound⁶ a man:
He plies⁷ the duke at morning and at night,
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,⁸
If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,
The duke himself, and the magnificoes

• Of greatest port,⁹ have all persuaded with¹⁰ him;

¹condition; ²evil; ³thorough, inveterate; ⁴emitting; ⁵succeeded; ⁶ruin;
⁷urges, importunes; ⁸denies that strangers have equal rights in Venice;
⁹importance; ¹⁰advised, argued with.

But none can drive him from the envious¹ plea
Of forfeiture, of justice and his bond.

Jes. When I was with him I have heard him swear
To Tubal and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him: and I know, my lord,
If law, authority and power deny² not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

Por. Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?

Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best-condition'd and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies, and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Por. What sum owes he the Jew?

Bass. For me three thousand ducats.

Por. What, no more?

Pay him six thousand, and deface³ the bond;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.
First go with me to church and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend:
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over:
When it is paid, bring your true friend along.
My maid Nerissa and myself meantime
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away!
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day:
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer:⁴
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bass. [*Reads*] Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried,
my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the
Jew is forfeit;⁵ and since in paying it, it is impossible I should
live, all debts are cleared between you and I, if I might but see
you at my death. Notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if your
love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.

Por. O love, dispatch all business, and be gone!

Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste: but, till I come again,
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,⁶
No rest be interposer 'twixt us twain.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Venice. A street.

Enter SHYLOCK, SALARINO, ANTONIO, and Gaoler.

Shy. Gaoler, look to him: tell not me of mercy;
This is the fool that lent out money gratis:

¹malicious; ²forbid; ³cancel; ⁴countenance; ⁵forfeited; ⁶tarrying, absence.

Gaoler, look to him.

Ant. Hear me yet, good Shylock.

Shy. I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond:
I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond.
Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause;
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The duke shall grant me justice. I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond¹
To come abroad with him at his request.

Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak.

Shy. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:
I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed² fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;
I'll have no speaking: I will have my bond. [Exit.

Salar. It is the most impenetrable cur
That ever kept³ with men.

Ant. Let him alone:
I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
He seeks my life; his reason well I know:
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan⁴ to me;
Therefore he hates me.

Salar. I am sure the duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.⁵

Ant. The duke cannot deny the course of law:⁶
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the justice of his state;⁷
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go:
These griefs and losses have so bated⁸ me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.
Well, gaoler, on. Pray God, Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not! [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. Belmont. A room in PORTIA's house.

Enter PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA, and BALTHASAR.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit⁹
Of god-like amity; which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But if you knew to whom you show this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work

¹foolish; ²wanting in perception; ³dwelt; ⁴complained; ⁵grant to hold, allow to hold good; ⁶refuse to let the law take its course; ⁷the refusal of the usual facilities enjoyed by strangers in Venice will bring in serious question the justice of the state; ⁸reduced; ⁹conception, idea.

Than customary bounty can enforce you.
Por. I never did repent for doing good,
 Nor shall not now: for in companions
 That do converse and waste the time together,
 Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
 There must be needs a like proportion
 Of lineaments, of manners and of spirit;
 Which makes me think that this Antonio,
 Being the bosom lover of my lord,
 Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,
 How little is the cost I have bestow'd
 In purchasing the semblance of my soul
 From out the state of hellish misery!
 This comes too near the praising of myself:
 Therefore no more of it: hear other things.
 Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
 The husbandry¹ and manage² of my house
 Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
 I have toward heaven breathed a secret vow
 To live in prayer and contemplation,
 Only attended by Nerissa here,
 Until her husband and my lord's return:
 There is a monastery two miles off;
 And there will we abide. I do desire you
 Not to deny this imposition;³
 The which my love and some necessity
 Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart;
 I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
 And will acknowledge you and Jessica
 In place of Lord Bassanio and myself.
 And so farewell, till we shall meet again.

Lor. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you!

Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleased
 To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.

[*Exeunt Jessica and Lorenzo.*]

Now, Balthasar,
 As I have ever found thee honest-true,
 So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,
 And use thou all the endeavour of a man
 In speed to Padua: see thou render this
 Into my cousin's hand, Doctor Bellario;
 And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
 Bring them, I pray thee, with imagined⁴ speed
 Unto the tranect,⁵ to the common ferry
 Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in words,
 But get thee gone: I shall be there before thee.

Balth. Madam, I go with all convenient⁶ speed. [Exit.

Por. Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand
 That you yet know not of: we'll see our husbands

¹stewardship of the house; ²management; ³refuse the task imposed; ⁴as quick as thought; ⁵traject, passage; ⁶suitable.

Before they think of us.

Ner. Shall they see us?

Por. They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With that we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutred like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace,
And speak between the change of man and boy
With a reed voice,¹ and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride, and speak of frays
Like a fine bragging youth, and tell quaint² lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died;
I could not do withal;³ then I'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them;
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,
That men shall swear I have discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth. I have within my mind
A thousand raw⁴ tricks of these bragging Jacks,⁵
Which I will practise.
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The same. A garden.*

Enter LAUNCELOT and JESSICA.

Laun. Yes, truly; for, look yon, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children: therefore, I promise ye, I fear you.⁶ I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation⁷ of the matter: therefore be of good cheer, for truly I think you are damned. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that you are not the Jew's daughter.

Jes. That were a kind of base hope, indeed: so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Laun. Truly then I fear you are damned both by father and mother: thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother: well, you are gone both ways.

Jes. I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a Christian.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he: we were Christians enow⁸ before; e'en as many as could well live, one by another. This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs: if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

¹and speak with a shrill piping voice, such as youths have in the interval of the change from boyhood to manhood; ²artfully contrived; ³I could not help it; ⁴crude, unskillful; ⁵a common term of contempt; ⁶I fear for you; ⁷he means cogitation; (Cf. his odd blunders in pronunciation Act II, Sc. 2. 3.); ⁸plural of enough.

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Enter LORENZO.

Jes. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say: here he comes.

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot.

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo: Launcelot and I are out.¹ He tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter: and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth, for in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

Lor. I think the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots. Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.²

Lor. Goodly Lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done too, sir; only 'cover' is the word.

Lor. Will you cover then, sir?

Laun. Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.³

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion!⁴ Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, sir, it shall be served in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. [*Exit.*]

Lor. O dear discretion,⁵ how his words are suited!

The fool hath planted in his memory

An army of good words; and I do know

A many fools, that stand in better place,

Garnish'd like⁶ him, that for a tricky⁷ word

Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou,⁸ Jessica?

And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,

How dost thou like the Lord Bassanio's wife?

Jes. Past all expressing. It is very meet

The Lord Bassanio live an upright life;

For, having such a blessing in his lady,

He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;

And if on earth he do not mean⁹ it, then

In reason he should never come to heaven.

Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match

And on the wager lay two earthly women,

And Portia one, there must be something else

Pawn'd¹⁰ with the other, for the poor rude world

Hath not her fellow.

Lor. Even such a husband

Hast thou of¹¹ me as she is for a wife.

Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

¹disagree; ²appetite; ³Launcelot plays upon the two senses of the verb 'to lay covers on the table, and' to put the hat on the head; ⁴taking every opportunity to make perverse replies; ⁵faculty of discrimination, which Lorenzo's misapplied words showed him to lack; ⁶their brains furnished like his; ⁷sportive; ⁸what spirits are you in; ⁹there is some corruption in this passage; instead of mean we rather require a word with the sense of 'appreciate'; ¹⁰pledged, staked; ¹¹in.

- Lor.* I will anon: first, let us go to dinner.
Jes. Nay, let me praise you while I have a stomach.¹
Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;
 Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things
 I shall digest it.
Jes. Well, I'll set you forth.² [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Venice. A court of justice.

*Enter the DUKE, the Magnificoes, ANTONIO, BASSANIO,
 GRATIANO, SALERIO, and others.*

- Duke.* What,³ is Antonio here?
Ant. Ready, so please your grace.
Duke. I am sorry for thee: thou art come to answer
 A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
 Uncapable of pity, void and empty
 From any dram of mercy.
Ant. I have heard
 Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify⁴
 His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate
 And that no lawful means can carry me
 Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
 My patience to his fury, and am arm'd
 To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
 The very tyranny and rage of his.
Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.
Saler. He is ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

Enter SHYLOCK.

- Duke.* Make room, and let him stand before our face.
 Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
 That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
 To the last hour of act; and then 'tis thought
 Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse⁵ more strange
 Than is thy strange apparent cruelty;
 And where⁶ thou now exact'st the penalty,
 Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,
 Thou wilt not only loose⁷ the forfeiture,
 But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
 Forgive a moiety of the principal;
 Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
 That have of late so huddled on his back,
 Enow⁸ to press a royal merchant down
 And pluck commiseration of his state
 From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint,
 From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd
 • To offices of tender courtesy.
 We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

¹mind; ²describe you fully, display you to advantage; ³an exclamation, calling attention; ⁴modify; ⁵relenting; ⁶whereas; ⁷let go, release.

Shy. I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose;
 And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
 To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
 If you deny it, let the danger light
 Upon your charter and your city's freedom.
 You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
 A weight of carrion flesh than to receive
 Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that:
 But, say,¹ it is my humour: is it answer'd?
 What if my house be troubled with a rat
 And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats
 To have it baned?² What, are you answer'd yet?
 Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
 Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;
 Now, for your answer:
 As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
 Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
 Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
 So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
 More than a lodged³ hate and a certain loathing
 I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
 A losing suit⁴ against him. Are you answer'd?

Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
 To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answers.

Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Bass. Every offence⁵ is not a hate at first.

Shy. What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

Ant. I pray you, think you question with the Jew:⁶
 You may as well go stand upon the beach
 And bid the main flood⁷ bate his usual height;
 You may as well use question with the wolf
 Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
 You may as well forbid the mountain pines
 To wag their high tops and to make no noise,
 When they are fretten with the gusts of heaven;
 You may as well do any thing most hard,
 As seek to soften—than which what's harder? —
 His Jewish heart: therefore, I do beseech you,
 Make no more offers, use no farther means,
 But with all brief and plain conveniency
 Let me have judgement and the Jew his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats,
 Were in six parts and every part a ducat,
 I would not draw them; I would have my bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?

Shy. What judgement shall I dread, doing no wrong?
 You have among you many a purchased slave,

¹suppose; ²poisoned; ³fixed, settled; ⁴a suit in which I have nothing to gain; ⁵resentment; ⁶remember you are arguing with Shylock, whose cruel nature is known; ⁷ocean.

Which, like your asses and your dogs and mules,
 You use in abject and in slavish parts,
 Because you bought them: shall I say to you,
 Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
 Why sweat they under burthens? let their beds
 Be made as soft as yours and let their palates
 Be season'd with such viands? You will answer
 'The slaves are ours:' so do I answer you:
 The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
 Is dearly bought; 't is mine and I will have it.
 If you deny me, fie upon your law!

There is no force in the decrees of Venice.

I stand for judgement: answer; shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my power I may dismiss this court,
 Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
 Whom I have sent for to determine' this,
 Come here to-day.

Saler. My lord, here stays without
 A messenger with letters from the doctor,
 New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters; call the messenger.

Bass. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man, courage yet!
 The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones and all,
 Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
 Meetest for death: the weakest kind of fruit
 Drops earliest to the ground; and so let me:
 You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
 Than to live still and write mine epitaph.

Enter NERISSA, dressed like a lawyer's clerk.

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

Ner. From both, my lord. Bellario greets your grace.
[Presenting a letter.]

Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

Gra. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
 Thou makest thy knife keen; but no metal can,
 No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
 Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Gra. O, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog!
 And for thy life let justice be accused.²
 Thou almost makest me waver in my faith
 To hold opinion with Pythagoras,³
 That souls of animals infuse themselves
 Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit
 Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,
 Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,⁴
 And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
 •Infused itself in thee; for thy desires

¹decide; ²Justice herself should be impeached for allowing thee to live;
³the philosopher, to whom was attributed the doctrine of the transmi-
 gration of souls; ⁴take flight.

- Are wolfish, bloody, starved and ravenous.
- Shy.* Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin. I stand here for law.
- Duke.* This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court.
Where is he?
- Ner.* He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.
- Duke.* With all my heart. Some three or four of you
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.
Meantime the court shall hear Bellario's letter.
- Clerk.* [*Reads.*] Your grace shall understand that at the receipt
of your letter I am very sick: but in the instant that your mes-
senger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of
Rome; his name is Balthasar. I acquainted him with the cause
in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant: we
turned o'er many books together: he is furnished with my opinion;
which, bettered with his own learning, the greatness whereof I
cannot enough commend, comes with him, at my importunity, to
fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his
lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estima-
tion; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I
leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better pub-
lish his commendation.
- Duke.* You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes:
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.
- Enter PORTIA, dressed like a doctor of laws.*
- Give me your hand. Come you from old Bellario?
- Por.* I did, my lord.
- Duke.* You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?¹
- Por.* I am informed thoroughly of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?
- Duke.* Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.
- Por.* Is your name Shylock?
- Shy.* Shylock is my name.
- Por.* Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you as you do proceed.
You stand within his danger,² do you not?
- Ant.* Ay, so he says.
- Por.* Do you confess the bond?
- Ant.* I do.
- Por.* Then must the Jew be merciful.
- Shy.* On what compulsion must I? tell me that.
- Por.* The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:

¹the dispute that is the subject of the present discussion; ²in his power.

'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
 The throned monarch better than his crown;
 His sceptre shows¹ the force of temporal power,
 The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
 But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
 It is an attribute to God himself;
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's
 When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
 Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
 That, in the course of justice, none of us
 Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
 The deeds of mercy.² I have spoke thus much
 To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
 Which if thou follow,³ this strict court of Venice
 Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
 The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
 Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice,
 I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
 On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
 If this will not suffice, it must appear
 That malice bears down truth.⁴ And I beseech you,
 Wrest once the law to your authority:⁵
 To do a great right, do a little wrong,
 And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be; there is no power in Venice
 Can alter a decree established:
 'Twill be recorded for a precedent,
 And many an error by the same example
 Will rush into the state: it cannot be.

Thy. A Daniel come to judgement! yea, a Daniel!
 O wise young judge, how I do honour thee!

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
 Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
 No, not for Venice.

Por. Why, this bond is forfeit;
 And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
 A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
 Nearest the merchant's heart. Be merciful:
 Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenour.
 It doth appear you are a worthy judge;

¹is the emblem of; ²Cf. the Lord's prayer; 'forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us; ³if you insist upon strict justice; ⁴honour; ⁵For once make the law yield to your authority.

You know the law, your exposition
 Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,
 Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
 Proceed to judgement: by my soul I swear
 There is no power in the tongue of man
 To alter me: I stay here on my bond.

Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court
 To give the judgement.

Por. Why then, thus it is:
 You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!

Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
 Hath full relation¹ to the penalty,
 Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
Shy. 'Tis very true: O wise and upright judge!
 How much more elder² art thou than thy looks!

Por. Therefore lay bare you bosom.

Shy. Ay, his breast:
 So says the bond: doth it not, noble judge?
 'Nearest his heart:' those are the very words.

Por. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh
 The flesh?

Shy. I have them ready.

Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
 To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?

Por. It is not so express'd: but what of that?
 'Twere good you do so much for charity.

Shy. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.

Por. You, merchant, have you any thing to say?

Ant. But little: I am arm'd and well prepared.
 Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well!
 Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
 For herein Fortune shows herself more kind
 Than is her custom: it is still her use³
 To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
 To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow
 An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
 Of such misery doth she cut me off.
 Commend me to your honourable wife:
 Tell her the process of Antonio's end;
 Say how I loved you, speak me fair in death;⁴
 And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge
 Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
 Repent but you⁵ that you shall lose your friend,
 And he repents not that he pays your debt;
 For if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
 I'll pay it presently with all my heart.⁶

Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife

Which is as dear to me as life itself;

But life itself, my wife, and all the world,

¹is fully applicable; ²double comparative, common in Shakespeare; ³it is constantly her custom; ⁴speak well of me when I am dead; ⁵only regret; ⁶play upon the two senses of 'heart', lit. and fig.

Are not with me esteem'd above thy life:

I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all

Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,

If she were by, to hear you make the offer.

Gra. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love:

I would she were in heaven, so she could

Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;

The wish would make else an unquiet house.

Shy. These be the Christian husbands. I have a daughter;

Would any of the stock of Barrabas

Had been her husband rather than a Christian! [*Aside.*]

We trifle time: I pray thee, pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine:

The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy. Most rightful judge!

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast:

The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shy. Most learned judge! A sentence! Come, prepare!

Por. Tarry a little; there is something else.

This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;

The words expressly are 'a pound of flesh;'

Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;

But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed

One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods

Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate

Unto the state of Venice.

Gra. O upright judge! Mark, Jew: O learned judge!

Shy. Is that the law?

Por. Thyself shalt see the act:

For, as thou urgest justice, be assured

Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.

Gra. O learned judge! Mark, Jew: a learned judge!

Shy. I take this offer, then; pay the bond thrice

And let the Christian go.

Bass. Here is the money.

Por. Soft!

The Jew shall have all justice; soft! no haste:

He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!

Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.

Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou less nor more

But just a pound of flesh: if thou cut'st more

Or less than a just pound, be it but so much

As makes it light ur heavy in the substance,¹

Or the division of the twentieth part

Of one poor scruple, nay, if the scale do turn

But in the estimation of a hair,

Thou diest and all thy goods are confiscate.²

Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!

• Now, infidel, I have you on the hip.³

¹in the mass, gross weight; ²confiscated; ³in my power.

- Por.* Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.
Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.
Bass. I have it ready for thee; here it is.
Por. He hath refused it in the open court:
 He shall have merely justice and his bond.
Gra. A Daniel, still say I, a second Daniel!
 I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.
Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal?
Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
 To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.
Shy. Why, then the devil give him good of it!
 I'll stay no longer question.
Por. Tarry, Jew:
 The law hath yet another hold on you.
 It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
 If it be proved against an alien
 That by direct or indirect attempts
 He seek the life of any citizen,
 The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive¹
 Shall seize one half his goods; the other half
 Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
 And the offender's life lies in the mercy
 Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
 In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st;
 For it appears, by manifest proceeding,
 That indirectly and directly too
 Thou hast contrived against the very life
 Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd
 The danger formerly by me rehearsed.
 Down therefore and beg mercy of the duke.
Gra. Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang thyself:
 And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
 Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
 Therefore thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.
Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirits,
 I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:
 For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
 The other half comes to the general state,
 Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.²
Por. Ay, for the state, not for Antonio,
Shy. Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that:³
 You take my house when you do take the 'prop
 That doth sustain my house; you take my life
 When you do take the means whereby I live.
Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?
Gra. A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake.
Ant. So please my lord the duke and all the court
 To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
 I am content: so he will let me have
 The other half in use, to render it,
 Upon his death, unto the gentleman
 That lately stole his daughter:

¹plot; ²which submission on your part may induce me to commute for a fine; ³do not remit the sentence of death.

Two things provided more, that, for this favour,
 He presently become a Christian;
 The other, that he do record a gift,
 Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
 Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant¹

The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou say?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift

Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;

I am not well: send the deed after me,

And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In christening shalt thou have two god-fathers:

Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,²

To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

[*Exit Shylock.*]

Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

Por. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon:

I must away this night toward Padua,

And it is meet I presently set forth.

Duke. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.³

Antonio, gratify⁴ this gentleman,

For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[*Exeunt Duke and his train.*]

Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend

Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted

Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,

Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,

We freely cope⁵ your courteous pains withal.

Ant. And stand indebted, over and above,

In love and service to you evermore.

Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied;

And I, delivering you, am satisfied

And therein do account myself well paid:

My mind was never yet more mercenary.⁶

I pray you, know me when we meet again:

I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

Bass. Dear sir, of force⁷ I must attempt you further:

Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,

Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you,

Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Por. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.

[*To Ant.*] Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake;

[*To Bass.*] And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you:

Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more;

And you in love shall not deny me this.

Bass. This ring, good sir, alas, it is a trifle!

I will not shame myself to give⁸ you this.

¹recall, revoke; ²to make up the twelve jurymen; ³you have no time;
⁴recompense; ⁵requite, give an equivalent for; ⁶anxious for any more
 reward than the satisfaction of having done a good deed; ⁷of necessity;
⁸disgrace myself by giving.

- Por.* I will have nothing else but only this;
And now methinks I have a mind to it.
- Bass.* There's more depends on this than on the value.
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation:
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.
- Por.* I see, sir, you are liberal in offers:
You taught me first to beg; and now methinks
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.
- Bass.* Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife;
And when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should neither sell nor give nor lose it.
- Por.* That 'scuse' serves many men to save their gifts.
An if your wife be not a mad-woman,
And know how well I have deserved the ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!
- [*Exeunt Portia and Nerissa.*]
- Ant.* My Lord Bassanio, let him have the ring:
Let his deservings and my love withal
Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandment.
- Bass.* Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him;
Give him the ring, and bring him, if thou canst,
Unto Antonio's house: away! make haste. [Exit Gratiano.
Come, you and I will thither presently;
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont: come, Antonio. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *The same. A street.*

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.

- Por.* Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed
And let him sign it: we'll away to-night
And be a day before our husbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter GRATIANO.

- Gra.* Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en:
My Lord Bassanio upon more advice¹
Hath sent you here this ring, and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.
- Por.* That cannot be:
His ring I do accept most thankfully:
And so, I pray you, tell him: furthermore,
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.
- Gra.* That will I do.
- Ner.* Sir, I would speak with you.
[*Aside to Por.*] I'll see if I can get my husband's ring,
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.
- Por.* [*Aside to Ner.*] Thou mayst, I warrant.
We shall have old² swearing
That they did give the rings away to men;

¹excuse; ²consideration, deliberation; ³intensive epithet, great.

But we'll outface them, and outswear them too.
 [Aloud] Away! make haste: thou know'st where I will tarry.
 Ner. Come, good sir, will you show me this house? [Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Belmont. Avenue to PORTIA's house.*

Enter LORENZO and JESSICA.

Lor. The moon shines bright: in such a night as this,
 When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees
 And they did make no noise, in such a night
 Troilus methinks mounted the Trojan walls
 And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
 Where Cressid lay that night.

Jes. In such a night
 Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew
 And saw the lion's shadow ere himself
 And ran dismay'd away.

Lor. In such a night
 Stood Dido with a willow¹ in her hand
 Upon the wild sea banks and waft her love
 To come again to Carthage.

Jes. In such a night
 Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
 That did renew old Æson.

Lor. In such a night
 Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew
 And with an unthrift love did run from Venice
 As far as Belmont.

Jes. In such a night
 Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well,
 Stealing her soul with many vows of faith
 And ne'er a true one.

Lor. In such a night
 Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
 Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jes. I would out-night you, did no body come;
 But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter STEPHANO.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Steph. A friend.

Lor. A friend! what friend? your name, I pray you, friend?

Steph. Stephano is my name; and I bring word
 My mistress will before the break of day
 Be here at Belmont: she doth stray about
 By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
 For happy wedlock hours.

Lor. • Who comes with her?

Steph. None but a holy hermit and her maid.

¹a symbol of forsaken love.

I pray you, is my master yet return'd?
Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.
 But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
 And ceremoniously let us prepare
 Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter LAUNCELOT.

Laun. Sola! sola! wo ha, ho! sola, sola!
Lor. Who calls?
Laun. Sola! did you see Master Lorenzo?
 Master Lorenzo, sola, sola!
Lor. Leave hollaing, man: here.
Laun. Sola! where? where?
Lor. Here.
Laun. Tell him there's a post come from my master with his
 horn full of good news: my master will be here ere morning. [*Exit.*
Lor. Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their coming.
 And yet no matter: why should we go in?
 My friend Stephano, signify,¹ I pray you,
 Within the house, your mistress is at hand;
 And bring your music forth into the air. [*Exit Stephano.*
 How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
 Here will we sit and let the sounds of music
 Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
 Become the touches of sweet harmony.
 Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
 Is thick inlaid with patines² of bright gold:
 There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
 But in his motion like an angel sings,³
 Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;
 Such harmony is in immortal souls;
 But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
 Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

Enter Musicians.

Come, ho! and wake Diana⁴ with a hymn:
 With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear
 And draw her home with music. [*Music.*
Jes. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.
Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive: ,
 For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
 Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
 Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
 Which is the hot condition of their blood;
 If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
 Or any air of music touch their ears, ,
 You shall perceive them make a mutual⁵ stand,
 Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze
 By the sweet power of music: therefore the poet
 Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones and floods;

¹make known; ²patine, the metal disc on which the bread is placed in the administration of the Eucharist; ³Shakespeare refers elsewhere to the 'music of the spheres'; ⁴goddess of the moon; ⁵common.

Since nought so stockish, hard and full of rage,
 But music for the time doth change his nature.
 The man that hath no music in himself,
 Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
 Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;
 The motions of his spirit are dull as night
 And his affections dark as Erebus:
 Let no such man be trusted. Mark the music.

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall.
 How far that little candle throws his beams!
 So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less:
 A substitute shines brightly as a king
 Until a king be by, and then his state
 Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
 Into the main of waters. Music! hark!

Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect:¹
 Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark
 When neither is attended,² and I think
 The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
 When every goose is cackling, would be thought
 No better a musician than the wren.
 How many things by season season'd are
 To their right praise³ and true perfection!
 Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion
 And would not be awaked. [*Music ceases.*]

Lor. That is the voice,
 Or I am much deceived, of Portia.

Por. He knows me as the blind man knows the cuckoo,
 By the bad voice.

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.

Por. We have been praying for our husbands' healths,
 Which⁴ speed, we hope, the better for our words,
 Are they return'd?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
 But there is come a messenger before,
 To signify their coming.

Por. Go in Nerissa;
 Give order to my servants that they take
 No note at all of our being absent hence;
 Nor you, Lorenzo; Jessica, nor you. [*A tucket⁵ sounds.*]

Lor. Your husband is at hand; I hear his trumpet:

We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.

Por. This night methinks is but the daylight sick;

¹absolutely, without relation to the circumstances; ²listened to; ³so as to obtain the honour they deserve; ⁴The antecedent is 'husbands'; ⁵Who, we hope, speed the better for our prayers; ⁶a set of notes played on a trumpet.

It looks a little paler: 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, and their followers.

- Bass.* We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.
- Por.* Let me give light, but let me not be light;¹
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me;
But God sort all!² You are welcome home, my lord.
- Bass.* I thank you, madam. Give welcome to my friend.
This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.
- Por.* You should in all sense³ be much bound to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound⁴ for you.
- Ant.* No more than I am well acquitted of.
- Por.* Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy⁵
- Gra.* [*To Ner.*] By yonder moon I swear you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:
Would he were dead that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.
- Por.* A quarrel, ho, already! what's the matter?
- Gra.* About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me, whose posy was
For all the world like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife, 'Love me, and leave me not.'⁶
- Ner.* What talk you of the posy or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your hour of death
And that it should lie with you in your grave:
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective⁷ and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk! no, God's my judge,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on 's face that had it.
- Gra.* He will, an if he live to be a man.
- Ner.* Ay, if a woman live to be a man.
- Gra.* Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,
A kind of boy, a little scrubbed⁸ boy,
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk,
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee:
I could not for my heart deny it him.
- Por.* You were to blame, I must be plain with you.
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger
And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring and made him swear

¹we have had this play upon the two meanings of 'light' twice before;
²dispose all; ³reason; ⁴'play' upon the two senses of 'to be bound'; ⁵this
courtesy which consists merely in breath, i. e. in words; ⁶knives, as well
as swords, had sometimes moral sentences, generally rhyming couplets,
inscribed upon them; ⁷regardful, if not of me, yet of your oaths; ⁸stunted
in growth.

Never to part with it; and here he stands;
 I dare be sworn for him he would not leave it
 Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
 That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
 You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief:
 An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.

Bass. [*Aside*] Why, I were best to cut my left hand off
 And swear I lost the ring defending it.

Gra. My Lord Bassanio gave his ring away
 Unto the judge that begg'd it and indeed
 Deserved it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
 That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine;
 And neither man nor master would take aught
 But the two rings.

Por. What ring gave you, my lord?

Not that, I hope, which you received of me.

Bass. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
 I would deny it; but you see my finger
 Hath not the ring upon it; it is gone.

Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
 By heaven, I will never be your wife
 Until I see the ring.

Ner. No, nor I yours
 Till I again see mine.

Bass. Sweet Portia,
 If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
 If you did know for whom I gave the ring
 And would conceive for what I gave the ring
 And how unwillingly I left the ring,
 When nought would be accepted but the ring,
 You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,¹
 Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
 Or your own honour to contain² the ring,
 You would not then have parted with the ring.
 What man is there so much unreasonable,
 If you had pleased to have defended it
 With any terms of zeal, wanted³ the modesty

To urge⁴ the thing held as a ceremony?⁵

Nerissa teaches me what to believe:

I'll die for 't but some woman had the ring.

Bass. No, by my honour, madam, by my soul,
 No woman had it, but a civil doctor,⁶
 Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me
 And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him
 And suffer'd him to go displeased away;
 Even he that did uphold the very life
 Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?
 I was enforced to send it after him;
 I was beset with shame and courtesy;⁷

¹the power of the ring. Its possessor was to be master of Portia and all that she had. See Act 3, Sc. 2. 173; ²keep, hold fast; ³as to have wanted; ⁴insist upon having; ⁵a thing consecrated; ⁶doctor of civil law; ⁷shame at being thought ungrateful, and a sense of what courtesy required.

My honour would not let ingratitude
 So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady;
 For, by these blessed candles of the night,
 Had you been there, I think you would have begg'd
 The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house:
 Since he hath got the jewel that I loved,
 And that which you did swear to keep for me,
 I will become as liberal as you;
 I'll not deny him any thing I have.

Ner. Nor I his clerk; therefore be well advised
 How you do leave me to mine own protection.

Ant. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome notwithstanding

Bass. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
 And, in the hearing of these many friends,
 I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
 Wherein I see myself—

Por. Mark you but that!
 In both my eyes he doubly sees himself;
 In each eye, one: swear by your double self,
 And there's an oath of credit.

Bass. Nay, but hear me:

Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear
 I never more will break an oath with thee.

Ant. I once did lend my body for his wealth;¹
 Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,
 Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,
 My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
 Will never more break faith advisedly.²

Por. Then you shall be his surety. Give him this
 And bid him keep it better than the other.

Ant. Here, Lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.

Bass. By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor!

Por. You are all amazed:

Here is a letter; read it at your leisure;
 It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
 There you shall find that Portia was the doctor,
 Nerissa there her clerk: Lorenzo here
 Shall witness I set forth as soon as you
 And even but now return'd; I have not yet
 Enter'd my house. Antonio, you are welcome;
 And I have better news in store for you
 Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;
 There you shall find three of your argosies
 Are richly come to harbour suddenly:³
 You shall not know by what strange accident
 I chanced on this letter.

Ant. I am dumb.

Bass. Were you the doctor and I knew you not?

Gra. Were you the clerk and yet I knew you not?

Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life and living; "

¹prosperity; ²deliberately; ³unexpectedly.

For here I read for certain that my ships
Are safely come to road.

- Por.* How now, Lorenzo!
My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.
- Ner.* Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.
There do I give to you and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.
- Ler.* Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.
- Por.* It is almost morning,
And yet I am sure you are not satisfied
Of these events at full. Let us go in:
And charge us 'here upon inter'gatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.
- Gra.* Well, while I live I'll fear no other thing
So sore as keeping safe Nerissa's ring. [*Exeunt.*

BALLADS.

FROM PERCY'S RELIQUES.

(*See Part I, page 29.*)

King Leir and his three daughters.

King Leir once ruled in this land with princely power and peace;
And had all things with heart's content, that might his joys increase.
Amongst those things that nature gave, three daughters fair had he,
So princely seeming beautiful, as fairer could not be.

So on a time it pleas'd the king a question thus to move,
Which of his daughters to his grace could shew the dearest love:
For to my age you bring content, quoth he: then let me hear,
Which of you three in plighted troth the kindest wil appear.

To whom the eldest thus began; dear father mind, quoth she,
Before your face, to do you good, my blood shall render'd be:
And for your sake my bleeding heart shall here be cut in twain,
Ere that I see your reverend age the smallest grief sustain.

And so will I, the second said; dear father, for your sake,
The worst of all extremities I'll gently undertake:
And serve your highness night and day with diligence and love;
That sweet content and quietness discomforts may remove.

In doing so, you glad my soul, the aged king reply'd;
But what sayst thou, my youngest girl: how is thy love ally'd?
My love (quoth young Cordelia then) which to your grace I owe,
Shall be the duty of a child, and that is all I'll show.

And wilt thou shew no more, quoth he, than doth thy duty bind?
 I well perceive thy love is small, when as no more I find.
 Henceforth I banish thee my court, thou art no child of mine;
 Nor any part of this my realm by favour shall be thine.

Thy elder sisters' loves are more than well I can demand,
 To whom I equally bestow my kingdome and my land, —
 My pompal state and all my goods, that lovingly I may
 With those thy sisters be maintain'd until my dying day.

Thus flattering speeches won renown, by these two sisters here;
 The third had causeless banishment, yet was her love more dear:
 For poor Cordelia patiently went wandering up and down,
 Unhelp'd, unpity'd, gentle maid, through many an English town:

Until at last in famous France she gentler fortunes found;
 Though poor and bare, yet she was deem'd the fairest on the ground
 Where when the king her virtues heard, and this fair lady'd seen,
 With full consent of all his court he made his wife and queen.

Her father king Leir this while with his two daughters staid;
 Forgetful of their promis'd loves, full soon the same decay'd;
 And living in queen Ragan's court, the eldest of the twain,
 She took from him his chiefest means, and most of all his train.

For whereas twenty men were wont to wait with bended knee;
 She gave allowance but to ten, and after scarce to three;
 Nay, one she thought too much for him; so took she all away,
 In hope that in her court, good king, he would no longer stay.

Am I rewarded thus, quoth he, in giving all I have
 Unto my children, and to beg for what I lately gave?
 I'll go unto my Gonorell: my second child, I know,
 Will be more kind and pitiful, and will relieve my woe.

Full fast he hies then to her court; where when she heard his moan
 Return'd him answer, That she griev'd that all his means were gone:
 But no way could relieve his wants; yet if that he would stay
 Within her kitchen, he should have what scullions gave away.

When he had heard, with bitter tears, he made his answer then;
 In what I did let me be made example to all men.
 I will return again, quoth he, unto my Ragan's court;
 She will not use me thus, I hope, but in a kinder sort.

Where when he came, she gave command to drive him thence away:
 When he was well within her court (she said) he would not stay.
 Then back again to Gonorell the woeful king did hie,
 That in her kitchen he might have what scullion boys set by.

But there of that he was deny'd which she had promis'd late:
 For once refusing, he should not come after to her gate.
 Thus twixt his daughters, for relief he wandred up and down;
 Being glad to feed on beggars' food, that lately wore a crown.

And calling to remembrance then his youngest daughter's words,
That said the duty of a child was all that love affords:
But doubting to repair to her, whom he had banish'd so,
Grew frantick mad; for in his mind he bore the wounds of woe:

Which made him rend his milk-white locks and tresses from his head,
And all with blood bestain his cheeks, with age and honour spread.
To hills and woods and watery founts he made his hourly moan,
Till hills and woods, and senseless things, did seem to sigh and groan.

Even thus possest with discontents, he passed o'er to France,
In hopes from fair Cordelia there, to find some gentler chance;
Most virtuous dame! which when she heard of this her father's grief,
As duty bound, she quickly sent him comfort and relief:

And by a train of noble peers, in brave and gallant sort,
She gave in charge he should be brought to Aganippus' court;
Whose royal king, with noble mind so freely gave consent,
To muster up his knights at arms, to fame and courage bent.

And so to England came with speed, to repossesse king Leir,
And drive his daughters from their thrones by his Cordelia dear.
Where she, true-hearted noble queen, was in the battel slain;
Yet he good king, in his old days, possest his crown again.

But when he heard Cordelia's death, who died indeed for love
Of her dear father, in whose cause she did this battle move;
He swooning fell upon her breast, from whence he never parted:
But on her bosom left his life, that was so truly hearted.

The lords and nobles when they saw the end of these events,
The other sisters unto death they doomed by consents;
And being dead, their crowns they left unto the next of kin:
Thus have you seen the fall of pride, and disobedient sin.

The Beggar's daughter of Bednall-Green.

PART THE FIRST.

Itt was a blind beggar, had long lost his sight,
He had a faire daughter of bewty most bright;
And many a gallant brave suiter had shee,
For none was soe comelye as pretty Bessee.

And though shee was of favor most faire,
Yet seeing shee was but a poor beggar's heyre,
Of ancyent housekeepers despised was shee,
Whose sonnes came as suitors to pretty Bessee.

- Wherefore in great sorrow faire Bessy did say,
Good father, and mother, let me goo away
To seek out my fortune, whatever itt bee,
This suite then they granted to pretty Bessee.

Then Bessy, that was of bewtye soe bright,
 All cladd in gray russett, and late in the night,
 From father and mother alone parted shee;
 Who sighed and sobbed for pretty Bessee.

Shee went till shee came to Stratford-le-Bow;
 Then knew shee not whither, nor which way to goe:
 With teares shee lamented her hard destinie,
 So sadd and soe heavy was pretty Bessee.

Shee kept on her journey untill it was day,
 And went unto Rumford along the hye way;
 Where at the Queene's armes entertained was shee:
 Soe faire and wel favoured was pretty Bessee.

Shee had not beene there a month to an end,
 But master and mistres and all was her friend:
 And every brave gallant, that once did her see,
 Was straight-way enamoured of pretty Bessee.

Great gifts they did send her of silver and gold,
 And in their songs daylye her love was extold;
 Her beawtye was blazed in every degree;
 Soe faire and soe comelye was pretty Bessee.

The young men of Rumford in her had their joy;
 Shee shewed herself curteous, and modestlye coye;
 And at her commandment still wold they bee;
 Soe fayre and soe comlye was pretty Bessee.

Foure suitors att once unto her did goe;
 They craved her favor, but still she sayd noe;
 I wold not wish gentles to marry with mee;
 Yett ever they honored pretty Bessee.

The first of them was a gallant young knight,
 And he came unto her disguise in the night,
 The second a gentleman of good degree,
 Who wooed and sued for pretty Bessee.

A merchant of London, whose wealth was not small,
 He was the third suiter, and proper withall:
 Her master's own sonne the fourth man must bee,
 Who swore he would dye for pretty Bessee.

And, if thou wilt marry with mee, quoth the knight,
 I'll make thee a ladye with joy and delight;
 My hart's so inthralld by thy bewtie,
 That soone I shall dye for pretty Bessee.

The gentleman sayd, Come, marry with mee, „
 As fine as a ladye my Bessy shal bee:
 My life is distressed: O heare me, quoth hee;
 And grant me thy love, my pretty Bessee.

Let me bee thy husband, the merchant cold say,
 Thou shalt live in London both gallant and gay;
 My shippes shall bring home rych jewells for thee,
 And I will for ever love pretty Bessee.

Then Bessy shee sighed, and thus shee did say,
My father and mother I meane to obey;
First gett their good will, and be faithfull to mee,
And you shall enjoye your prettye Bessee.

To every one this answer shee made,
Wherefore unto her they joyfullye sayd,
This thing to fulfill we all doe agree;
But where dwells thy father, my prettye Bessee?

My father, shee said, is soone to be seene:
The seely¹ blind beggar of Bednal-greene,
That daylye sits begging for charitle,
He is the good father of pretty Bessee.

His markes and his tokens are knowne very well;
He alwayes is led with a dogg and a bell:
A seely olde man, God knoweth, is hee,
Yett hee is the father of pretty Bessee.

Nay then, quoth the merchant, thou art not for mee:
Nor, quoth the innholder, my wiffe thou shalt bee:
I lothe, sayd the gentle, a beggar's degree,
And therefore adewe,² my pretty Bessee!

Why then, quoth the knight, hap³ better or worse,
I waighe not true love by the waight of the purse,
And bewtye is bewtye in every degree;
Then welcome unto me, my pretty Bessee.

With thee to thy father forthwith I will goe,
Nay soft, quoth his kinsmen, it must not be soe;
A poor beggar's daughter noe ladye shal bee;
Then take thy adew of pretty Bessee.

But soone after this, by breake of the day
The knight had from Rumford stole Bessy away.
The younge men of Rumford, as thicke might bee,
Rode after to feitch againe pretty Bessee.

As swift as the winde to ryde they were seene,
Untill they came neare unto Bednall-greene;
And as the knight lighted most courteouslie,
They⁴ all fought against him for pretty Bessee.

But rescue came speedilye over the plaine,
Or else the young knight for his love had been slaine.
This fray being ended, then straitway he see
His kinsmen come rayling at pretty Bessee.

Then spake the blind beggar, Although I bee poore,
Yett rayle not against my child at my own doore:
Though shee be not decked in velvett and pearle,
Yet will I dropp angells⁴ with you for my girle.

¹silly; here used in the sense of simple; ²adien; ³happen; ⁴half a sovereign in gold; so called because, at one time, it bore the figure of the archangel Michael slaying the dragon.

And then, if my gold may better her birthe,
 And equall the gold that you lay on the earth,
 Then neyther rayle nor grudge you to see
 The blind beggar's daughter a lady to bee.

But first you shall promise, and have itt well knowne,
 The gold that you drop shall all be your owne.
 With that they replyed, Contended bee wee.
 Then here's, quoth the beggar, for pretty Bessee.

With that an angell he cast on the ground,
 And dropped in angels full three thousand pound;
 And oftentimes itt was proved most plaine,
 For the gentlemen's one the beggar dropt twaync:¹

Soe that the place, wherin they did sitt,
 With gold it was covered every whitt.
 The gentlemen then having dropt all their store,
 Sayd, Now, beggar, hold, for wee have noe more.

Thou hast fulfilled thy promise arright.²
 Then marry, quoth he, my girle to this knight;
 And heere, added hee, I will now throwe you downe
 A hundred pounds more to buy her a gowne.

The gentlemen all, that this treasure had scene,
 Admired the beggar of Bednall-greene:
 And all those, that were her suitors before,
 Their fleshe for very anger they tore.

Thus was faire Besse matched to the knight,
 And then made a ladye in other's despite:
 A fairer ladye there never was scene
 Than the blind beggar's daughter of Bednall-greene.

But of their sumptuous marriage and feast,
 What brave lords and knights thither were prest,
 The second fitt^a shall set forth to your sight
 With marveilous pleasure, and wished delight.

PART THE SECOND.

Off a blind beggar's daughter most bright,
 That late was betrothed unto a younge knight;
 All the discourse therof you did see;
 But now comes the wedding of pretty Bessee.

Within a gorgeous palace most brave,
 Adorned with all the cost they cold have,
 This wedding was kept most sumptuouslie,
 And all for the creditt of pretty Bessee.

¹two; ²right; ³part

All kind of dainties, and delicacies sweete
 Were bought for the banquet, as it was most meete;
 Partridge, and plover, and venison most free,
 Against the brave wedding of pretty Bessee.

This marriage through England was spread by report,
 Soe that a great number therto did resort
 Of nobles and gentles in every degree;
 And all for the fame of pretty Bessee.

To church then went this gallant younge knight;
 His bride followed after, an angell most bright,
 With troopes of ladyes, the like nere¹ was seene
 As went with sweete Bessy of Bednall-green.

This marryage being solemnized then,
 With musicke performed by the skilfullest men,
 The nobles and gentles sate downe at that tyde,
 Each one admiring the beautifull bryde.

Now, after the sumptuous dinner was done,
 To talke and to reason a number begunn:
 They talkt of the blind beggar's daughter most bright,
 And what with his daughter he gave to the knight.

Then spake the nobles, „Much marveil have wee,
 This jolly blind beggar wee cannot here see.”
 My lords, quoth the bride, my father's so base,
 He is loth with his prosence these states to disgrace.

„The prayse of a woman in questyon to bringe
 Before her own face, were a flattering thinge;
 But wee thinke thy father's baseness, quoth they,
 Might by thy bewtye be cleane put awaye.”

They had noe sooner these pleasant words spoke,
 But in comes the beggar cladd in a silke cloke;
 A faire velvett capp, and a fether had hee,
 And now a musicyan forsooth he wold bee.

He had a dainty lute under his arme,
 He toucht the strings, which made such a charme
 Saies, Please you to heare any musicke of mee,
 Ile sing you a song of pretty Bessee.

With that his lute he twanged straightway,
 And thereon begunn most sweetlye to play;
 And after that lessons were playd two or three,
 He strayn'd out this song most delicatelle.

„A poore beggar's daughter dit dwell on a greene,
 „Who'for her fairenesse might well be a queene:
 „A blithe bonny lasse, and a dainty was shee,
 „And many one called her pretty Bessee.

¹never.

„Her father hee had noe goods, nor noe land,
 „But beggd for a penny all day with his hand;
 „And yett to her marriage hee gave thousands three,
 „And still he hath somewhat for pretty Bessec.

„And if any one here her birth doe disdaine,
 „Her father is ready, with might and with maine,
 „To proove she is come of noble degree.
 „Therefore never flout att prettye Bessec.”

With that the lords and the companye round
 With harty laughter were readye to swound.
 Att last said the lords, Full well wee may see,
 The bride and the beggar's behoulden to thee.

On this the bride all blushing did rise,
 The pearlie dropps standing within her faire eyes.
 O pardon my father, grave nobles quoth shee,
 That throughe blind affection thus doteth on mee.

If this be thy father, the nobles did say,
 Well may he be proud of this happy day;
 Yett by his countenance well may wee see,
 His birth and his fortune did never agree:

And therefore, blind man, we pray thee bewray,
 (And looke that the truth thou to us do say)
 Thy birth and thy parentage, whatt itt may bee;
 For the love that thou bearest to pretty Bessee.

„Then give me leave, nobles and gentles, each one,
 „One song more to sing, and then I have done;
 „And if that itt may not winn good report,
 „Then doe not give me a groat for my sport.

„[Sir Simon de Montfort my subject shal bee;
 „Once chiefe of all the great barons was hee,
 „Yet fortune so cruelle this lorde did abase,
 „Now loste and forgotten are hee and his race.

„When the barons in armes did king Henrye' oppose,
 „Sir Simon de Montfort their leader they chose;
 „A leader of courage undaunted was hee,
 „And oft-times he made their enemyes flee.

„At length in the battle on Eveshame plaine
 „The barons were routed, and Montfort was slaine;
 „Moste fatall that battel did prove unto thee,
 „Thoughe thou wast not borne then, my prettye Bessee!

„Along with the nobles, that fell at that tyde,
 „His eldest son Henrye, who fought by his side,
 „Was felde by a blowe he receivde in the fight!
 „A blowe that deprivde him for ever of sight.

„Among the dead bodyes all lifelesse he laye,
 „Till evening drewe on of the following daye,
 „When by a yong ladye discoverd was hee;
 „And this was thy mother, my prettye Bessee!

„A baron's faire daughter stept forth in the nighte
 „To search for her father, who tell in the fight,
 „And seeing yong Montfort, where gasping he laye,
 „Was moved with pitye, and brought him awaye.

„In secrette she nurst him, and swaged¹ his paine,
 „While he throughe the realme was beleevd to be slaine:
 „At lengthe his faire bride she consented to bee,
 „And made him glad father of prettye Bessee.

„And nowe lest oure foes our lives sholde betraye,
 „We clothed ourselves in beggar's arraye;
 „Her jewelles she solde, and hither came wee:
 „All our comfort and care was our prettye Bessee.]

„And here have wee lived in fortune's desquite.
 „Thoughe poore, yet contented with humble delighe:
 „Full forty winters thus have I beene
 „A silly blind beggar of Bednall-greene.

„And here, noble lordes, is ended the song
 „Of one, that once to your own ranke did belong:
 „And thus have you learned a secrette from mee,
 „That ne'er had beene knowne, but for prettye Bessee.”

Now when the faire companye every one,
 Had heard the strange tale in the song he had showne,
 They all were amazed, as well they might bee,
 Both at the blinde beggar, and pretty Bessee.

With that the faire bride they all did embrace,
 Saying, Sure thou art come of an honourable race,
 Thy father likewise is of noble degree,
 And thou art well worthy a lady to bee.

Thus was the feast ended with joye and delighe,
 A bridegroome most happy then was the young knighte,
 In joy and felicitie long lived hee,
 All with his faire ladye, the pretty Bessee.

¹assage, soften.

Valentine and Ursine.

PART THE FIRST.

When Flora 'gins to decke the
 fields
 With colours fresh and fine,
 Then holy clerkes their mattins
 sing
 To good Saint Valentine!

The king of France that morning
 fair
 He would a hunting ride:
 To Artois forest prancing forth
 In all his princelye pride.

Up then rose sir Valentine,
And claim'd that arduous deed.
Go forth and conquer, say'd the
king,
And great shall be thy meed.

Then lighting nimbly from his
steed,
He drew his burnisht brand :
The savage quick as lightning flew
To wrest it from his hand.

Well mounted on a milk-white
steed,
His armour white a snow;
As well beseem'd a virgin knight,
Who ne'er had fought a foe:

Three times he grasp'd the silver hilt;
Three times he felt the blade;
Three times it fell with furious force;
Three ghastly wounds it made.

To Artoys forest he repairs
With all the haste he may;
And soon he spies the savage youth
A' rending of his prey.

Now with redoubled rage he roar'd;
His eye-ball flash'd with fire;
Each hairy limb with fury shook;
And all his heart was ire.

His unkempt hair all matted hung
His shaggy shoulders round:
His eager eye all fiery glow'd:
His face with fury frown'd.

Then closing fast with furious gripe
He clasp'd the champion round,
And with a strong and sudden twist
He laid him on the ground.

Like eagles' talons grew his nails:
His limbs were thick and strong;
And dreadful was the knotted oak
He bare with him along.

But soon the knight, with active
O'turn'd his hairy foe: spring,
And now between their sturdy fists
Past many a bruising blow.

Soon as sir Valentine approach'd,
He starts with sudden spring;
And yelling forth a hideous howl,
He made the forests ring.

They roll'd and grappled on the
ground,
And there they struggled long:
Skilful and active was the knight;
The savage he was strong.

As when a tyger fierce and fell
Hath spyed a passing roe,
And leaps at once upon his throat;
So sprung the savage foe;

But brutal force and savage strength
To art and skill must yield:
Sir Valentine at length prevail'd,
And won the well-fought field.

So lightly leap'd with furious force
The gentle knight to seize:
But met his tall, uplifted spear,
Which sunk him on his knees.

Then binding strait his conquer'd
foe
Fast with an iron chain,
He tyes him to his horse's tail,
And leads him o'er the plain.

A second stroke so stiff and stern
Had laid the savage low;
But springing up, he rais'd his club,
And aim'd a dreadful blow:

The watchful warrior bent his head,
And shun'd the coming stroke;
Upon his taper spear it fell,
And all to shivers broke.

To court his hairy captive soon
Sir Valentine doth bring;
And kneeling downe upon his knee,
Presents him to the king.

¹a preposition formerly often used before pres. part.

With loss of blood and loss of
strength

The savage tamer grew;
And to sir Valentine became
A servant try'd and true.

And 'cause with beares he erst
was bred,
Ursine they call his name;
A name which unto future times
The Muses shall proclaim.

PART THE SECOND.

In high renown with prince and
peere
Now liv'd sir Valentine:
His high renown with prince and
peere
Made envious hearts repine.

It chanc'd the king upon a day
Prepar'd a sumptuous feast:
And there came lords and dainty
dames,
And many a noble guest.

Amid their cups, that freely flow'd,
'Their revelry, and mirth,
A youthful knight tax'd Valentine
Of base and doubtful birth.

The foul reproach, so grossly urg'd,
His generous heart did wound:
And strait he vow'd he ne'er
would rest
Till he his parents found.

Then bidding king and peers adieu,
Early one summer's day,
With faithful Ursine by his side,
From court he took his way.

O'er hill and valley, moss and
moor,
For many a day they pass;
At length, upon a moated lake,¹
They found a bridge of brass.

Beyond it rose a castle fair,
Y-built² of marble stone:
The battlements were gilt with gold,
And glittred in the sun.

Beneath the bridge, with strange
device,

A hundred bells were hung;
That man, nor beast, might pas
thereon,
But strait their larum³ rung.

This quickly found the youthful
pair,
Who boldly crossing o'er,
The jangling sound bedeaft their
ears,
And rung from shore to shore.

Quick at the sound the castle gates
Unlock'd and opened wide,
And strait a gyant huge and grim
Stalk'd forth with stately pride.

Now yield you, caytiffs, to my will
He cried with hideous roar;
Or else the wolves shall eat your
flesh,
And ravens drink your gore.

Vain boaster, said the youthful
knight,
I scorn thy threats and thee:
I trust to force thy brazen gates,
And set thy captives free.

Then putting spurs unto his steed,
He aim'd a dreadful thrust;
The spear against the gyant
glanc'd,
And caus'd the blood to burs⁴.

Mad and outrageous with the pain,
He whirl'd his mace of steel:
The very wind of such a blow
Had made the champion reel.

It haply⁵ mist; and now the knight
His glittering sword display'd,
And riding round with whirlwind

Oft made him 'feel the blade.

As when a large and monstrous oak
Unceasing axes hew:
So fast around the gyant's limbs
The blows quick-darting flew.

¹a lake that served for a moat (gracht) to a castle; ²y, remnant of old
past part. prefix ge; ³alarm; ⁴fortunately.

As when the boughs with hideous
fall

Some hapless woodman crush:
With such a force the enermoes foe
Did on the champion rush.

A fearful blow, alas! there came,
Both horse and knight it took,
And laid them senseless in the dust;
So fatal was the stroke.

Then smiling forth a hideous grin,
The gyant strides in haste,
And, stooping, aims a second
stroke:
"Now caytiff breathe thy last!"

But ere it fell, two thundering
blows

Upon his scull descend:
From Ursine's knotty club they
came,
Who ran to save his friend.

Down sunk the gyant gaping wide,
And rolling his grim eyes:

The lady relates a pitiful tale of the grievous wrongs she suffered at the hands of a priest. The prince her husband, whose jealousy had been roused, had 'bade her quit the realm one trusty knight her guard'. In this extremity she had resolved to go to her brother and in passing through a wild forest had given birth to twins.

The eldest fair, and smooth, as
snow

"That tips the mountain hoar:
"The younger's little body rough
"With hairs was cover'd o'er.

"But here afresh begin my woes:
"While tender care I took
"To shield my eldest from the cold,
"And wrap him in my cloak,

"A prowling bear burst from the
wood,

"And seiz'd my younger son:
"Affection lent my weakness wings,
"And after them I run.

"But all forewearied, ' weak, and
spent, '
"I quickly swoon'd away;

'lired out.

The hairy youth repeats his blows:
He gasps, he groans, he dies.

Quickly sir Valentine reviv'd
With Ursine's timely care:
And now to search the castle walls
The venturous youths repair.

The blood and bones of murder'd
knights

They found where'er they came:
At length within a lonely cell
They saw a mournful dame.

Her gentle eyes were dim'd with
tears

Her cheeks were pale with woe:
And long sir Valentine besought
Her doleful tale to know.

"Alas! young knight," she weeping
said,

"Condole my wretched fate;
"A childless mother here you see;
"A wife without a mate.

"And there beneath the greenwood
shade
"Long time I lifeless lay.

"At length the knight brought
me relief,

"And rais'd me from the ground:
"But neither of my pretty babes
"Could ever more be found.

"And, while in search we wander'd
far,

"We met that gyant grim;
"Who ruthless slew my trusty
knight,
"And bare me off with him.

"But charm'd by heav'n, or else
my griefs,
"He offer'd me no wrong;

„Save that within these lonely
walls

„I've been immur'd so long.”

Now, surely, said the youthful
knight,

You are lady Ballisance,
Wife to the Grecian Emperor:
Your brother's king of France.

For in your royal brother's court
Myself my breeding had;
Where oft the story of your woes
Hath made my bosom sad.

If so, know your accuser's dead,
And dying own'd his crime;
And long your lord hath sought
you out

Thro' every foreign clime.

And when no tidings he could learn
Of his much-wrong'd wife,
He vow'd thenceforth within his
court

To lead a hermit's life.

Now heaven is kind! the lady said;
And dropt a joyful tear:
Shall I once more behold my lord?
That lord I love so dear?

But, madam, said sir Valentine,
And knelt upon his knee;
Know you the cloak that wrapt
your babe,

If you the same should see.

And pulling forth the cloth of gold,
In which himself was found;
The lady gave a sudden shriek,
And fainted on the ground.

But by his pious care reviv'd,
His tale she heard anon;
And soon by other tokens found,
He was indeed her son.

But who's this hairy youth? she
said;

He much resembles thee:
The bear devour'd my younger
son,
Or sure that son were he.

Madam, this youth with bears
was bred,

And rear'd within their den.
But recollect ye any mark
To know your son agen?

Upon his little side, quoth she,
Was stampt a bloody rose.
Here, lady, see the crimson mark
Upon his body grows!

Then clasping both her new-found
sons

She bath'd their cheeks with
tears;

And soon towards her brother's
court

Her joyful course she steers.

What pen can paint king Pepin's
joy,

His sister thus restor'd!
And soon a messenger was sent
To cheer her drooping lord:

Who came in haste with all his
peers,

To fetch her home to Greece;
Where many happy years they
reign'd

In perfect love and peace.

To them sir Ursin' did succeed,
And long the scepter bare.
Sir Valentine he stay'd in France,
And was his uncle's heir.

JOHN MILTON.

(1608—1674).

Above all the poets of this age, and, in the whole range of English poetry, inferior only to Shakespeare, was John Milton, born in London. At fifteen, he was sent — even then an accomplished scholar — to St. Paul's School, London, and two years afterwards, to Christ's college, Cambridge. In 1632 he retired from the university having taken his degree of M. A. (Master of Arts), and went to the house of his father, who had relinquished business, and purchased a small property at Horton, in Buckinghamshire. In 1638, the poet left the paternal roof, and travelled for fifteen months in France and Italy. His society was courted by the choicest Italian wits, and he visited Gallileo, then a prisoner of the inquisition. The poet had been with difficulty restrained from testifying against popery within the verge of the Vatican; and, on his return to his native country, he engaged in controversy against the prelates and the royalists, and vindicated, with characteristic ardour, the utmost freedom of thought and expression. In 1649, Milton was appointed foreign or Latin secretary to the council of State. He served Cromwell when Cromwell had thrown off the mask and assumed all but the name of king; and it is to be regretted that the poet had not disclaimed this new and usurped tyranny, though dignified by a master-mind. He was probably hurried along by the stormy tide of events, till he could not well recede.

For ten years Milton's eyesight had been failing, owing to the wearisome studies and midnight watchings of his youth. The last remains of it were sacrificed in the composition of his *Defensio Populi* (Defense of the People), and by the close of the year 1652 he was totally blind.

The Restoration (1660) deprived Milton of his public employment, and exposed him to danger; but by the interest of Davenant and Marvell, his brother-poets, his name was included in the general amnesty. The great poet was now at liberty to pursue his private studies, and to realise the devout aspirations of his youth for an immortality of literary fame. *Paradise Lost* was begun about 1658; it was completed in 1665. In 1671 he produced his *Paradise Regained* and *Samson Agonistes*. The active and studious life of the poet was now near a close. Though long a sufferer from hereditary disease, his mind was calm and bright to the last. He died in 1674.

Milton's literary life may be said to begin with his entrance into Cambridge, in 1625, the year of the accession of Charles I. He soon attained a great fame, and during the seven years of his life at the university his poetic genius opened itself in several English poems. He left the university in 1632, and went to live at Horton, near Windsor, where he spent five years, steadily reading the Greek and Latin writers, and amusing himself with mathematics

and music. Poetry was not neglected. The *Allegro* and *Penseroso* were written in 1633, and probably the *Arcades*; *Comus* was acted in 1634, and *Lycidas* composed in 1637. They prove that though Milton was Puritan in heart, his Puritanism was of that earlier type which neither disdained the arts nor letters. But they represent a growing revolt from the Court and the Church. The *Penseroso* prefers the contemplative life to the mirthful, and *Comus*, though a masque, rose into a poem to the glory of temperance, and under its allegory attacked the Court. Three years later, *Lycidas* interrupts its exquisite stream of poetry with a fierce and resolute onset on the greedy shepherds of the Church. Milton had taken his Presbyterian bent.

In 1638 he went to Italy. At Naples he heard the sad news of civil war, which determined him to return; „inasmuch as I thought it base to be travelling at my ease for amusement, while my fellow-countrymen at home were fighting for liberty.” But hearing that the war had not yet arisen, he remained in Italy till the end of 1639, and at the meeting of the Long Parliament we find him in a house in Aldersgate, where he lived till 1645. He had projected while abroad a great epic poem on the subject of Arthur, but in London his mind changed, and among a number of subjects, tended at last to *Paradise Lost*, which he meant to throw into the form of a Greek Tragedy with lyrics and choruses.

Milton's Prose. — The Commonwealth. — Suddenly his whole life changed, and for twenty years — 1640-1660 — he was carried out of art into politics, out of poetry into prose. Most of the *Sonnets*, however, belong to this time. Before the Civil War began in 1642, he had written five vigorous pamphlets against Episcopacy. Six more pamphlets appeared in the next two years. One of these was the *Areopagitica*¹⁾; or, *Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing*, a bold and eloquent attack on the censorship of the press by the Presbyterians. His political pamphlets begin when his *Tenure of Kings and Magistrates*, defended in 1649 the execution of the king. The *Eikonoclastes*²⁾ answered the *Eikon Basilike*³⁾ (a portraiture of the sufferings of the king by Dr. Gauden), and his famous Latin *Defence for the People of England*, 1651, replied to Salmasius' *Defence of Charles I*, and inflicted so pitiless a lashing on the great Leyden scholar, that his fame went over the whole of Europe. In the next year he wholly lost his sight. But he continued his work (being Latin secretary since 1649) when Cromwell was made Protector, and wrote another *Defence for the English People*, 1654, and a further *Defence of himself* against scurrilous charges. This closed the controversy in 1655. In the last year of the Protector's life he began the *Paradise Lost*, but the death of Cromwell threw him back into politics, and three more pamphlets on the questions of a Free Church and a Free Commonwealth were useless to prevent the Restoration.

Paradise Lost. — We may regret that Milton was shut away from his art during twenty years of controversy. But it may be

¹⁾ Pertaining to the Areopagus, High Court of Justice in Athens. ²⁾ Image-breaker. ³⁾ Image of the king.

that the poems he wrote, when the great cause he fought for had closed in seeming defeat but real victory, gained, from its solemn issues and from the moral grandeur with which he wrought for its ends, their majestic movement, their grand style, and their grave beauty. During the struggle he had never forgotten his art. "I may one day hope," he said, speaking of his youthful studies, "to have ye again, in a still time, when there shall be no chiding. Not in these noises;" and the saying strikes the note of calm sublimity which is kept in *Paradise Lost*. It opens with the awaking of the rebel angels in Hell after their fall from Heaven, the consultation of their chiefs how best to carry on the war with God, and the resolve of Satan to go forth and tempt newly created man to fall. He takes his flight to the earth and finds Eden. Eden is then described, and Adam and Eve in their innocence. The next four books, from the fifth to the eighth, contain the Archangel Raphael's story of the war in Heaven, the fall of Satan, and the creation of the world. The last four books describe the temptation and the fall of Man, the vision shown by Michael to Adam of the future world, and of the redemption of Man by Christ, and finally the expulsion from Paradise.

Milton's Later Poems. -- *Paradise Lost* was followed by *Paradise Regained* and *Samson Agonistes*, published together in 1671. *Paradise Regained* opens with the journey of Christ into the wilderness after His baptism, and its four books describe the temptation of Christ by Satan, and the answers and victory of the Redeemer. The speeches in it drown the action, and their learned argument is only relieved by a few descriptions; but these, are done with Milton's highest power. The same solemn beauty of mind, and a more severe style than that of *Paradise Lost*, make us feel in it that Milton has grown older.

In *Samson Agonistes* the style is still severer, even to the verge of a harshness which the sublimity alone tends to modify. It is a choral drama, after the Greek model. Samson in his blindness is described, is called on to make sport for the Philistines, and overthrows them in the end. Samson represents the fallen Puritan cause, and in Samson's victorious death Milton hopes for the final triumph of that cause. The poem has all the grandeur of the last words of a great man in whom there was now "calm of mind, all passion spent." It is also the last word of the music of the Elizabethan drama long after its notes seemed hushed, and the sound is strange in the midst of the new world of the Restoration. •

COMUS. *)

THE PERSONS.

THE ATTENDANT SPIRIT, *afterwards in the habit of Thyrsis*
 COMUS, *with his Crew.*
 THE LADY.
 FIRST BROTHER.
 SECOND BROTHER.
 SABRINA, *the Nymph.*

THE CHIEF PERSONS WHO PRESENTED WERE

The Lord BRACKLEY.
Mr. THOMAS EGERTON, his brother.
The Lady ALICE EGERTON.

The first Scene discovers a wild wood.

THE ATTENDANT SPIRIT *descends or enters.*

Before the starry threshold of Jove's court
 My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
 Of bright ærial spirits live inspher'd
 In regions mild of calm and serene air;
 Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,
 Which men call Earth, and with low-thoughted care
 Confin'd, and pester'd in this pinfold here,
 Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being;
 Unmindful of the crown that Virtue gives,
 After this mortal change, to her true servants
 Amongst the enthroned gods on sainted seats.
 Yet some there be that by due steps aspire
 To lay their just hands on that golden key
 That opes the palace of eternity:
 To such my errand is, and but for such,
 I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds,¹
 With the rank vapours of this sin-worn mould.
 But to my task Neptune, besides the sway
 Of every salt flood and each ebbing stream,
 Took in by lot 'twixt high and nether Jove,²
 Imperial rule of all the sea-girt iles,
 That like to rich and various gems inlay

¹heavenly dress; ²Jove ruled in the upper air; nether Jove in Hades.

*) This drama was founded on an actual occurrence. The Earl of Bridgewater resided at Ludlow Castle; his two sons and daughter, passing through Hayward Forest on their way to Ludlow, were benighted, and the lady was for a short time lost. This accident being related to their father upon their arrival at his castle, Milton, at the request of his friend, Henry Lawes, the musician, wrote the mask. Lawes set it to music, and it was acted on Michaelmas night, 1634, the two brothers, the young lady and Lawes himself, bearing each a part in the representation. (For Masks see Part. II, page 57.)

The unadorned bosom of the deep;
 Which he to grace his tributary gods
 By course¹ commits to several government,
 And gives them leave to wear their sapphire crowns,
 And wield their little tridents; but this ile,
 The greatest and the best of all the main,
 He quarters to his blue-hair'd deities;
 And all this tract that fronts the falling sun,²
 A noble peer of mickle³ trust and power
 Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide
 An old and haughty nation, proud in arms:
 Where his fair off-spring nurst in princely lore,
 Are coming to attend their father's state,
 And new-entrusted sceptre; but their way
 Lies through the perplex⁴ paths of this drear wood,
 The nodding horror of whose shady brows
 Threats the forlorn and wandering passenger.
 And here their tender age might suffer peril,
 But that by quick command from sovran Jove,
 I was dispatcht for their defence and guard;
 And listen why; for I will tell ye now
 What never yet was heard in tale or song,
 From old or modern bard, in hall or bow'r.

Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape
 Crush't the sweet poison of misused wine,
 After the Tuscan mariners transform'd,⁵
 Coasting the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds listed,⁶
 On Circe's island fell: (who knows not Circe?⁷
 The daughter of the Sun? whose charmed cup
 Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,
 And downward fell into a groveling swine)
 This Nymph that gaz'd upon his elust'ring locks,
 With ivy berries wreath'd, and his blithe youth,
 Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son
 Much like his father, but his mother more,
 Whom therefore she brought up and Comus⁸ nam'd;
 Who ripe, and frolic of his full-grown age,
 Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields,⁹
 At last betakes him to this ominous wood;
 And in thick shelter of black shades imbowl'd,
 Excels his mother at her mighty art,
 Offering to every weary traveller,
 His orient liquor in a crystal glass,
 To quench the drouth of Phæbus;¹⁰ which as they taste
 (For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst),
 Soon as the potion works, their human count'nance,
 Th' express resemblance of the gods, is chang'd

¹by turns; ²Comus was presented at Ludlow Castle, 1634, before John, Earl of Bridgewater, then President of Wales. Ludlow is in Shropshire, a county bordering upon Wales; ³great; ⁴entangled; ⁵after the Tuscan mariners had been transformed; the mariners carried off Bacchus and were transformed into dolphins; ⁶willed, desired; ⁷pr. Sir'sē; ⁸the god of mirth and joy; ⁹France and Spain; ¹⁰pr. fēbus; a name of Apollo as god of the sun.

Into some brutish form of wolf, or bear,
 Or ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,
 All other parts remaining as they were;
 And they, so perfect is their misery,
 Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
 But boast themselves more comely than before;
 And all their friends and native home forget,
 To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty.
 Therefore when any favour'd of high Jove
 Chances to pass through this advent'rous¹ glade,
 Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star
 I shoot from Heav'n, to give him safe convoy;
 As now I do; but first I must put off
 These my sky-robcs spun out of Iris'² woof,
 And take the weeds and likeness of a swain
 That to the service of this house belongs;
 Who with his soft pipe, and smooth-dittied song,
 Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,
 And hush the waving woods, nor of less faith,
 And in this office of his mountain watch
 Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid
 Of this occasion. But I hear the tread
 Of hateful steps; I must be viewless now.³

COMUS enters, with a charming-rod in his hand, his glass in the other; with him a rout of monsters, headed like sundry sorts of wild beasts, but otherwise like men and women, their apparel glistening; they come in making a riotous and unruly noise, with torches in their hands.

COMUS.

The star that bids the shepherd fold,⁴
 Now the top of Heav'n doth hold;
 And the gilded car of day
 His glowing axle doth allay
 In the steep Atlantic stream;⁵
 And the slope⁶ Sun his upward beam
 Shoots against the dusky pole;
 Pacing towards the other goal
 Of his chamber in the East.
 Meanwhile welcome joy, and feast,
 Midnight shout, and revelry,
 Tipsy dance, and jollity.
 Braid your locks with rosy twine,⁷
 Dropping odours, dropping wine.
 Rigour now is gone to bed,
 And Advice⁸ with scrupulous head,
 Strict Age, and sour Severity,
 With their grave saws⁹ in slumber lie.

¹full of adventures; ²the rainbow, the messenger of the gods; ³invisible;
⁴the moon at whose rise the flock is confined within the fold (schaaps-
 kooi); ⁵Allusion to the hissing of the sea as the sun's chariot plunged
 into it; ⁶sloped, inclined; ⁷wreath of roses; ⁸consideration, deliberation;
⁹sayings, proverbs.

We, that are of purer fire,
 Imitate the starry quire,¹
 Who in their nightly watchful spheres
 Lead in swift round the months and years.
 The sounds, and seas, with all their finny drove,
 Now to the moon in wavering morrice² move;
 And on the tawny sands and shelves,
 Trip the pert fairies and the dapper elves.
 By dimpled brook, and fountain brim,
 The wood-nymphs deckt with daisies trim,
 Their merry wakes³ and pastimes keep:
 What hath night to do with sleep?
 Night hath better sweets to prove;
 Venus now wakes, and wakens Love.
 Come, let us our rites begin;
 'Tis only day-light that makes sin,
 Which these dun shades will ne'er report.
 Hail Goddess of nocturnal sport,
 Dark veil'd Cotytto⁴, t' whom the secret flame
 Of mid-night torches burns; mysterious dame
 That ne'er art call'd, but when the dragon womb
 Of Stygian⁵ Darkness spets⁶ her thickest gloom,
 And makes one blot of all the air;
 Stay thy cloudy ebony chair,
 Wherein thou rid'st with Hecat⁷,⁸ and befriend
 Us thy vow'd priests; till utmost end
 Of all thy dues be done, and none left out;
 Ere the blabbing eastern scout,
 The nice⁹ Morn on th' Indian steep,
 From her cabin'd loophole peep,
 And to the tell-tale Sun descry
 Our conceal'd solemnity.
 Come, knit hands, and beat the ground,
 In a light fantastic round.⁹

THE MEASURE.

Break off, break off, I feel the different pace
 Of some chaste footing near about this ground.
 Run to your shrouds,¹⁰ within these brakes and trees;
 Our number may affright: some virgin sure
 (For so I can distinguish by mine art)

¹choir; allusion to the music of the spheres. Pythagoras having ascertained that the pitch of notes depends on the rapidity of vibrations, and also that the planets move at different rates of motion, concluded that the sounds made by their motion must vary according to their different rates of motion. As all things in nature are harmoniously made, these different sounds must harmonise, and the combination he called 'the harmony of the spheres'; ²Moorish, a dance brought by the Moors into Spain and thence introduced into England; ³vigil before a holiday, it was applied to the festivities which celebrated the anniversary of the consecration⁴ of a church; ⁴the Thracian goddess of immodesty, worshipped at Athens with nocturnal rites; ⁵infernal; pertaining to Styx, the fabled river of hell; ⁶spits; ⁷Hecate (2 syll.), a triple diety, called Phoebe or the Moon in heaven, Diana on the earth and Hecate or Proserpine in hell; ⁸fastidious; ⁹dance; ¹⁰hiding-places.

Benighted in these woods. Now to my charms,
 And to my wily trains;¹ I shall ere long
 Be well stock't with as fair a herd as graz'd
 About my mother Circe. Thus I hurl
 My dazzling spells into the spungy air,
 Of power to cheat the eye with blear² illusion,
 And give it false presentments; lest the place
 And my quaint habits breed astonishment,
 And put the damsel to suspicious flight,
 Which must not be: for that's against my course.
 I under fair pretence of friendly ends,
 And well-plac'd words of glozing³ courtesy,
 Baited with reasons not unpalatable,
 Wind me into the easy-hearted man,
 And hug him into snares. When once her eye
 Hath met the virtue of this magic dust,
 I shall appear some harmless villager,
 Whom thrift keeps up about his country gear.⁴
 But here she comes; I fairly step aside
 And hearken, if I may, her business here.

The LADY enters.

Lady. This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,
 My best guide now; methought it was the sound
 Of riot, and ill-manag'd merriment;
 Such as the jocund flute, or gamesome pipe
 Stirs up among the loose unletter'd hinds,
 When for their teeming flocks, and granges full,
 In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan;⁵
 And thank the gods amiss. I should be loth
 To meet the rudeness, and swill'd insolence
 Of such late wassailers;⁶ yet O where else
 Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
 In the blind mazes of this tangl'd wood?
 My brothers when they saw me wearied out
 With this long way, resolving here to lodge
 Under the spreading favour of these pines,
 Stept, as they said, to the next thicket side
 To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit
 As the kind hospitable woods provide.
 They left me then, when the gray-hooded Ev'n,
 Like a sad votarist⁷ in palmer's weed,⁸
 Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain.
 But where they are, and why they came not back,
 Is now the labour of my thoughts; 'tis likeliest
 They had engag'd their wandring steps too far,
 And envious Darkness, ere they could return,
 Had stole them from me; else, O thievish Night,
 Why shouldst thou, but for some felonious end,
 In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars,

¹trains of wiles; ²deceitful; ³deceitful; ⁴business; ⁵the chief god of woods and of shepherds; ⁶revellers; ⁷one who had vowed a pilgrimage; ⁸pilgrim's clothes.

That Nature hung in Heav'n, and fill'd their lamps
 With everlasting oil, to give due light
 To the misled and lonely traveller?
 This is the place, as well as I may guess,
 Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth
 Was rife, and perfect in my list'ning ear;
 Yet nought but single darkness¹ do I find.
 What might this be? A thousand fantasies
 Begin to throng into my memory,
 Of calling shapes, and beck'ning shadows dire,
 And airy tongues, that syllable men's names
 On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.
 These thoughts may startle well, but not astound
 The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
 By a strong siding² champion, Conscience. --
 O welcome pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope,
 Thou hovering angel girt with golden wings,
 And thou unblemish'd form of Chastity!
 I see ye visibly, and now believe
 That he, the Supreme good, t' whom all things ill
 Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
 Would send a glist'ring guardian, if need were,
 To keep my life and honour unassail'd.
 Was I deceiv'd, or did a sable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
 I did not err, there does a sable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
 And casts a gleam over this tufted grove.
 I cannot hallow to my brothers, but
 Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest
 I'll venture, for my new enliven'd spirits
 Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

SONG.

Sweet Echo, sweetest Nymph, that liv'st unseen
 Within thy airy shell,
 By slow Meander's³ margent⁴ green;
 And in the violet embroider'd vale,
 • Where the love-lorn⁵ nightingale
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well:
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
 That likest thy Narcissus⁶ are?
 O if thou have
 Hid them in some flow'ry cave,
 • Tell me but where,
 Sweet queen of parly, daughter of the sphere;
 So may'st thou be translated⁷ to the skies,
 And give resounding grace to all Heav'n's harmonies.*

¹darkness only; ²accompanying; ³a Phrygian river; a meandering river = a winding river; ⁴margin, bank; ⁵deprived of her love; ⁶the Romans say that Echo was a nymph in love with Narcissus, but her love not being returned, she pined away till only her voice remained; ⁷removed; ^{*}see note 1, page 135.

Comus. Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
 Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
 Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
 And with these raptures moves the vocal air
 To testify his¹ hidd'n residence;
 How sweetly did they float upon the wings
 Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night
 At every fall smoothing the raven down
 Of Darkness² till it smil'd: I have oft heard
 My mother Circe with the Sirens three,
 Amidst the flowry-kirtl'd Naiades³
 Culling their potent herbs, and baleful drugs,
 Who as they sung, would take the prison'd soul
 And lap it in Elysium;⁴ Scylla⁵ wept,
 And chid her barking⁶ waves into attention;
 And fell Charybdis⁷ murmur'd soft applause:
 Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,
 And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself;
 But such a sacred, and home-felt⁸ delight,
 Such sober certainty of waking bliss
 I never heard till now. I'll speak to her,
 And she shall be my queen. Hail, foreign wonder,
 Whom certain these rough shades did never breed;
 Unless⁹ the goddess that in rural shrine
 Dwell'st here with Pan, or Sylvan, by blest song
 Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog
 To touch the prosperous growth of this tall wood.

Lady. Nay, gentle shepherd, ill is lost that praise
 That is addrest to unattending ears;
 Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift¹⁰
 How to regain my sever'd company,
 Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo,
 To give me answer from her mossy couch.

Com. What chance, good lady, hath bereft you thus?

Lady. Dim darkness, and this leafy labyrinth.

Com. Could that divide you from near-ushering guides?

Lady. They left me weary on a grassy turf.

Com. By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why?

Lady. To seek i' th' valley some cool friendly spring.

Com. And left your fair side all unguarded, lady?

Lady. They were but twain, and purpos'd quick return.

Com. Perhaps forestalling night prevented them.

Lady. How easy my misfortune is to hit!

Com. Imports their loss, beside the present need?

¹this refers to 'something holy'. We should now use it; ²darkness, black as the raven's down; ³nymphs of lakes, fountains, rivers and streams; ⁴the Paradise or Happy Land of the Greek poets; ⁵Scylla and Charybdis are two rocks between Italy and Sicily. Glaucus, a fisherman, was in love with Scylla; but Circe, out of jealousy, changed her into a hideous monster, and set dogs and wolves to bark round her incessantly. On this Scylla threw herself into the sea and became a rock. It is said that the rock Scylla somewhat resembles a woman at a distance, and the noise of the waves dashing against it is not unlike the 'barking' of dogs and wolves. It was Jupiter who changed Charybdis into a whirlpool; ⁶heart felt; ⁷unless thou be; ⁸the last device I could think of.

Lady. No less than if I should my brothers lose.

Com. Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?

Lady. As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips.

Com. Two such I saw, what time the labour'd ox
In his loose traces from the furrow came,
And the swink't hedger¹ at his supper sate;
I saw them under a green mantling vine
That crawls along the side of yon small hill,
Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots;
Their port² was more than human, as they stood:
I took it for a faëry vision
Of some gay creatures of the element³
That in the colours of the rainbow live,
And play i' th' plighted⁴ clouds. I was awe-strook,⁵
And as I past, I worshipt; if those you seek,
It were a journey like the path to Heav'n,
To help you find them.

Lady. Gentle villager,
What readiest way would bring me to that place?

Comus. Due west it rises from this shrubby point.

Lady. To find out that, good shepherd, I suppose,
In such a scant allowance of star-light,
Would overtask the best land-pilot's art,
Without the sure guess of well-practis'd feet.

Comus. I know each lane, and every alley green,
Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild wood.
And every bosky bourn⁶ from side to side,
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood:
And if your stray attendance be yet lodg'd,
Or shroud within these limits, I shall know
Ere morrow wake, or the low-roosted lark
From her thatch'd pallet rouse; if otherwise,
I can conduct you, lady, to a low
But loyal cottage, where you may be safe
Till further quest.

Lady. Shepherd, I take thy word,
And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
With smoky rafters, than in tap'stry halls
In courts of princes, where it first was nam'd,
And yet is most pretended: in a place
Less warranted⁷ than this, or less secure,
I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.
Eye me, blest Providence, and square⁸ my trial
To my proportion'd strength. Shepherd, lead on. —
[*Exeunt.*]

Enter the TWO BROTHERS.

Eld. Br. Unmuffle, ye faint stars; and thou fair Moon,
That wont'st to love the traveller's benison,

¹tired labourer: ²bearing; ³sky; ⁴folded; ⁵awe-struck; ⁶bushy valley;
a bourn is a winding, deep, narrow valley, with a rivulet at the bot-
tom; ⁷guarded; ⁸adjust, measure.

Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
 And disinherit¹ Chaos, that reigns here
 In double night of darkness, and of shades;
 Or if your influence be quite damm'd up
 With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,
 Though a rush-candle from the wicker hole
 Of some clay habitation, visit us
 With thy long levell'd rule of streaming light,
 And thou shalt be our star of Arcady,
 Or Tyrian Cynosure.²

Second Brother. Or if our eyes
 Be barr'd that happiness, might we but hear
 The folded flocks penn'd in their wattled cotes,
 Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops,³
 Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock
 Count the night watches to his feathery dames,
 'Twould be some solace yet, some little cheering
 In this close dungeon of innumerable⁴ boughs.
 But O that hapless virgin, our lost sister!
 Where may she wander now, whither betake her
 From the chill dew, among rude burs and thistles?
 Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now,
 Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm
 Leans her unpillow'd head, fraught⁵ with sad fears.
 What if in wild amazement, and affright,
 Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp
 Of savage hunger, or of savage heat?

Elder Brother. Peace brother, be not over-exquisite⁶
 To cast⁷ the fashion of uncertain evils;
 For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
 What need a man forestall his date of grief,
 And run to meet what he would most avoid?
 Or if they be but false alarms of fear,
 How bitter is such self-delusion?
 I do not think my sister so to seek,⁸
 Or so unprincipl'd⁹ in virtue's book,
 And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,
 As that the single want of light and noise
 (Not being in danger, as I trust she is not),
 Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,
 And put them into misbecoming plight.
 Virtue could see to do what Virtue would
 By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
 Were in the flat sea sunk. And Wisdom's self
 Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude;
 Where with her best nurse Contemplation,
 She plumes¹⁰ her feathers, and lets grow her wings,

¹dispossess; ²Calisto, daughter of Lycaon, King of Arcadia, was changed into the Greater Bear, and her son Arcas into the Lesser (called also Cynosura); ³holes in an oaten pipe (musical instrument); ⁴innumerable; ⁵freighted; ⁶too inquisitive; ⁷predict; ⁸at a loss; ⁹ignorant of the principles, the beginnings of Virtue's lore; ¹⁰prunes, arranges; it signifies that operation which birds perform upon themselves, of picking out damaged feathers.

That in the various bustle of resort¹
 Were all too ruff'd, and sometimes impair'd.
 He that has light within his own clear breast,
 May sit i' th' centre,² and enjoy bright day;
 But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
 Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;
 Himself is his own dungeon.

Second Brother. 'Tis most true
 That musing Meditation most affects³
 The pensive secrecy of desert cell,
 Far from the cheerful haunt of men, and herds,
 And sits as safe as in a senate-house;
 For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,
 His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,
 Or do his gray hairs any violence?
 But Beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree⁴
 Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
 Of dragon watch with unenchanted eye,⁵
 To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit
 From the rash hand of bold Incontinence.
 You may as well spread out the unsunn'd heaps⁶
 Of misers' treasure by an out-law's den,
 And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope
 Danger will wink on⁷ Opportunity,
 And let a single helpless maiden pass
 Uninjur'd in this wild surrounding waste
 Of night, or loneliness, it recks me not;⁸
 I fear the dread events that dog⁹ them both,
 Lest some ill greeting touch attempt the person
 Of our unowned¹⁰ sister.

Elder Brother. I do not, brother,
 Infer,¹¹ as if I thought my sister's state
 Secure, without all doubt or controversy:
 Yet where an equal poise of hope and fear
 Does arbitrate th' event, my nature is
 That I incline to hope, rather than fear,
 And gladly banish squint suspicion.
 My sister is not so defenceless left
 As you imagine; she has a hidden strength
 Which you remember not.

Second Brother. What hidden strength,
 Unless the strength of Heav'n, if you mean that?

El. Br. I mean that too; but yet a hidden strength
 Which if Heav'n gave it, may be term'd her own:
 'Tis chastity, my brother, chastity:
 She that has that, is clad in complete steel,
 And like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen

¹intercourse with men; ²in the centre of the earth; ³likes best; ⁴the Hesperian apples were those presented by Ge to Hera at her wedding with Zeus. Hera committed them to the charge of the nymphs, the Hesperides, and the dragon Ladon. To obtain this fruit was one of the labours of Hercules; ⁵not to be enchanted; ⁶kept in the dark; ⁷give a signal to a confederate; or shut the eye, refuse to see; ⁸I take no account of; ⁹to follow like a dog; ¹⁰unprotected; ¹¹argue in favour of.

May trace¹ huge forests, and unharbour'd² heaths,
 Infamous³ hills, and sandy perilous wilds;
 Where, through the sacred rays of chastity,
 No savage fierce, banditti, or mountaineer
 Will dare to soil her virgin purity;
 Yea there, where very desolation dwells
 By grotts, and caverns shagg'd with horrid shades,
 She may pass on with unblench'd⁴ majesty;
 Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.
 Some say, no evil thing that walks by night,
 In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,
 Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost
 That breaks his magic chains at curfew time,⁵
 No goblin, or swart faëry of the mine,
 Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.
 Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
 Antiquity from the old schools of Greece
 To testify the arms of chastity?
 Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,
 Fair silver-shafted queen, for ever chaste,
 Wherewith she tam'd the brinded lioness
 And spotted mountain pard, but set at naught
 The frivolous bolt of Cupid; gods and men
 Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen o' th' woods.
 What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield
 That wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin,
 Wherewith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone?⁶
 But rigid looks of chaste austerity,
 And noble grace that dash'd⁷ brute violence
 With sudden adoration, and blank awe?
 So dear to Heav'n is saintly chastity,
 That when a soul is found sincerely so,
 A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
 Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt;
 And in clear dream, and solemn vision,
 Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
 Till oft⁸ converse with heav'nly habitants
 Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape,
 The unpolluted temple of the mind,
 And turn it by degrees to the soul's essence,
 Till all be made immortal: but when lust,
 By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
 But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,
 Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
 The soul grows clotted by contagion,
 Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite lose
 The divine property of her first being.

¹track; ²unsheltered; ³ill spoken of; ⁴unblanched, fearless; ⁵the old custom of ringing curfew at eight o'clock every night is still observed in some parts of England; ⁶there were three Gorgons, with serpents on their heads instead of hair; Medusa was the chief of the three, and the only one that was mortal; but so hideous was her face, that whoever set eyes on it was instantly turned into stone. She was slain by Perseus, and her head placed on the shield of Minerva; ⁷confounded, cast down; ⁸frequent.

Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp
 Oft seen in charnel vaults and sepulchres,
 Lingering, and sitting by a new-made grave,
 As loth to leave the body that it lov'd,
 And link't itself by carnal sensuality
 To a degenerate and degraded state.

Second Brother. How charming is divine philosophy!
 Not harsh, and crabbed as dull fools suppose,
 But musical as is Apollo's lute,
 And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
 Where no crude surfeit reigns.

Elder Brother. List, list; I hear
 Some far off hallow break the silent air.

Second Brother. Methought so too; what should it be?

Elder Brother. For certain
 Either some one like us night-founder'd here,
 Or else some neighbour woodman, or at worst,
 Some roving robber calling to his fellows.

Sec. Br. Heav'n keep my sister! Again, again, and near;
 Best draw, and stand upon our guard.

Elder Brother. I'll hallow;
 If he be friendly he comes well; if not,
 Defence is a good cause, and Heav'n be for us.

Enter the ATTENDANT SPIRIT, habited like a shepherd.

That hallow I should know, what are you? speak;
 Come not too near, you fall on iron stakes else.

Spirit. What voice is that? my young lord? speak again.

Sec. Br. O brother, 'tis my father's shepherd, sure.

Eld. Br. Thyrsis? Whose artful strains have oft delay'd
 The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,
 And sweeten'd every muskrose of the dale;
 How cam'st thou here, good swain? hath any ram
 Slipt from the fold, or young kid lost his dam,
 Or straggling wether the pent flock forsook?
 How could'st thou find this dark sequester'd nook?

Spirit. O my lov'd master's heir, and his next joy,
 I came not here on such a trivial toy

As a stray'd ewe, or to pursue the stealth
 Of pilfering wolf; not all the fleecy wealth
 That doth enrich these downs, is worth a thought
 To this my errand, and the care it brought.
 But O my virgin lady, where is she?

How chance² she is not in your company?

Eld. Br. To tell thee sadly,³ shepherd, without blame,
 Or our neglect, we lost her as we came.

Spirit. Ay me unhappy! then my fears are true.

Eld. Br. What fears, good Thyrsis? Prithee briefly shew.

Spirit. I'll tell ye; 'tis not vain, or fabulous,
 (Though so esteem'd by shallow ignorance,)

¹benighted; ²how happens it that; ³seriously.

What the sage poets taught by th' heav'nly Muse,
 Storied of old in high immortal verse
 Of dire chimeras and enchanted isles,
 And rifted¹ rocks whose entrance leads to hell;
 For such there be, but unbelief is blind.

Within the navel² of this hideous wood,
 Immur'd in cypress shades a sorcerer dwells,
 Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus,
 Deep skill'd in all his mother's witcheries;
 And here to every thirsty wanderer,
 By sly enticement gives his baneful cup,
 With many murmurs³ mixt; whose pleasing poison
 The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
 And the inglorious likeness of a beast
 Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage,
 Character'd in the face; this have I learnt
 Tending my flocks hard by i' th' hilly crofts,
 That brow this bottom glade; whence night by night
 He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl
 Like stabl'd wolves, or tigers at their prey,
 Doing abhorred rites to Hecate⁴
 In their obscured haunts of inmost bow'rs.
 Yet have they many baits, and guileful spells
 To inveigle and invite th' unwary sense
 Of them that pass unweeting⁵ by the way.
 This evening late, by then⁶ the chewing flocks
 Had ta'en their supper on the savoury herb
 Of knot-grass dew-besprent,⁷ and were in fold,
 I sate me down to watch upon a bank
 With ivy canopied, and interwove
 With flaunting honeysuckle; and began,
 Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy,
 To meditate my rural minstrelsy,
 Till Fancy had her fill; but ere a close,⁸
 The wonted roar was up amidst the woods,
 And fill'd the air with barbarous dissonance;
 At which I ceas'd, and listen'd them a while,
 Till an unusual stop of sudden silence
 Gave respite to the drowsy frightened steeds
 That draw the litter of close-curtain'd Sleep.
 At last a soft and solemn-breathing sound
 Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes, *
 And stole upon the air, that even Silence
 Was took ere she was ware, and wish't she might
 Deny her nature, and be never more
 Still to be so displac'd. I was all ear,
 And took in strains that might create a soul
 Under the ribs of Death; but O ere long
 Too well I did perceive it was the voice
 Of my most honour'd Lady, your dear sister.

¹riven, cleft; ²centre; ³charms; ⁴see note 7 page 135; ⁵not wéeting or knowing; ⁶when, by the time that; ⁷besprinkled with dew; ⁸final cadence of a piece of music.

Amaz'd I stood, harrow'd¹ with grief and fear;
 And 'O poor hapless nightingale,' thought I,
 'How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly snare!'
 Then down the lawns I ran with headlong haste,
 Through paths, and turnings oft'n trod by day,
 Till guided by mine ear I found the place,
 Where that damn'd wisard, hid in sly disguise,
 (For so by certain signs I knew) had met
 Already, ere my best speed could prevent,
 The aidless innocent lady his wish'd prey;
 Who gently ask'd if he had seen such two,
 Supposing him some neighbour villager.
 Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guess'd
 Ye were the two she meant; with that I sprung
 Into swift flight, till I had found you here,
 But further know I not.

Second Brother. O night and shades,
 How are ye join'd with hell in triple knot,
 Against the unarm'd weakness of one virgin,
 Alone and helpless! Is this the confidence
 You gave me, brother?

Elder Brother Yes, and keep it still,
 Lean on it safely; not a period
 Shall be unsaid for me: against the threats
 Of malice or of sorcery, or that power
 Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm,
 Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt,
 Surpris'd by unjust force, but not enthrall'd;²
 Yea even that which Mischief meant most harm,
 Shall in the happy trial prove most glory:
 But evil on itself shall back recoil,
 And mix no more with goodness, when at last
 Gather'd like scum, and settled to itself,
 It shall be in eternal restless change
 Self-fed, and self-consumed; if this fail,
 The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
 And earth's base built on stubble. But come, let's on.
 Against th' opposing will and arm of Heav'n
 May never this just sword be lifted up;
 But for that damn'd magician, let him be girt
 With all the grisly legions that troop
 Under the sooty flag of Acheron,³
 Harpies and Hydras, or all the monstrous forms
 'Twixt Africa and Ind, I'll find him out,
 And force him to return his purchase⁴ back,
 Or drag him by the curls, to a foul death,
 Curs'd as his life.

Spirit. Alas! good vent'rous⁵ youth,
 I love thy courage yet, and bold emprise,⁶
 But here thy sword can do three little stead;⁷
 Far other arms, and other weapons must
 Be those that quell the might of hellish charms;

¹subdued; ²enslaved; ³one of the five rivers of the infernal regions;
⁴the River of Sorrows; ⁵daring, intrepid; ⁶enterprise; ⁷help.

He with his bare wand can unthread thy joints,
And crumble all thy sinews.

Elder Brother. Why prithee, Shepherd,
How durst thou then thyself approach so near,
As to make this relation?

Spirit. Care and utmost shifts
How to secure the lady from surprisal,
Brought to my mind a certain shepherd lad,
Of small regard to see to,¹ yet well skill'd
In every virtuous² plant and healing herb,
That spreads her verdant leaf to th' morning ray;
He lov'd me well, and oft would beg me sing,
Which when I did, he on the tender grass
Would sit, and hearken o'en to ecstacy;
And in requital ope his leathern scrip,
And show me simples of a thousand names,
Telling their strange and vigorous faculties:
Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,
But of divine effect, he cull'd me out;
The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
But in another country, as he said,
Bore a bright golden flow'r, but not in this soil:
Unknown, and like esteem'd, and the dull swain
Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon;³
And yet more med'cinal is it than that moly⁴
That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave;⁵
He call'd it hæmony,⁶ and gave it me,
And bade me keep it as of sovran⁷ use
'Gainst all enchantments, mildew blast, or damp,
Or gastly furies' apparition.
I purs'd it up, but little reck'ning made,
Till now that this extremity compell'd:
But now I find it true; for by this means
I knew the foul enchanter though disguis'd,
Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his spells,
And yet came off: if you have this about you,
(As I will give you when we go), you may
Boldly assault the necromancer's hall;
Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood,
And brandish'd blade rush on him, break his glass,
And shed the lucious liquor on the ground.⁸
But seize his wand; though he and his curst crew
Fierce sign of battle make, and menace high,
Or like the sons of Vulcan vomit smoke,
Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.
Eld. Br. Thyrsis lead on apace, I'll follow thee;
And some good angel bear a shield before us.

¹seemingly insignificant; ²of magic virtue; ³patched shoes; ⁴wild garlic, called sorcerer's garlic; ⁵Milton here follows Homer and Ovid in representing the moly as a gift of Hermes to Ulysses, by which the latter escaped the charms of Circe; (Coleridge says the word is *hæma-oïnos* (blood-wine) and refers to the blood of Jesus Christ, which destroys all evil. The leaf "had prickles on it", but "it bore a bright golden flower." The prickles are the crown of thorns, the flower the fruits of salvation; ⁶perhaps an allusion to the cup of pleasure proffered by the cavaliers.

The Scene changes to a stately palace, set out with all manner of deliciousness; soft music, tables spread with all dainties. COMUS appears with his rabble, and the LADY set in an enchanted chair, to whom he offers his glass, which she puts by, and goes about to rise.

COMUS.

Nay, lady, sit; if It but wave this wand,
Your nerves are all chain'd up in alabaster,
And you a statue, or, as Daphne¹ was,
Rootbound, that fled Apollo.

Lady. Fool, do not boast;
Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind
With all thy charms; although this corporal rind
Thou hast immanac'd, while Heav'n sees good.

Comus. Why are you vext, lady? why do you frown?
Here dwell no frowns, nor anger; from these gates
Sorrow flies far. See, here be all the pleasures
That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,
When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns
Brisk as the April buds in primrose-season.
And first behold this cordial julep here,
That flames, and dances in his crystal bounds,
With spirits of balm and fragrant syrups mixt.
Not that Nepenthes, which the wife of Thone
In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena,²
Is of such power to stir up joy as this,
To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.
Why should you be so cruel to yourself,
And to those dainty limbs, which Nature lent
For gentle usage, and soft delicacy?
But you invert the cov'nants of her trust,
And harshly deal, like an ill borrower,
With that which you receiv'd on other terms;
Scorning the unexempt condition,
By which all mortal frailty must subsist,
Refreshment after toil, ease after pain;
That have been tir'd all day without repast,
And timely rest have wanted: but, fair virgin,
This will restore all soon.

Lady. • 'Twill not, false traitor;
'Twill not restore the truth and honesty
That thou hast banish'd from thy tongue with lies.
Was this the cottage, and the safe abode
Thou told'st me of? What grim aspects are these,
These ugly-headed monsters? Mercy guard me!
Hence with thy brew'd enchantments, foul deceiver;
Hast thou betray'd my credulous innocence
With visor'd³ falsehood, and base forgery,

¹daughter of a river-god, beloved by Apollo. She had fled from the amorous god, and escaped by being changed into a laurel, thenceforth the favourite tree of the sun-god; ²Nepenthes was the care-dispelling drug that Helen, daughter of Jupiter, infused into the wine of her husband Menelaus. It had been given her by Polydamna, wife of Thone; ³disguised.

And wouldst thou seek again to trap me here
 With lickerish¹ baits, fit to ensnare a brute?
 Were it a draught for Juno when she banquets,
 I would not taste thy treasonous offer; none
 But such as are good men can give good things,
 And that which is not good, is not delicious.
 To a well-govern'd and wise appetite.

Comus. O foolishness of men! that lend their ears
 To those budge² doctors of the Stoic³ fur,
 And fetch their precepts from the Cynic tub,⁴
 Praising the lean and sallow Abstinence.
 Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth,
 With such a full and unwithdrawing⁵ hand,
 Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,
 Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,
 But all to please, and sate the curious taste?
 And set to work millions of spinning worms,
 That in their green shops weave the smooth-hair'd silk
 To deck her sons; and that no corner might
 Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins
 She hutch'd⁶ th' all-worshipt ore, and precious gems
 To store her children with; if all the world
 Should in a pet of temp'rance feed on pulse,
 Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,
 Th' All-giver would be unthank'd, would be unprais'd,
 Not half his riches known, and yet despis'd;
 And we should serve him as a grudging master,
 As a penurious niggard of his wealth;
 And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons,
 Who would be quite surcharg'd with her own weight,
 And strangl'd⁷ with her waste fertility;
 Th' earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air dark'd with plumes,
 The herds would over-multitude their lords,
 The sea o'erfraught would swell, and th' unsought diamonds
 Would so emblaze the forehead of the deep,
 And so bestud with stars, that they below
 Would grow inur'd to light, and come at last
 To gaze upon the sun with shameless brows.
 List, lady; be not coy,⁸ and be not cozen'd
 With that same vaunted name Virginity;
 Beauty is Nature's coin, must not be hoarded,
 But must be current; and the good thereof
 Consists in mutual and partaken bliss,
 Unsavoury in th' enjoyment of itself;
 If you let slip time, like a neglected rose,
 It withers on the stalk with languish'd head.
 Beauty is Nature's brag, and must be shown
 In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities,
 Where most may wonder at the workmanship;

¹dainty, nice; ²surly; ³a sect of Grecian philosophers; ⁴the tub of Diogenes. The Cynics were a sect of philosophers, who valued themselves upon their contempt of riches and state, arts and sciences, and everything, except virtue and morality; ⁵unstinted, liberal; ⁶shut in; ⁷suffocated; ⁸modest.

It is for homely features to keep home,
 They had their name thence;¹ coarse complexions
 And cheeks of sorry grain² will serve to ply
 The sampler, and to tease the huswife's wool.
 What need a vermeil-tinctur'd³ lip for that,
 Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn?
 There was another meaning in these gifts;
 Think what, and be advis'd; you are but young yet.

Lady. I had not thought to have unlock'd my lips
 In this unhallow'd air, but that this juggler
 Would think to charm my judgment, as mine eyes,
 Obtruding false rules, pranked⁴ in Reason's garb.
 I hate when Vice can bolt her arguments,
 And Virtue has no tongue to check her pride.
 Impostor, do not charge most innocent Nature,
 As if she would her children should be riotous
 With her abundance; she, good cateress,
 Means her provision only to the good,
 That live according to her sober laws
 And holy dictate of spare Temperance:
 If every just man, that now pines with want,
 Had but a moderate and beseeing share
 Of that, which lewdly-pamper'd Luxury
 Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,
 Nature's full blessings would be well dispens'd
 In unsuperfluous even proportion,
 And she no whit encumber'd with her store;
 And then the Giver would be better thank'd,
 His praise due paid: for swinish Gluttony
 Ne'er looks to Heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast,
 But with besotted base ingratitude
 Crams, and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I go on?
 Or have I said enough? To him that dares
 Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
 Against the sun-clad power of Chastity,
 Fain would I something say, yet to what end?
 Thou hast nor ear, nor soul to apprehend
 The sublime notion, and high mystery
 That must be utter'd to unfold the sage
 And serious doctrine of Virginity;
 And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know
 More happiness than this thy present lot.
 Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric,
 That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence,⁵
 Thou art not fit to hear thyself convince'd:
 Yet should I try, the uncontroll'd worth
 Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt spirits
 To such a flame of sacred vehemence,
 That dumb things would be moved to sympathize,
 And the brute Earth would lend her nerves, and shake,
 Till all thy magic structures, rear'd so high,

¹plain, homely women should stay at home; their very name implying as much; ²colour; ³tinged of a bright-red colour; ⁴decked, attired; ⁵arm of defence.

Were shatter'd into heaps o'er thy false head.

Comus. She fables not, I feel that I do fear
Her words set off by some superior power;
And though not mortal, yet a cold shudd'ring dew
Dips me all o'er; as when the wrath of Jove
Speaks thunder, and the chains of Erebus
To some of Saturn's crew.¹ I must dissemble,
And try her yet more strongly.—Come, no more;
This is mere moral babble, and direct
Against the canon laws of our foundation;
I must not suffer this; yet 'tis but the loes
And settlings of a melancholy blood;
But this will cure all straight; one sip of this
Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight,
Beyond the bliss of dreams Be wise, and taste.

The BROTHERS rush in with swords drawn, wrest his glass out of his hand, and break it against the ground; his rout make sign of resistance, but are all driven in. The ATTENDANT SPIRIT comes in.

SPIRIT.

What, have you let the false enchanter 'scape?
O ye mistook; ye should have snatcht his wand
And bound him fast; without his rod revers'd,
And backward mutters of dissevering power,²
We cannot free the lady that sits here
In stony fetters fixt, and motionless;
Yet stay, be not disturb'd; now I bethink me,
Some other means I have which may be us'd,
Which once of Melibœus old I learnt,
The soothest³ shepherd that e'er pip'd on plains.

There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,
That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream,
Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure;
Whilom she was the daughter of Loerine,
That had the sceptre from his father Brute.
She, guiltless damsel, flyng the mad pursuit
Of her enraged stepdame Guendolen,
Commended her fair innocence to the flood,
That stay'd her flight with his cross-flowing⁴ course.
The water-nymphs that in the bottom play'd,
Held up their pearled wrists and took her in,
Bearing her straight to aged Nereus'⁵ hall;
Who piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head,
And gave her to his daughters to imbathe
In nectar'd lavers strew'd with asphodel,⁶
And through the porch and inlet of each sense
Dropt in ambrosial oils, till she reviv'd,

¹by Saturn is here meant Cronos, and by his crew the Titans, whom Zeus subdued and imprisoned below Tartarus; ²in Ovid the companions of Ulysses are restored to their human shape by Circe, with a stroke of her 'rod reversed' and spells said backwards; ³truest; ⁴flowing across her path; ⁵a sea-god, represented as a very old man; ⁶a plant which grew in Elysium.

And underwent a quick immortal change,
 Made Goddess of the river: still she retains
 Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve
 Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,
 Helping all urchin' blasts, and ill-luck signs
 That the shrewd meddling elf delights to make,
 Which she with precious vial'd liquors heals.
 For which the shepherds at their festivals
 Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays,
 And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream
 Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils.
 And, as the old swain said, she can unlock
 The clasping charm, and thaw the numbing spell,
 If she be right invok'd in warbled song;
 Fair maidenhood she loves, and will be swift
 To aid a virgin, such as was herself,
 In hard-besetting need: this will I try,
 And add the power of some adjuring verse.

SONG.

Sabrina fair,
 Listen where thou art sitting
 Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
 In twisted braids of lilies knitting
 The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;
 Listen for dear honour's sake,
 Goddess of the silver lake,
 Listen and save.

Listen and appear to us
 In name of great Oceanus,
 By the earth-shaking Nptune's mace,
 And Tethys' grave majestic pace,²
 By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,³
 And the Carpathian wisard's hook,⁴
 By sealy Triton's winding shell,⁵
 And old sooth-saying Glaucus' spell,⁶
 By Leucothea's lovely hands,⁷
 And her son that rules the strands,
 By Thetis' tinsel-slipper'd⁸ feet,
 And the songs of Sirens sweet,
 By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
 And fair Ligea's golden comb,⁹

¹a sprite or mischievous little imp; ²Tethys is the wife of Oceanus, and the mother of the gods; ³a sea-god, represented as a very old man; ⁴Proteus had a cave at Carpathus, an island of the Mediterranean. He was a prophet, and Neptune's shepherd, therefore bearing a hook or crook; ⁵Son of Neptune, represented as a fish with a human head. It is this sea-god that makes the roaring of the ocean by blowing through his shell; ⁶Glaucus, the sea-deity, prophesied to the Gods; ⁷Ino, flying from the rage of her husband, threw herself with her son in her arms into the sea. Neptune made them sea-deities, giving her the name of Leucothea (the white goddess), and him that of Palaemon; ⁸tinsel-slipper'd is one of the Miltonic epithets that Trench calls 'poems in miniature'. Tinsel is derived from Fr. étincelle, and brings before us 'the quick glitter and sparkle of the waves in the light of the sun or moon'; ⁹Thetis, sea-goddess, mother of Achilles; ¹⁰Parthenope and Ligea were Sirens.

Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks,
 Sleeking her soft alluring locks,
 By all the nymphs that nightly dance
 Upon thy streams with wily glance,
 Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head
 From thy coral-paven bed,
 And bridle in thy headlong wave,
 Till thou our summons answer'd have.
 Listen and save.

SABRINA rises, attended by WaterNymphs, and sings.

By the rushy-fringed bank,
 Where grows the willow and the osier dank,
 My sliding chariot stays;
 Thick set with agate, and the azurn sheen
 Of turkis' blue, and em'rald green,
 That in the channel strays;
 Whilst from off the waters fleet,
 Thus I set my printless feet,
 O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
 That bends not as I tread;
 Gentle swain, at thy request
 I am here.

Spirit. Goddess dear,
 We implore thy pow'rful hand
 To undo the charmèd band
 Of true virgin here distrest,
 Through the force, and through the wile
 Of unblest enchanter vile.

Sabrina. Shepherd, 'tis my office best
 To help ensnared chastity;
 Brightest Lady, look on me;
 Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
 Drops that from my fountain pure,
 I have kept of precious cure,
 Thrice upon thy finger's tip,
 Thrice upon thy rubied lip;
 Next this marble venom'd seat
 Smear'd with gums of glutinous heat,
 I touch with chaste palms moist and cold;
 Now the spell hath lost his hold;
 And I must haste ere morning hour
 To wait in Amphitrite's² bower.

SABRINA descends, and the LADY rises out of her seat.

Spirit. Virgin, daughter of Loocrine,
 Sprung of old Anchises' line,
 May thy brimmèd waves for this
 Their full tribute never miss
 From a thousand petty rills,

¹turquoise; ²the wife of Neptune, and goddess of the sea.

That tumble down the snowy hills;
 Summer drought, or singèd air
 Never scorch thy tresses fair;
 Nor wet October's torrent flood
 The molten crystal fill with mud;
 May thy billows roll ashore
 The beryl, and the golden ore;
 May thy lofty head be crown'd
 With many a tower and terrace round,
 And here and there thy banks upon
 With groves of myrrh and cinnamon.

Come, Lady, while Heaven lends us grace
 Let us fly this cursèd place,
 Lest the sorcerer us entice
 With some other new device.
 Not a waste, or needless sound
 Till we come to holier ground;
 I shall be your faithful guide
 Through this gloomy covert wide;
 And not many furlongs thence
 Is your father's residence,
 Where this night are met in state
 Many a friend to gratulate
 His wish'd presence; and beside,
 All the swains that there abide,
 With jigs, and rural dance resort;
 We shall catch them at their sport,
 And our sudden coming there
 Will double all their mirth and cheer;
 Come, let us haste, the stars grow high,
 But night sits monarch yet in the mid sky.

The Scene changes, presenting Ludlow town, and the President's castle; then come in country Dancers; after them the ATTENDANT SPIRIT, with the Two BROTHERS, and the LADY.

SONG.

Spirit. Back, Shepherds, back, enough your play,
 Till next sun-shine holiday;
 Here be without duck, or nod¹
 Other trippings to be trod
 Of lighter toes; and such court guise
 As Mercury did first devise,
 With the mincing² Dryades
 On the lawns, and on the leas.

This second Song presents them to their Father and Mother.

Noble lord, and lady bright,
 I have brought ye new delight;
 Here behold so goodly grown
 Three fair branches of your own;

¹Awkward courtesy is implied by 'duck and nod', and more graceful movements by 'mincing'; ²Nymphs of the trees.

Heav'n hath timely tried their youth,
 Their faith, their patience, and their truth;
 And sent them here through hard assays¹
 With a crown of deathless praise,
 To triumph in victorious dance
 O'er sensual Folly, and Intemperance.

The dances ended, the SPIRIT epiloquizes.

Spirit. To the ocean now I fly,
 And those happy climes, that lie
 Where day never shuts his eye,
 Up in the broad fields of the sky:
 There I suck the liquid air,
 All amidst the gardens fair
 Of Hesperus, and his daughters three,
 That sing about the golden tree.²
 Along the crisp'd³ shades and bowers
 Revels the spruce and jocund Spring;
 The Graces,⁴ and the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
 Thither all their bounties bring;
 There eternal Summer dwells,
 And west winds, with musky wing
 About the cedarn alleys fling
 Nard, and cassia's⁵ balmy smells.
 Iris⁶ there with humid bow,
 Waters the odorous banks, that blow⁷
 Flowers of more mingled hue
 Than her purfl'd⁸ scarf can shew;
 And drenches with Elysian⁹ dew
 (List, mortals, if your ears be true)
 Beds of hyacinth and roses,
 Where young Adonis¹⁰ oft reposes,
 Waxing well of his deep wound
 In slumber soft; and on the ground
 Sadly sits th' Assyrian queen:¹¹
 But far above in spangled sheen
 Celestial Cupid, her fam'd son¹² advanc'd,
 Holds his dear Psyche¹³ sweet entranc'd,
 After her wand'ring labours long,
 Till free consent the gods among
 Make her his eternal bride;
 And from her fair unspotted side
 Two blissful twins are to be born,

¹trials; ²Hesperus had a garden in which were golden apples. These were guarded by a dragon, but it was killed by Hercules, who carried off the apples; ³rippled by the wind; ⁴three attendants of Venus, goddesses of grace, favour, and gentleness; Aglaia, Thalia and Euphrosyne; ⁵species of laurus; ⁶goddess of the rainbow; ⁷make blow; ⁸fringed, embroidered; ⁹Elysium is the Paradise or Happy Land of the Greek poets. Elysian means happy, delightful; ¹⁰a beautiful youth beloved by Venus. He was killed by a wild boar. When wounded, Venus sprinkled nectar into his blood, from which flowers sprang up; ¹¹Venus was worshipped by the Assyrians under the names of Astarte and Astoreth; ¹²the god of love, son of Venus; ¹³a nymph beloved by Cupid.

Youth and Joy; so Jove hath sworn.

But now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly, or I can run
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bow'd welkin¹ slow doth bend;
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the moon.

Mortals, that would follow me,
Love Virtue; she alone is free:
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the spher^y chime;²
Or if Virtue feeble were,
Heav'n itself would stoop to her.

¹sky, clouds; ²music of the spheres.

JOHN DRYDEN.

John Dryden was born on the 9th of August 1631 at Aldwinkle, a village in Northamptonshire, of an old and noble family, his grandfather being a Baronet and Justice of the Peace. The Drydens were all Puritans and Commonwealthmen, and the poet's father Sir Erasmus Dryden was even sent to prison for refusing to pay loan-money to Charles the First. His mother was Mary, daughter of the Rev. Henry Pickering, rector of Aldwinele All Saints, a niece to Sir Gilbert Pickering who was made a Baronet by Charles the First and afterwards Chamberlain to Oliver Cromwell and High Steward of Westminster.

He was educated at Westminster where he stayed till 1650 and then left with a scholarship for Trinity College, Cambridge.

In 1649 he wrote his first poem, one of the thirty three elegies published in 1650 upon the death of Henry Lord Hastings who was his fellow-student at Westminster. His time was spent with anything but poetry, and in 1654 he took his degree of Bachelor of Arts and a few months afterwards lost his father, who left him 40 £ a year which would have been sufficient to support him decently with economy. He discontinued his studies at Cambridge but a degree of Master of Arts was conferred on him by the Archbishop of Canterbury in 1668, on the recommendation of King Charles the Second, when he had made himself known as an author, and had acquired the King's favour by political poems and plays suited to his taste.

It was only in September 1658 that Dryden wrote his first poem of any importance, being "Heroic Stanzas" to the memory of the Protector. Both Sir Gilbert Pickering and Richard Cromwell would have been able and eager to act as Dryden's serviceable benefactors if the latter had succeeded to his father. However unwilling to sacrifice all addoneement to political consistency Dryden at once became a warm Royalist, zealously espoused the cause of the restored King and in rapid succession published "Astraea Redux" celebrating the return of the King a "Panegyric" addressed to the King on his coronation, and an address to the Lord Chancellor Clarendon on New year's Day, 1662.

After the Restoration theatrical representations were revived and Dryden immediately turned to play-writing and made it a source of income. His first play „the Wild Gallant” was produced at the Kings’s Theatre in 1663, the next piece „The Rival Ladies” was not so very unsuccessful as the first but it was only in 1664 when a tragedy „The Indian Queen” was acted with great success.

In the mean time Dryden was on the 1st of December 1663 married to Lady Elisabeth Howard, a lady who had apparently no sympathy with her husband’s literary pursuits.

The next year a still greater success was attained with „The Indian Emperor” published in 1667 and dedicated to the beautiful Duchess of Monmouth, who under the name of „Charming Annabel” figures in „Absalom and Achitophel”.

The war with Holland, the Plague, and the Great Fire of London inspired the poet to write „Annus Mirabilis” or the Year of Wonders, in which poem is first strikingly remarkable Dryden’s skill and force of language. Not only did he present himself as a dramatic author but he also tried to reform and improve the stage by an „Essay on Dramatic Poesy”, a conversation between four persons veiling besides the poet himself three Lords who took great interest in the stage but did not agree with Dryden about the preference of rhyme in tragedies.

From this time Dryden’s name was a leading one on the stage and „Secret Love or the Maiden Queen” „Sir Martin Mar-all (an adaptation of Molière’s play L’Etourdi) and „The Tempest, or the Enchanted Island” (Dryden and Davenant’s adaptation of Shakespeare’s Tempest) followed before 1668 and only served to advance Dryden’s fame and were all well received.

In order to augment the profits to be derived from his plays Dryden contracted with the King’s company for the production of three plays a year, which for five years running gained him a yearly income of from 300 £ to 400 £.

He never wrote three plays a year but however brought forth An Evening’s Love, (an adaptation of the younger Corneille’s Feint Astrologue) Ladies à la Mode, and other plays all more or less proofs of the fact „how the stage was degenerated and polluted by the licentious times” as Pepys said.

From the great number of Dryden’s plays mostly dedicated to influential noblemen, may be mentioned „The Conquest of Granada” which added greatly to his fame. In December 1671 appeared the Rehearsal”, a farce which had a great success and the fame of which endures. The author was George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham and the object of the play was to caricature Dryden by a strict imitation of his manner, and ridicule the rhymed tragedies of the Restoration. Dryden bore this attack in silence and continued to write and make money. Another play and, as is generally acknowledged, one of his worst was „Amboyna, or the Cruelties of the Dutch to the English”, intended to inflame national feeling against the Dutch. Not so much however did this contribute to the general admiration as to prevent him from being severely beaten by a gang of ruffians upon the instigation of a nobleman from court.

One of his most successful plays was „the Spanish Friar”, a satire on the Roman Catholic Priesthood, in 1681.

The Treasury could not afford to pay Dryden’s salary and pen-

sion and he lived in a state of poverty, which made him wish to find other means of support. He gave up play-writing and turned to political satire. In November 1681 appeared „Absalom and Achitophel”, under which names the politic heroes of the day Monmouth and Shaftesbury saw their striking likenesses drawn, so did Buckingham his, the latter appearing in the poem under the name of Zimri.

Shaftesbury was in the Tower under a charge of high treason; Dryden's poem intended to inflame public opinion against Shaftesbury, appeared Nov. 17 and on Nov. 24 Shaftesbury was set at liberty. The decision was received by the people with acclamations, and a medal was struck by his friends. This furnished Dryden with a subject of another political satire „The Medal” which appeared in March 1682. In November of the same year a second part of „Absalom and Achitophel” was published, the bulk of the poem however was by Nahum Tate.

Passing from politics to theology Dryden produced „Religio Laici” being an exposition of the Protestant faith.

His salary remaining unpaid, and his three sons growing to man's estate, Dryden was brought to undertake various literary labours, among others some translations partly by order of the king.

After James' accession in 1685 Dryden thought the best way to advancement was to become a Roman Catholic, even before his conversion the king continued him in the posts of Poet Laureate and Historiographer Royal, and in March 1686 the additional pension of £ 100 a year was renewed by letters patent.

The year 1686 was devoted by Dryden to an elaborate defence in verse of his new religion, which appeared under the title „The Hind and Panther” the Hind representing the church of Rome and the Panther the Church of England.

Then followed in 1687 „Ode on Cecilia's day” in 1688 „Britannia Rediviva” his least successful poem.

At the accession of William and Mary Dryden lost his offices and pension and partly lived by the generosity of his friends.

He turned once more to the drama and produced several plays among which is „Cleomenes” being the story of an exiled king seeking protection at a foreign court, suggestive of the position James held at St. Germain.

Dryden continued to produce plays in great number, and dedicated the greater part to gentlemen of the court, friends of the Revolution and of William and Mary's Government, who had continued to be kind to him in his adversity. However King William's government could not favour him; his Toryism and his many gibes at the Dutch might have been forgiven, but he could not recant his new religion.

„Not by cares or wants of age deprest” Dryden was working industriously, he produced whole ranges of translations of Greek and Latin authors and several volumes of „Miscellanies”; however he did not give up play-writing, and even prepared Southerne's and Congreve's success by assistance and good counsel. But above all things he made money, and saw two of his sons successful under the favour of the Pope Innocent the Twelfth, and a third son as an author under the favour of Dryden and his friends. In March 1698 the clergyman Jeremy Collier's famous work „The Immorality

and Profaneness of the English Stage", in which Dryden was a prominent offender and deservedly a special object of attack, offered him, who had always attacked all clergies, a ready opportunity to write a confession and apology, and to claim for the drama participation with the pulpit in moral instruction.

He did not stop here, but went so far in his apology as to throw the blame of his moral writings on the court of Charles the Second. The tone in which he jests on virtue and vice cannot be excused, but though the lewdness of many texts is his, no success would have encouraged him to continue his career as a dramatist, if the court had not been disposed to receive his plays with great applause.

Towards the end of 1698 Dryden began his "Fables" or translations from Homer, Ovid, Chaucer and Boccaccio, they appeared in November 1699 when he was "a cripple in his limbs" and often interrupted his work from "various intervals of sickness"; his infirmities increased, and dreadfully suffering and martyred by severe maladies, Dryden expired on the 1st of May 1700 nearly 69 years old.

His body was embalmed, and it lay in state for several days at the College of Physicians. Thence it was removed on May 13, and carried with great pomp and with all the honours of a public funeral to Westminster Abbey, to be buried in the Poet's Corner beside the graves of Chaucer and Cowley.

Annus Mirabilis:

THE YEAR OF WONDERS, 1666.

In thriving arts long time had Holland grown,
Crouching at home and cruel when abroad;
Scarce leaving us the means to claim our own,
Our King they courted and our merchants awed.

Trade, which like blood should circularly flow,
Stopped in their channels, found its freedom lost:
Thither the wealth of all the world did go,
And seemed but shipwrecked on so base a coast.

For them alone the heavens had kindly heat,
In eastern quarries¹ ripening precious dew;
For them the Idumaean (*a*) balm did sweat
And in hot Ceylon spicy forests grew.

The sun but seemed the labourer of their year;
Each waxing moon² supplied her watery store
To swell those tides which from the Line (*b*) did bear
Their brim-full vessels to the Belgian shore.

Thus mighty in her ships stood Carthage long,
And swept the riches of the world from far,

(*a*) from Palestine (for Arabia). (*b*) the Aequator.

¹In eastern quarries. Precious stones at first are dew condensed, and hardened by the warmth of the sun or subterranean fires. ²*Eath* waxing moon. According to their opinions who think that great heap of the waters under the Line is depressed into tides by the moon toward the poles.

Yet stooped to Rome, less wealthy but more strong;
And this may prove our second Punic war. (a)

What peace can be, where both to one pretend,
But they more diligent and we more strong?
Or if a peace, it soon must have an end,
For they would grow too powerful, were it long.

Behold two nations then engaged so far
That each seven years the fit must shake each land;
Where France will side to weaken us by war
Who only can his vast designs withstand.

See how he feeds the Iberian¹ with delays
To render us his timely friendship vain;
And while his secret soul on Flanders preys,
He rocks the cradle of the babe of Spain.

Such deep designs of empire does he lay
O'er them whose cause he seems to take in hand,
And prudently would make them lords at sea
To whom with ease he can give laws by land.

This saw our King, and long within his breast
His pensive counsels balanced to and fro;
He grieved the land he freed should be oppress'd
And he less for it than usurpers do.

His generous mind the fair ideas drew
Of fame and honour, which in dangers lay;
Where wealth, like fruit on precipices, grew,
Not to be gathered but by birds of prey.

The loss and gain each fatally were great,
And still his subjects called aloud for war: (b)
But peaceful kings, o'er martial people set,
Each other's poise and counterbalance are. (b)

He first surveyed the charge with careful eyes,
Which none but mighty monarchs could maintain;
Yet judged, like vapours that from limbees rise,
It would in richer showers descend again.

At length resolved to assert (c) the watery ball,
He in himself did whole armados bring;
Him aged seamen might their master call
And choose for General, were he not their King.

It seems as every ship their Sovereign knows,
His awful summons they so soon obey;

(a) a war of extermination. (b) for the sake of rhyme *war* and *are* are to be pronounced with equal sound of vowel. (c) pron. *t'assert*.

¹The Iberian The Spaniard. D.

So hear the scaly herd (*a*) when Proteus (*b*) blows,
And so to pasture follow through the sea.

To see this fleet upon the ocean move
Angels drew wide the curtains of the skies;
And Heaven, as if there wanted lights above,
For tapers made two glaring comets rise;

Whether they unctuous exhalations are (*c*)
Fired by the sun, or seeming so alone,
Or each some more remote and slippery star (*c*)
Which loses footing when to mortals shown;

Or one that bright companion of the sun, (*c*)
Whose glorious aspect sealed our new-born King,
And now, a round of greater years begun,
New influence from his walks of light did bring.

Victorious York did first with famed success
To his known valour make the Dutch give place;
Thus Heaven our Monarch's fortune did confess,
Beginning conquest from his royal race.

But since it was decreed, auspicious King,
In Britain's right that thou shouldst wed the main,
Heaven as a gage would cast some precious thing, (*d*)
And therefore doomed that Lawson should be slain.

Lawson amongst the foremost met his fate,
Whom sea-green Sirens from the rocks lament;
Thus, as an offering for the Grecian state,
He first was killed who first to battle went.

Their chief¹ blown up, in air, not waves expired
To which his pride presumed so give the law;
The Dutch confessed Heaven present and retired,
And all was Britain the wide ocean saw.

To nearest ports their shattered ships repair,
Where by our dreadful cannon they lay awed;
So reverently men quit the open air
Where thunder speaks the angry gods abroad.

And now approached their fleet from India, fraught
With all the riches of the rising sun,
And precious sand from southern climates² brought,
The fatal regions where the war begun.

(*a*) the sea-calves or the fishes. (*b*) Neptune's herdsman, an old man and a prophet. He lived in a vast cave, and his custom was to tell over his herds of sea-calves at noon. (*c*) Queer opinions about the nature of comets as considered in D.'s time. (*d*) comp. in Germ. *Der Ring des Polykrates* and in Dutch *Het trouwtje van Stavoren*.

¹The Admiral of Holland. ²Southern climates. Guinea.

Like hunted castors (*a*) conscious of their store,
 Their way-laid wealth to Norway's coasts they bring;
 There first the North's cold bosom spices bore,
 And winter brooded on the eastern spring.

By the rich scent we found our perfumed prey,
 Which, flanked with rocks, did close in covert lie;
 And round about their murdering cannon lay,
 At once to threaten and invite the eye.

Fiercer than cannon and than rocks more hard,
 The English undertake the unequal war: (*b*)
 Seven ships alone, by which the port is barred,
 Besiege the Indies and all Denmark dare. (*b*)

These fight like husbands, but like lovers those;
 These fain would keep and those more fain enjoy;
 And to such height their frantic passion grows
 That what both love both hazard to destroy.

Amidst whole heaps of spices lights a ball,
 And now their odours armed against them fly:
 Some precious by shattered porcelain fall
 And some by aromatic splinters die.

And though by tempests of the prize bereft,
 In Heaven's inclemency some ease we find;
 Our foes we vanquished by our valour left, (*c*)
 And only yielded to the seas and wind.

Nor wholly lost we so deserved a prey,
 For storms repenting part of it restored,
 Which as a tribute from the Baltic sea
 The British ocean sent her mighty lord.

Go, mortals, now and vex yourselves in vain
 For wealth, which so uncertainly must come;
 When what was brought so far and with such pain
 Was only kept to lose it nearer home.

The son who, twice three months on the ocean tost,
 Prepared to tell what he had passed before,
 Now sees in English ships the Holland coast
 And parents' arms in vain stretched from the shore.

This careful husband had been long away
 Whom his chaste wife and little children mourn,
 Who on their fingers learned to tell the day
 On which their father promised to return.

Such are the proud designs of human kind,
 And so we suffer shipwreck everywhere!

(*a*) Castors were said to hide the precious fluid which restored health and almost saved from death. (*b*) For the sake of rhyme the pron. of *war* and *dare* is slightly altered. (*c*) Read.: We left our foes vanquished by our valour.

Alas, what port can such a pilot find
Who in the night of Fate must blindly steer!

The undistinguished seeds of good and ill
Heaven in his bosom from our knowledge hides,
And draws them in contempt of human skill,
Which oft for friends mistaken foes provides.

Let Munster's prelate (*a*) ever be accurst,
In whom we seek the German faith in vain;
Alas, that he should teach the English first
That fraud and avarice in the Church could reign!

Happy who never trust a stranger's will
Whose friendship's (*b*) in his interest understood;
Since money given but tempts him to be ill,
When power is too remote to make him good.

Till now, alone the mighty nations strove;
The rest at gaze (*c*) without the lists did stand;
And threatening France, placed like a painted Jove,
Kept idle (*d*) thunder in his lifted hand.

That eunuch guardian of rich Holland's trade (*e*)
Who envies us what he wants power to enjoy,
Whose noiseful valour does no foe invade
And weak assistance will his friends destroy;

Offended that we fought without his leave,
He takes this time his secret hate to show;
Which Charles does with a mind so calm receive
As one that neither seeks nor shuns his foe.

With France to aid the Dutch the Danes unite;
France as their tyrant, Denmark as their slave;
But when with one three nations join to fight,
They silently confess that one more brave.

Lewis had chased the English from his shore,
But Charles the French as subjects does invite; (*f*)
Would Heaven for each some Solomon restore,
Who by their mercy may decide their right! (*g*)

(*a*) The Bishop of Munster had offered to invade Holland with 20,000 men in consideration of a subsidy from England, his offer was accepted and a treaty made with him. He invaded Holland, drew back in fear of France and secretly made a separate treaty of peace with Holland. (*b*) The antecedent of *whose* is *stranger*. (*c*) Stood gazing outside the lists (*d*) Powerless. (*e*) France; which country declared war against England in Jan. 1666. (*f*) Charles promised protection to all French and Dutch subjects remaining in England, or afterwards entering who should behave dutifully and not correspond with the enemy. The French king made no like offer; three months were allowed the English to withdraw with their properties. (*g*) This refers to (1 Kings 3) Solomon's judgment between the two women claiming the child.

Were subjects so but only by their choice
 And not from birth did forced dominion take,
 Our Prince alone would have the public voice
 And all his neighbours' realms would deserts make.

He without fear a dangerous war pursues,
 Which without rashness he began before:
 As honour made him first the danger choose,
 So still he makes it good on virtue's score.

The doubled charge his subjects' love supplies,
 Who in that bounty to themselves are kind:
 So glad Egyptians see their Nilus rise
 And in his plenty their abundance find.

With equal power he does two chiefs create, (a)
 Two such as each seemed worthiest when alone;
 Each able to sustain a nation's fate,
 Since both had found a greater in their own.

Both great in courage, conduct, and in fame,
 Yet neither envious of the other's praise;
 Their duty, faith, and interest too the same,
 Like mighty partners, equally they raise.

The Prince long time had courted Fortune's love,
 But once possessed (b) did absolutely reign:
 Thus with their Amazons the heroes strove,
 And conquered first those beauties they would gain. (c)

The Duke beheld, like Scipio, with disdain
 That (d) Carthage which he ruined rise once more,
 And shook aloft the fasces of the main
 To fright those slaves with what they felt before.

Together to the watery camp they haste,
 Whom (e) matrons passing to their children show;
 Infants' first vows for them to Heaven are cast,
 And future people bless them as they go. (f)

With them no riotous (g) pomp nor Asian train
 To infect a navy with their gaudy fears,
 To make slow fights and victories but vain;
 But war severely like itself appears.

(a) Prince Rupert and the Duke of Albemarle. (b) i. e. of it; being master of Fortune. (c) According to Grecian story, there was a nation of horsewomen, fighting, masculine women in Africa who suffered no man in the nation; and if a boy was born, he was either killed or sent to his father who lived in some neighbouring state. To this most generally known tale D. cannot refer, as no such thing is told about Greek Amazons. — The Amazons of the North, about whom one Adam van Bremer is said to have written, may like Brunhild in the Nibelungen-Lied have fought their future husbands before submitting to them. (d) *that* is a demonstr. pronoun. (e) The antec. to *whom* is *they*. (f) „Future people” means „the infants” (g) *riotous* pron. *ritous*.

Diffusive of themselves, where'er they pass,
 They make that warmth in others they expect;
 Their valour works like bodies on a glass
 And does its image on their men projet.

Our fleet divides, and straight the Dutch appear,
 In number and a famed commander hold:(a)
 The narrow seas can scarce their navy bear
 Or crowded vessels can their soldiers hold.

The Duke, less numerous, but in courage more,
 On wings of all the winds to combat flies;
 His murdering guns a loud defiance roar
 And bloody crosses on his flag-staffs rise.

Both furl their sails and strip them for the fight;
 Their folded sheets dismiss the useless air;
 The Elean plains¹ could boast no nobler sight,
 When struggling champions did their bodies bare.

Borne each by other in a distant line,
 The sea-built forts in dreadful order move;
 So vast the noise, as if not fleets did join,
 But lands unfixed and floating nations strove.

Now passed, on either side they nimbly tack;
 Both strive to intercept and guide the wind:
 And in its eye more closely they come back
 To finish all the deaths they left behind.

On high-raised decks (b) the haughty Belgians ride,
 Beneath whose shade our humble frigates go;
 Such port the elephant bears, and so defied
 By the rhinoceros, her unequal foe.

And as the build, so different is the fight;
 Their mounting shot is on our sails designed:
 Deep in their hulls our deadly bullets light
 And through the yielding planks a passage find.

Our dreaded Admiral from far they threat, '
 Whose battered rigging their whole war receives;
 All bare, like some old oak which tempests beat,
 He stands, and sees below his scattered leaves

Heroes of old when wounded shelter sought;
 But he, who meets all danger with disdain*,
 Even in their face his ship to anchor brought
 And steeple-high stood propped upon the main.

(a) Prince Rupert was ordered to proceed at once from the Downs to meet the French, Albemarle proceeded eastwards and found the Dutch fleet under de Ruyter. (b) i. e. the high built Dutch vessels.

¹The Elean, &c. Where the Olympic games were celebrated.

At the excess of courage all-amazed,
 The foremost of his foes a while withdraw;
 With such respect in entered Rome they gazed
 Who on high chairs the god-like fathers saw. (a)

And now as, where Patroclus' body lay,
 Here Trojan chiefs advanced and there the Greek,
 Ours o'er the Duke their pious wings display
 And theirs the noblest spoils of Britain seek.

Meantime his busy mariners he hastes
 His shattered sails with rigging to restore;
 And willing pines ascend his broken masts,
 Whose lofty heads rise higher than before.

Straight to the Dutch he turns his dreadful prow,
 More fierce the important quarrel to decide:
 Like swans in long array his vessels show, (b)
 Whose crests advancing do the waves divide.

They charge, recharge, and all along the sea
 They drive and squander (c) the huge Belgian fleet;
 Berkeley (d) alone, who nearest danger lay,
 Did a like fate with lost Creusa meet.

The night comes on, we eager to pursue
 The combat still and they ashamed to leave:
 Till the last streaks of dying day withdrew
 And doubtful moonlight did our rage deceive.

In the English fleet each ship resounds with joy
 And loud applause of their great leaders' fame;
 In fiery dreams the Dutch they still destroy,
 And slumbering smile at the imagined flame.

Not so the Holland fleet, who, tired and done,
 Stretched on their decks like weary oxen lie;
 Faint sweats all down their mighty members run,
 Vast bulks, which little souls but ill supply.

In dreams they fearful precipices tread,
 Or shipwrecked labour to some distant shore,
 Or in dark churches walk among the dead;
 They wake with horror and dare sleep no more.

The morn they look on with unwilling eyes,
 Till from their maintop joyful news they hear
 Of ships which by their mould bring new supplies (e)
 And in their colours Belgian lions bear.

(a) This refers to the awe inspired by the Roman senators (*patres*, patricians) in the minds of the invading Gauls, when they sacked Rome, B. C. 387. (b) Seem, appear. (c) To disperse. (d) The line originally reads: Berkeley alone, not making equal way." — Vice-Admiral Sir William Berkeley fought desperately was at last shot in the throat and expired. — Creusa was left behind in the flight of Aeneas from Troy. (e) On the second day of the battle the Dutch were reinforced by an accession of sixteen men-of-war.

Our watchful General had discerned from far
 This mighty succour, which made glad the foe;
 He sighed, but, like a father of the war,
 His face spake hope, while deep his sorrows flow.

His wounded men he first sends off to shore,
 Never till now unwilling to obey:
 They not their wounds but want of strength deplore
 And think them happy who with him can stay.

Then to the rest, 'Rejoice,' said he, 'to-day!
 'In you the fortune of Great Britain lies;
 'Among so brave a people you are they
 'Whom Heaven has chose to fight for such a prize.

'If number English courages could quell,
 'We should at first have shunned, not met our foes,
 'Whose numerous sails the fearful only tell;
 'Courage from hearts and not from numbers grows.'

He said, nor needed more to say: with haste
 To their known stations cheerfully they go;
 And all at once, disdaining to be last,
 Solicit every gale to meet the foe.

Nor did the encouraged Belgians long delay,
 But bold in others, not themselves, they stood:
 So thick, our navy scarce could sheer (*a*) their way,
 But seemed to wander in a moving wood.

Our little fleet was now engaged so far
 That like the sword-fish in the whale they fought;
 The combat only seemed a civil war,
 Till through their bowels we our passage wrought.

Never had valour, no, not ours before
 Done aught like this upon the land or main;
 Where not to be o'ercome was to do more
 Than all the conquests former Kings did gain.

The mighty ghosts of our great Harrys rose,
 And armed Edwards looked with anxious eyes,
 To see this fleet among unequal foes,
 By which Fate promised them their Charles should rise.

Meantime the Belgians tack upon our rear,
 And raking chase-guns through our sterns they send;
 Close by, their fire-ships like jackals appear
 Who on their lions for the prey attend.

Silent in smoke of cannon they come on:
 Such vapours once did fiery Cacus hide: (*b*)

(*a*) Old spelling for *shear* meaning *cut*. (*b*) Dryden refers to a passage in Virgil (*Aen.* VIII 251) describing Cacus, the son of Vulcan, pursued and attacked by Hercules, whose cattle he had stolen, and vomiting forth smoke to conceal himself.

In these the height of pleased revenge is shown
Who burn contented by another's side.

Sometimes from fighting squadrons of each fleet,
Deceived themselves or to preserve some friend,
Two grappling Ætnas on the ocean meet
And English fires with Belgian flames contend.

Now at each tack our little fleet grows less;
And, like maimed fowl, swim lagging on the main;
Their greater loss their numbers scarce confess,
While they lose cheaper than the English gain.

Have you not seen when, whistled from the fist,
Some falcon stoops at what her eye designed,
And, with her eagerness the quarry missed,
Straight flies at check (*a*) and clips (*b*) it down the wind;

The dastard crow, that to the wood made wing
And sees the groves no shelter can afford,
With her loud caws her craven kind does bring,
Who, safe in numbers, cuff the noble bird.

Among the Dutch thus Albemarle did fare:
He could not conquer and disdained to fly:
Past hope of safety, 'twas his latest care,
Like falling Caesar, decently to die. (*c*)

Yet pity did his manly spirit move,
To see those perish who so well had fought;
And generously with his despair he strove,
Resolved to live till he their safety wrought.

Let other muses write his prosperous fate,
Of conquered nations tell and kings restored;
But mine shall sing of his eclipsed estate,
Which, like the sun's, more wonders does afford.

He drew his mighty frigates all before,
On which the foe his fruitless force employs;
His weak ones deep into his rear he bore
Remote from guns, as sick men from the noise.

His fiery cannon did their passage guide,
And following smoke obscured them from the foe;
Thus Israel, safe from the Egyptian's pride,
By flaming pillars and by clouds did go. (*d*)

Elsewhere the Belgian force we did defeat,
But here our courages did theirs subdue;

(*a*) To fly wildly at any bird, whether game or not. (*b*) Cuts it; flies fast. (*c*) Caesar arranged the width of his toga and then died. (*d*) About the way how the Israelites were guided in the desert we read (Exodus XIV. 21) and the Lord went before them by day in a pillar of a cloud, to lead them the way; and by night in a pillar of fire, to give them light.

So Xenophon once led that famed retreat (*a*)
Which first the Asian empire overthrew.

The foe approached; and one for his bold sin
Was sunk, as he that touched the Ark was slain: (*b*)
The wild waves mastered him and sucked him in,
And smiling eddies dimpled on the main.

This seen, the rest at awful distance stood:
As if they had been there as servants set
To stay or to go on, as he thought good,
And not pursue, but wait on his retreat.

So Libyan huntsmen on some sandy plain,
From shady coverts roused, the lion chase:
The kingly beast roars out with loud disdain,
And slowly moves, unknowing (*c*) to give place.

But if some one approach to dare his force,
He swings his tail and swiftly turns him round,
With one paw seizes on his trembling horse,
And with the other tears him to the ground.

Amidst these toils succeeds the balmy night;
Now hissing waters the quenched guns restore:
And weary waves, withdrawing from the fight,
Lie lulled and panting on the silent shore.

The moon shone clear on the becalmed flood,
Where, while her beams like glittering silver play,
Upon the deck our careful General stood,
And deeply mused on the succeeding day¹.

'That happy sun,' said he, 'will rise again,
Who twice victorious did our navy see,
And I alone must view him rise in vain,
Without one ray of all his star for me.

'Yet like an English general will I die,
And all the ocean make my spacious grave:
Women and cowards on the land may lie;
The sea's a tomb that's proper for the brave.'

Restless he passed the remnants of the night, (*d*)
Till the fresh air proclaimed the morning nigh;

(*a*) The famous retreat of the ten thousand Greeks after the battle in the plains of Cunaxa, and the fall of young Cyrus. (*b*) This refers to I Chron. XIII. 7-10 where we read about the ark of God that it was carried to the house of Abinadab; there Uzza put forth his hand to hold the Ark: for the oxen stumbled. And the anger of the Lord was kindled against Uzza, and he smote him, because he put his hand to the ark; and there he died before God. (*c*) The verb *to unknow* is a latinism and rarely used in English; it means „to be ignorant of.” (*d*) *Remnants* as well as *remainders* often occurs in Dryden's works.

¹The 3rd of June, famous for two former victories in 1653 and 1665.

And burning ships, the martyrs of the fight,
With paler fires beheld the eastern sky.

But now, his stores of ammunition spent,
His naked valour is his only guard;
Rare thunders are from his dumb cannon sent
And solitary guns are scarcely heard.

Thus far had Fortune power, here forced to stay;
Nor longer durst with virtue be at strife;
This as a ransom Albemarle did pay
For all the glories of so great a life.

For now brave Rupert from afar appears,
Whose waving streamers the glad General knows;
With full-spread sails his eager navy steers,
And every ship in swift proportion grows.

The anxious Prince had heard the cannon long
And from that length of time dire omens drew
Of English overmatched, and Dutch too strong
Who never fought three days but to pursue.

Then, as an eagle, who with pious care
Was beating widely on the wing for prey,
To her now silent eyry does repair,
And finds her callow infants forced away;

Stung with her love, she stoops upon the plain,
The broken air loud whistling as she flies;
She stops and listens and shoots forth again
And guides her pinions by her young ones' cries.

With such kind passion hastes the Prince to fight
And spreads his flying canvas to the sound;
Him whom no danger, were he there, could fright,
Now absent, every little noise can wound.

As in a drought the thirsty creatures cry
And gape upon the gathered clouds for rain,
And first the martlet (*a*) meets it in the sky,
And with wet wings joys all the feathered train;

With such glad hearts did our despairing men
Salute the appearance of the Prince's fleet,
And each ambitously would claim the ken
That with first eyes did distant safety meet.

The Dutch, who came like greedy hinds before
To reap the harvest their ripe ears did yield,
Now look like those, when rolling thunders roar
And sheets of lightning blast the standing field.

(*a*) A swift or (giant) swallow.

Full in the Prince's passage, hills of sand
 And dangerous flats in secret ambush lay,
 Where the false tides skim o'er the covered land
 And seamen with dissembled depths betray.

The wily Dutch, who, like fallen angels, feared
 This new Messiah's coming, there did wait,
 And round the verge their braving vessels steered
 To tempt his courage with so fair a bait.

But he unmoved contemns their idle threat,
 Secure of fame whene'er he please to fight;
 His cold experience tempers all his heat,
 And inbred worth does boasting valour slight.

Heroic virtue did his actions guide,
 And he the substance, not the appearance, chose;
 To rescue one such friend he took more pride
 Than to destroy whole thousands of such foes.

But when approached, in strict embraces bound
 Rupert and Albemarle together grow;
 He joys to have his friend in safety found,
 Which he to none but to that friend would owe.

The cheerful soldiers, with new stores supplied,
 Now long to execute their spleenful will;
 And in revenge for those three days they tried
 Wish one like Joshua's, when the sun stood still. (a)

Thus reinforced, against the adverse fleet,
 Still doubling ours, brave Rupert leads the way;
 With the first blushes of the morn they meet
 And bring night back upon the new-born day.

His presence soon blows up the kindling fight,
 And his loud guns speak thick (b) like angry men;
 It seemed as slaughter had been breathed all night
 And Death new pointed his dull dart again.

The Dutch too well his mighty conduct know
 And matchless courage, since the former fight;
 Whose navy like a stiff stretched cord did show,
 Till he bore in and bent them into flight.

The wind he shares, while half their fleet offends
 His open side and high above him shows;

(a) About Joshua we read (Joshua X. 13). And the sun stood still, and the moon stayed, until the people had avenged themselves upon their enemies. (b) Speak quick. The word occurs in the same meaning in Shakespeare 2 Henry IV. Act, II Sc. 3.

Upon the rest at pleasure he descends
And doubly harmed he double harms bestows.

Behind, the General mends his weary pace
And sullenly to his revenge he sails;
So glides some trodden serpent on the grass
And long behind his wounded volume trails. (*a*)

The increasing sound is borne to either shore
And for their stakes the throwing nations fear,
Their passion double (*b*) with the cannons' roar,
And with warm wishes each man combats there.

Plied thick and close as when the fight begun,
Their huge unwieldy navy wastes away:
So sicken waning moons too near the sun
And blunt their crescents on the edge of day.

And now, reduced on equal terms to fight,
Their ships like wasted patrimonies show,
Where the thin scattering trees admit the light
And shun each other's shadows as they grow.

The warlike Prince had severed from the rest
Two giant ships, the pride of all the main:
Which with his one so vigorously he pressed
And flew so home they could not rise again.

Already battered by his lee they lay;
In vain upon the passing winds they call;
The passing winds through their torn canvas play
And flagging sails on heartless sailors fall.

Their opened sides receive a gloomy light,
Dreadful as day let in (*c*) to shades below;
Without, grim Death rides barefaced in their sight
And urges entering billows as they flow.

When one dire shot, the last they could supply,
Close by the board the Prince's main-mast bore:
All three now helpless by each other lie,
And this offends not and those fear no more.

So have I seen some fearful hare maintain
A course, till tired before the dog she lay,
Who, stretched behind her, pants upon the plain,
Past power to kill as she to get away:

(*a*) There are several passages in the ancients where the motion of a ship is compared to that of a wounded snake. (*b*) Read: double passion. (*c*) *In* is quite right and cannot be changed to *into*, the whole sentence being Virgil's comparison of the bursting open of the cave of Coccy by Hercules with the opening to view of the shades below.

With his lolled tongue he faintly licks his prey;
 His warm breath blows her flax (a) up as she lies;
 She, trembling, creeps upon the ground away
 And looks back to him with beseeching eyes.

The Prince unjustly does his stars accuse,
 Which hindered him to push his fortune on;
 For what they to his courage did refuse
 By mortal valour never must be done.

This lucky hour the wise Batavian takes
 And warns his tattered fleet to follow home;
 Proud to have so got off with equal stakes,
 Where 't was a triumph not to be o'ercome.

The General's force, as kept alive by fight,
 Now, not opposed, no longer can pursue;
 Lasting till Heaven had done its courage right,
 When he had conquered he his weakness knew.

He casts a frown on the departing foe
 And sighs to see him quit the watery field;
 His stern fixed eyes no satisfaction show
 For all the glories which the fight did yield.

Though, as when fiends did miracles avow, (b)
 He stands confessed even by the boastful Dutch;
 He only does his conquest disavow
 And thinks too little what they found too much.

Returned, he with the fleet resolved to stay;
 No tender thoughts of home his heart divide;
 Domestic joys and cares he puts away,
 For realms are households which the great must guide.

As those who unripe veins in mines explore
 On the rich bed again the warm turf lay,
 Till time digests the yet imperfect ore,
 And know it will be gold another day; (c)

So looks our Monarch on this early fight,
 The essay and rudiments of great success,
 Which all-maturing time must bring to light,
 While he, like Heaven, does each day's labour bless.

Heaven ended not the first or second day,
 Yet each was perfect to the work designed:
 God and kings work, when they their work survey,
 And passive aptness in all subjects find.

(a) The fur or soft hair of a hare or other animal. (b) (Mark III. 11, 12). And unclean spirits, when they saw him, fell down before him, and cried, saying, Thou art the son of God. And he straightly charged them that they should not make him known. (c) Compare stanza 3 and the note on the belief then in vogue of the origin of precious metals.

In burdened vessels first with speedy care
 His plenteous stores do seasoned timber send;
 Thither the brawny carpenters repair
 And as the surgeons of maimed ships attend.

With cord and canvas from rich Hamburg sent
 His navy's moulted wings he imp^(a) once more;
 Tall Norway fir their masts in battle spent,
 And English oak sprung leaks and planks restore.

All hands employed, the royal work grows warm;
 Like labouring bees on a long summer's day,
 Some sound the trumpet for the rest to swarm
 And some on bells of tasted lilies play;

With glewy wax some new foundation lay
 Of virgin-combs, which from the roof are hung;
 Some armed within doors upon duty stay
 Or tend the sick or educate the young:

So here some pick out bullets from the side, ^(b)
 Some drive old oakum through each seam and rift:
 Their left hand does the caulking-iron guide,
 The rattling mallet with the right they lift.

With boiling pitch another near at hand,
 From friendly Sweden brought, the seams instops,
 Which well paid o'er the salt sea waves withstand
 And shake ^(c) them from the rising beak in drops.

Some the galled ropes with dauby marling ^(d) bind
 Or sear-cloth ^(e) masts with strong tarpauling coats:
 To try new shrouds one mounts into the wind
 And one below their ease or stiffness notes.

Our careful Monarch stands in person by
 His new cast cannons' firmness to explore,
 The strength of big-corned powder loves to try
 And ball and cartridge sorts for every bore.

Each day brings fresh supplies of arms and men
 And ships which all last winter were abroad,
 And such as fitted since the fight had been
 Or new from stocks were fallen into road.

(a) To imp a wing is properly, and technically in falconry, to repair it by grafting new pieces on broken feathers. (b) *Side* for rhyming's sake is here for *sides*. (c) Read: the waves shake. (d) A small line smeared with tar, used for winding round ropes and cables to prevent their being fretted by the blocks. (e) *sear-cloth* is a verb and stands for *cere-cloth*, meaning cover with *sear-cloth* or *cere-cloth*.

The goodly London (*a*) in her gallant trim,
 The phoenix-daughter of the vanished old,
 Like a rich bride does to the ocean swim
 And on her shadow rides in floating gold.

Her flag aloft, spread ruffling to the wind,
 And sanguine streamers seem the flood to fire;
 The weaver, charmed with what his loom designed,
 Goes on to sea and knows not to retire.

With roomy decks, her guns of mighty strength,
 Whose low-laid mouths each mounting billow laves,
 Deep in her draught and warlike in her length,
 She seems a sea wasp flying on the waves.

This martial present, piously designed,
 The loyal City give their best-loved King:
 And, with a bounty ample as the wind,
 Built, fitted, and maintained, to him did bring.

By viewing nature Nature's handmaid, Art,
 Makes mighty things from small beginnings grow:
 Thus fishes first to shipping did impart
 Their tail the rudder and their head the prow.

Some log perhaps upon the waters swam,
 An useless drift, which, rudely cut within
 And hollowed, first a floating trough became
 And cross some rivulet passage did begin.

In shipping such as this the Irish kern (*b*)
 And untaught Indian on the stream did glide,
 Ere sharp-keeled boats to stem the flood did learn,
 Or fin-like oars did spread from either side.

Add but a sail, and Saturn (*c*) so appeared,
 When from lost empire he to exile went,
 And with the golden age to Tiber steered,
 Where coin and first commerce (*d*) he did invent.

Rude as their ships was navigation then,
 No useful compass or meridian known;

(*a*) The old ship the „London“ one of the many of the commonwealth, had been destroyed by fire, and the city of London now presented the king with a new ship, called „The royal London.“ This second „London“ was burnt before the end of the war, when the Dutch surprised Chatham in 1667. (*b*) Irish peasant or soldier. (*c*) Saturn, driven from his throne by his son Jupiter, is said to have fled to Italy, and to have been welcomed there by Janus, king of Latium, and becoming a partner in Janus's throne, it was further fabled that he civilized the Italians, who under his reign enjoyed a golden age. (*d*) *Commerce* has the accent on the last syllable.

Coasting, they kept the land within their ken,^(a)
And knew no North but when the pole-star shone.

Of all who since have used the open sea
Than the bold English none more fame have won;
Beyond the year and out of Heaven's high way
They make discoveries where they see no sun.

But what so long in vain, and yet unknown,
By poor mankind's benighted wit is sought,
Shall in this age to Britain first be shown
And hence be to admiring nations taught.

The ebbs of tides and their mysterious flow
We, as art's elements, shall understand,
And as by line upon the ocean go
Whose paths shall be familiar as the land.

Instructed ships shall sail to quick commerce,¹
By which remotest regions are allied;
Which makes one city of the universe,
Where some may gain and all may be supplied.

Then we upon our globe's last verge shall go
And view the ocean leaning on the sky:
From thence our rolling neighbours we shall know
And on the lunar world securely pry.

This I foretell, from your auspicious care ^(b)
Who great in search of God and Nature grow;
Who best your wise Creator's praise declare,
Since best to praise His works is best to know.

O, truly Royal! who behold the law
And rule of beings in your Maker's mind,
And thence, like limbees, rich ideas draw
To fit the levelled use of human kind.

But first the toils of war we must endure
And from the injurious Dutch redeem the seas;
War makes the valiant of his right secure
And gives up fraud to be chastised with ease.

Already were the Belgians on our coast,
Whose fleet more mighty every day became
By late success, which they did falsely boast,
And now by first appearing seemed to claim.^(c)

(a) Knowledge. (b) D. was an early member of the Royal Society. (c) After the engagement the Dutch fleet was ready and again off the English coast, a fortnight before the English had completed their repairs and preparations.

¹By a more exact knowledge of longitude.

Designing, subtle, diligent, and close,
 They knew to manage war with wise delay:
 Yet all those arts their vanity did cross
 And by their pride their prudence did betray.

Nor stayed the English long; but, well supplied,
 Appear as numerous as the insulting foe;
 The combat now by courage must be tried
 And the success the braver nation show.

There was the Plymouth squadron new come in,
 Which in the Straits last winter was abroad,
 Which twice on Biscay's working bay had been
 And on the midland sea the French had awed.

Old expert Allen (*a*), loyal all along,
 Famed for his action on the Smyrna fleet;
 And Holmes, whose name shall live in epic song,
 While music numbers, or while verse has feet;

Holmes, the Achates (*b*) of the Generals' (*c*) fight,
 Who first bewitched our eyes with Guinea gold,
 As once old Cato (*d*) in the Roman's sight,
 The tempting fruits of Afric did unfold.

With him went Spragge, (*e*) as bountiful as brave,
 Whom his high courage to command had brought:
 Harman, (*f*) who did the twice-fired Harry save
 And in his burning ship undaunted fought.

Young Hollis, (*g*) on a Muse by Mars begot,
 Born, Caesar-like, to write and act great deeds,
 Impatient to revenge his fatal shot,
 His right hand doubly to his left succeeds.

Thousands were there in darker fame that dwell,
 Whose deeds some nobler poem shall adorn;
 And though to me unknown, they sure fought well
 Whom Rupert led and who were British born.

(*a*) Vice-admiral of the white in the fleet. At the beginning of the war he had attacked a large Dutch merchant squadron under convoy (seven ships against forty) and had routed them and made rich prizes. (*b*) Sir Robert Holmes had a fight with the Dutch off the coast of Africa, before the war began. This may be why he is called Achates. (*c*) Instead of general's, as there were two admirals. Holmes was rear-admiral of the white. (*d*) Exhibiting Carthagian figs, saying that they had been gathered only three days before in Carthage, so near was the enemy to Rome. (*e*) Knighted for his bravery in the action off Lowestoft, vice-admiral of the blue. (*f*) Captain of the *Henry*, refused an offer of quarter; three fire-ships being successively sent against his ship, he was disengaged from two; the third was disabled by the *Henry's* guns. (*g*) Captain, afterwards Sir Frescheville Hollis, son of Gervase Hollis, an antiquary; and this literary character of the father may explain the singular description of Hollis's parentage.

Of every size an hundred fighting sail;
 So vast the navy now at anchor rides
 That underneath it the pressed waters fail
 And with its weight it shoulders off the tides.

Now, anchors weighed, the seamen shout so shrill
 That heaven and earth and the wide ocean rings:
 A breeze from westward waits their sails to fill
 And rests in those high beds his downy wings.

The wary Dutch this gathering storm foresaw
 And durst not bide it on the English coast;
 Behind their treacherous shallows they withdraw
 And there lay snares to catch the British host.

So the false spider, when her nets are spread,
 Deep ambushed in her silent den does lie,
 And feels far off the trembling of her thread,
 Whose filmy cord should bind the struggling fly;

Then, if at last she find him fast beset,
 She issues forth and runs along her loom:
 She joys to touch the captive in her net
 And drags the little wretch in triumph home.

The Belgians hoped that with disordered haste
 Our deep-cut keels upon the sands might run,
 Or, if with caution leisurely were past,
 Their numerous gross might charge us one by one.

But, with a fore-wind pushing them above
 And swelling tide that heaved them from below,
 O'er the blind flats our warlike squadrons move
 And with spread sails to welcome battle go.

It seemed as there the British Neptune stood,
 With all his host of waters at command,
 Beneath them to submit the officious flood,
 And with his trident shoved them off the sand. (a)

To the pale foes they suddenly draw near
 And summon them to unexpected fight:
 They start, like murderers when ghosts appear
 And draw their curtains in the dead of night.

Now van to van the foremost squadrons meet,
 The midmost battles hasting up behind,
 Who view far off the storm of falling sleet
 And hear their thunder rattling in the wind.

(a) Neptune's attribute is a trident.

At length the adverse Admirals appear,
 The two bold champions of each country's right;
 Their eyes describe the lists as they come near
 And draw the lines of death before they fight.

The distance judged for shot of every size,
 The linstocks (a) touch, the ponderous ball expires:
 The vigorous seamen every porthole plies
 And adds his heart to every gun he fires.

Fierce was the fight on the proud Belgians' side
 For honour, which they seldom sought before;
 But now they by their own vain boasts were tied
 And forced at least in show to prize it more.

But sharp remembrance on the English part
 And shame of being matched by such a foe
 Rouse conscious virtue up in every heart,
 And seeming to be stronger makes them so.

Nor long the Belgians could that fleet sustain
 Which did two Generals' fates and Cæsar's bear;
 Each several ship a victory did gain,
 As Rupert or as Albemarle were there.

Their battered Admiral too soon withdrew,
 Unthanked by ours for his unfinished fight;
 But he the minds of his Dutch masters knew
 Who called that providence which we called flight.

Never did men more joyfully obey
 Or sooner understood the sign to fly;
 With such alacrity they bore away
 As if to praise them all the States stood by.

O famous leader of the Belgian fleet!
 Thy monument inscribed such praise shall wear
 As Varro, timely flying, once did meet,
 Because he did not of his Rome despair. (b)

Behold that navy, which a while before
 Provoked the tardy English close to fight,
 Now draw their beaten vessels close to shore,
 As larks lie dared (c) to shun the hobby's flight.

(a) A pointed stick with a fork at the end to hold a lighted match, used by gunners in firing cannon. (b) De Ruyter is here compared to Terentius Varro, who commanded the Romans in the battle of Cannæ, and was after defeat thanked by the Senate, because he had engaged the enemy and had not despaired for the State. (c) *Dared* means "thoroughly frightened" or "scared," and is specially applied to larks frightened by a hawk or by any object. A *hobby* is a species of hawk. Andrew Marvel compares the English yacht firing into a Dutch fleet, when the English flag was not saluted, to a lark daring a hobby: "which must sure," he says, "have appeared as ridiculous and unnatural as for a lark to dare the hobby."

Whoe'er would English monuments survey
 In other records may our courage know;
 But let them hide the story of this day,
 Whose fame was blemished by too base a foe.

Or if too busily they will inquire
 Into a victory which we disdain,
 Then let them know, the Belgians did retire
 Before the patron saint¹ of injured Spain.

Repenting England, this revengeful day,
 To Philip's manes² did an offering bring,
 England, which first by leading them astray
 Hatched up rebellion to destroy her King.

Our fathers bent their baneful industry
 To check a monarchy that slowly grew,
 But did not France or Holland's fate foresee,
 Whose rising power to swift dominion flew.

In Fortune's empire blindly thus we go
 And wander after pathless destiny;
 Whose dark resorts since prudence cannot know,
 In vain 't would provide for what shall be.

But whate'er English to the blessed shall go,
 And the fourth Harry or first Orange meet,
 Find him disowning of a Bourbon foe
 And him detesting a Batavian fleet. (a)

Now on their coasts our conquering navy rides,
 Waylays their merchants and their land besets;
 Each day new wealth without their care provides;
 They lie asleep with prizes in their nets.

So close behind some promontory lie
 The huge leviathans to attend their prey,
 And give no chase, but swallow in the fry,
 Which through their gaping jaws mistake the way.

Nor was this all; in ports and roads remote
 Destructive fires among whole fleets we send;
 Triumphant flames upon the water float
 And out-bound ships at home their voyage end. (b)

(a) The poet imagines that the soul of Henry IV is "disowning" hostility to Henry III, against whom he had fought to vindicate his right of succession to the throne, and the soul of William I Prince of Orange "detesting" the Dutch navy, the strength of the nation, and the means by which the Dutch independence had been achieved. (b) Immediately after the battle of the 25th of July Sir Robert Holmes sailed for the Dutch coast and attacked Vlieland and Terschelling, where he destroyed a very large merchant fleet.

¹*Patron saint*; St. James, on whose day (July 25) this victory was gained.
²*Philip's manes*; Philip II of Spain, against whom the Hollanders rebelling were aided by Queen Elizabeth. D.

Those various squadrons, variously designed,
 Each vessel freighted with a several load,
 Each squadron waiting for a several wind,
 All find but one, to burn them in the road.

Some bound for Guinea golden sand to find
 Bore all the gauds the simple natives wear;
 Some for the pride of Turkish courts designed
 For folded turbans finest holland bear;

Some English wool, vexed in a Belgian loom
 And into cloth of spungy softness made,
 Did into France or colder Denmark doom, ^(a)
 To ruin with worse ware our staple trade.

Our greedy seamen rummage every hold,
 Smile on the booty of each wealthier chest,
 And, as the priests who with their gods make bold,
 Take what they like and sacrifice the rest.

But, ah! how unsincere ^(b) are all our joys,
 Which sent from Heaven, like lightning, make no stay!
 Their palling taste the journey's length destroys,
 Or grief sent post o'ertakes them on the way.

Swelled with our late successes on the foe,
 Which France and Holland wanted power to cross,
 We urge an unseen fate to lay us low
 And feed their envious eyes with English loss.

Each element His dread command obeys
 Who makes or ruins with a smile or frown;
 Who as by one He did our nation raise,
 So now He with another pulls us down.

Yet, London, empress of the northern clime,
 By an high fate thou greatly didst expire;
 Great as the world's, which at the death of time
 Must fall and rise a nobler frame by fire.

As when some dire usurper Heaven provides
 To scourge his country with a lawless sway;
 His birth perhaps some petty village hides
 And sets his cradle out of Fortune's way;

Till, fully ripe, his swelling fate breaks out
 And hurries him to mighty mischiefs on;
 His Prince, surprised, at first no ill could doubt,
 And wants the power to meet it when 'tis known.

^(a) *Doom* here means *send*. ^(b) *Sincere* (lat. *sincerus*) is often used by D. for *pure*, *unmixed*. ^(b) The fire broke out in the night of Sept. 2, 1666, and raged for six days.

Such was the rise of this prodigious fire, (a)
Which, in mean buildings first obscurely bred,
From thence did soon to open streets aspire
And straight to palaces and temples spread.

The diligence of trades, and noiseful gain,
And luxury, more late, asleep were laid;
All was the Night's, and in her silent reign
No sound the rest of Nature did invade.

In this deep quiet, from what source unknown,
Those seeds of fire their fatal birth disclose;
And first few scattering sparks about were blown,
Big with the flames that to our ruin rose.

Then in some close-pent room it crept along
And, smouldering as it went, in silence fed;
Till the infant monster, with devouring strong,
Walked boldly upright with exalted head.

Now, like some rich or mighty murderer,
Too great for prison which he breaks with gold,
Who fresher for new mischiefs docs appear
And dares the world to tax him with the old.

So scapes the insulting fire his narrow jail
And makes small outlets into open air;
There the fierce winds his tender force assail
And beat him downward to his first repair.

The winds, like crafty courtesans, withheld
His flames from burning but to blow them more:
And, every fresh attempt, he is repelled
With faint denials, weaker than before.

And now, no longer letted of his prey,
He leaps up at it with enraged desire,
O'erlooks the neighbours with a wide survey,
And nods at every house his threatening fire.

The ghosts of traitors from the Bridge (b) descend,
With bold fanatic spectres to rejoice;
About the fire into a dance they bend
And sing their sabbath notes with feeble voice.

Our guardian angel saw them where they sate,
Above the palace of our slumbering King;

(a) London Bridge; where, by old custom, the heads of those executed for treason were exhibited; so f. i. the heads of Hugh Peters and others executed after the Restoration. (b) *Key* is the old spelling for *quay* and so pronounced.

He sighed, abandoning his charge to Fate,
And drooping oft looked back upon the wing.

At length the crackling noise and dreadful blaze
Called up some waking lover to the sight;
And long it was ere he the rest could raise,
Whose heavy eyelids yet were full of night.

The next to danger, hot pursued by fate,
Half-clothed, half-naked, hastily retire;
And frightened mothers strike their breasts too late
For helpless infants left amidst the fire.

Their cries soon waken all the dwellers near;
Now murmuring noises rise in every street;
The more remote run stumbling with their fear,
And in the dark men jostle as they meet.

So weary bees in little cells repose;
But if night-robbers lift the well-stored hive,
An humming through their waxen city grows,
And out upon each other's wings they drive.

Now streets grow thronged and busy as by day;
Some run for buckets to the hallowed quire;
Some cut the pipes, and some the engines play,
And some more bold mount ladders to the fire.

In vain; for from the east a Belgian wind
His hostile breath through the dry rafters sent;
The flames impelled soon left their foes behind
And forward with a wanton fury went.

A key of fire ran all along the shore
And lighted all the river with a blaze;
The wakened tides began again to roar,
And wondering fish in shining waters gazo.

Old Father Thames raised up his reverend head,
But feared the fate of Simois (*a*) would return;
Deep in his ooze he sought his sedgy bed
And shrank his waters back into his urn.

The fire meantime walks in a broader gross;
To either hand his wings he opens wide;
He wades the streets, and straight he reaches 'cross
And plays his longing flames on the other side.

At first they warm, then scorch, and then they take;
Now with long necks from side to side they feed; •

(*a*) The river Simois flowed into the Scamander or Xanthus, and (Iliad XXI. 307) was burnt up by Vulcan, defending Achilles. Scamander called Simois to his aid.

At length, grown strong, their mother-fire forsake,
And a new colony of flames succeed.

To every nobler portion of the town
The curling billows roll their restless tide;
In parties now they straggle up and down,
As armies unopposed for prey divide.

One mighty squadron, with a sidewind sped,
Through narrow lanes his cumbered fire does haste,
By powerful charms of gold and silver led
The Lombard bankers and the Change to waste.

Another backward to the Tower would go
And slowly eats his way against the wind;
But the main body of the marching foe
Against the imperial palace is designed.

Now day appears; and with the day the King,
Whose early care had robbed him of his rest;
Far off the cracks of falling houses (a) ring
And shrieks of subjects pierce his tender breast.

Near as he draws, thick harbingers of smoke
With gloomy pillars cover all the place;
Whose little intervals of night are broke
By sparks that drive against his sacred face.

More than his guards his sorrows made him known
And pious tears which down his cheeks did shower;
The wretched in his grief forgot their own;
So much the pity of a king has power.

He wept the flames of what he loved so well
And what so well had merited his love;
For never prince in grace did more excel
Or royal city more in duty strove.

Nor with an idle care did he behold:
Subjects may grieve, but monarchs must redress;
He cheers the fearful and commends the bold
And makes despairers hope for good success. (b)

Himself directs what first is to be done
And orders all the succours which they bring;
The helpful and the good about him run
And form an army worthy such a King.

(a) Crack (Dutch *kraken*, *gekraak*) is the same as *crash*. (b) In Evelyn's Diary, Sept. 6, 1666, we read: "It is not indeed imaginable, how extraordinary the vigilance and activity of the King and the Duke was, even labouring in person, and being present to command, order, reward, or encourage workmen, by which he showed his affection to his people and gained them."

He sees the dire contagion spread so fast
 That, where it seizes, all relief is vain,
 And therefore must unwillingly lay waste
 That country which would else the foe maintain.

The powder blows up all before the fire;
 The amazed flames stand gathered on a heap,
 And from the precipice's brink retire,
 Afraid to venture on so large a leap.

Thus fighting fires a while themselves consume,
 But straight, like Turks forced on to win or die,
 They first lay tender bridges of their fume
 And o'er the breach in unctuous vapours fly.

Part stays for passage, till a gust of wind
 Ships o'er their forces in a shining sheet;
 Part, creeping under ground, their journey blind
 And, climbing from below, their fellows meet.

Thus to some desert plain or old wood-side
 Dire night-hags come from far to dance their round.
 And o'er broad rivers on their fiends they ride
 Or sweep in clouds above the blasted ground.

No help avails: for, hydra-like, the fire
 Lifts up his hundred heads to aim his way;
 And scarce the wealthy can one half retire
 Before he rushes in to share the prey.

The rich grow suppliant and the poor grow proud:
 Those offer mighty gain and these ask more;
 So void of pity is the ignoble crowd,
 When others' ruin may increase their store.

As those who live by shores with joy behold
 Some wealthy vessel split or stranded nigh,
 And from the rocks leap down for shipwrecked gold
 And seek the tempest which the others fly:

So these but wait the owners' last despair
 And what's permitted to the flames invade;
 Even from their jaws they hungry morsels tear
 And on their backs the spoils of Vulcan lade.

The days were all in this lost labour spent;
 And when the weary King gave place to night,
 His beams he to his royal brother lent,
 And so shone still in his reflective light.

Night came, but without darkness or repose,
 A dismal picture of the general doom;

Where souls distracted, when the trumpet blows,
And half unready with their bodies come.

Those who have homes, when home they do repair,
To a last lodging call their wandering friends;
Their short uneasy sleeps are broke with care,
To look how near their own destruction tends:

Those who have none sit round where once it was
And with full eyes each wonted room require, (a)
Haunting the yet warm ashes of the place,
As murdered men walk where they did expire.

Some stir up coals and watch the vestal fire,
Others in vain from sight of ruin run
And, while through burning labyrinths they retire,
With loathing eyes repeat (b) what they would shun.

The most in fields like herded beasts lie down,
To dews obnoxious on the grassy floor;
And while their babes in sleep their sorrows drown,
Sad parents watch the remnants of their store.

While by the motion of the flames they guess
What streets are burning now, and what are near,
An infant, waking, to the paps would press
And meets instead of milk a falling tear.

No thought can ease them but their Sovereign's care,
Whose praise the afflicted as their comfort sing;
Even those whom want might drive to just despair
Think life a blessing under such a King.

Meantime he sadly suffers in their grief,
Outweeps (c) an hermit and outprays (c) a saint;
All the long night he studies their relief,
How they may be supplied and he may want.

'O God,' said he, 'Thou patron of my days,
Guide of my youth in exile and distress!
Who me unfriended (d) broughtst by wondrous ways,
The kingdom of my fathers to possess:

'Be Thou my judge, with what unwearied care (e)
I since have laboured for my people's good,
To bind the bruises of a civil war
And stop the issues of their wasting blood.

(a) *Require* is used in the strict sense of the Latin *requirere* = to seek again. (b) *Repeat* used exactly in the meaning of the Latin. *Repetere* "to reseek" (c) Surpasses an hermit in weeping, and in praying a saint. (d) Without friends or having lost my former friends. (e) *Care* and *rear* as well as *good* and *blood* are no rhyming words.

'Thou who hast taught me to forgive the ill
 And recompense as friends the good misled,
 If mercy be a precept of Thy will,
 Return that mercy on Thy servant's head.

'Or if my heedless youth has stepped astray,
 Too soon forgetful of Thy gracious hand,
 On me alone Thy just displeasure lay,
 But take Thy judgments from this mourning land.

'We all have sinned, and Thou hast laid us low
 As humble earth from whence at first we came;
 Like flying shades before the clouds we show,
 And shrink like parchment in consuming flame.

'O let it be enough what Thou hast done, (a)
 When spotted deaths ran armed through every street,
 With poisoned darts, which not the good could shun,
 The speedy could outfly or valiant meet.

'The living few and frequent funerals then
 Proclaimed Thy wrath on this forsaken place;
 And now those few, who are returned again,
 Thy searching judgments to their dwellings trace.

'O pass not, Lord, an absolute decree
 Or bind Thy sentence unconditional, (b)
 But in Thy sentence our remorse foresee
 And in that foresight this Thy doom recall.

'Thy threatenings, Lord, as Thine Thou mayest revoke:
 But if immutable and fixed they stand,
 Continue still Thyself to give the stroke,
 And let not foreign foes oppress Thy land.'

The Eternal heard, and from the heavenly quire
 Chose out the cherub with the flaming sword, (c)
 And bad (d) him swiftly drive the approaching fire
 From where our naval magazines were stored.

The blessed minister his wings displayed,
 And like a shooting star he cleft the night;
 He charged the flames, and those that disobeyed
 He lashed to duty with his sword of light.

The fugitive flames, chastised, went forth to 'prey
 On pious structures by our fathers reared;

(a) The Great Plague destroyed a 100,000 souls; it had begun in the summer of 1665, and was not quite extinct when the Great Fire desolated London in Sept. 1666. (b) Dutch: onherroepelijk; — *recall* and *unconditional* are no rhyming words. (c) And he placed at the east of the garden of Eden Cherubims, and a flaming sword which) turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life. (Genesis III 24). (d) For *bade*.

By which to Heaven they did affect (a) the way,
Ere faith in churchmen without works was heard.

The wanting orphans saw with watery eyes
Their founders' charity in dust laid low,
And sent to God their ever-answered cries;
For he protects the poor who made them so. (b)

Nor could thy fabric, Paul's, defend thee long,
Though thou wert sacred to thy Maker's praise,
Though made immortal by a poet's song, (c)
And poets' songs the Theban walls could raise.

The daring flames peeped in and saw from far
The awful beauties of the sacred quire;
But, since it was profaned by civil war,
Heaven thought it fit to have it purged by fire.

Now down the narrow streets it swiftly came
And, widely opening, did on both sides prey;
This benefit we sadly owe the flame,
If only ruin must enlarge our way.

And now four days the Sun had 'seen our woes,
Four nights the Moon beheld the incessant fire;
It seemed as if the stars more sickly rose
And farther from the feverish North retire.

In the empyrean Heaven, the blessed abode,
The thrones and the dominions prostrate lie,
Not daring to behold their angry God;
And a hushed silence damps the tuneful sky.

At length the Almighty cast a pitying eye,
And mercy softly touched His melting breast;
He saw the town's one half in rubbish lie
And eager flames give on to storm the rest.

An hollow crystal pyramid he takes,
In firmamental waters dipped above;
Of it a broad extinguisher he makes,
And hoods the flames that to their quarry strove.

The vanquished fires withdraw from every place
Or, full with feeding, sink into a sleep:
Each household Genius shows again his face
And from the hearths the little Lares creep.

Our King this more than natural change beholds,
With sober joy his heart and eyes abound;

(a) Seek, desire. (b) Read: He protects the poor who made them so (poor). (c) The poet's song here referred to is Waller's poem. „Upon his Majesty's repairing of St. Paul's.”

To the All-good his lifted hands he folds,
And thanks him low on his redeemed ground.

As, when sharp frosts had long constrained the earth,
A kindly thaw unlocks it with mild rain,
And first the tender blade peeps up to birth,
And straight the green fields laugh with promised grain

By such degrees the spreading gladness grew
In every heart which fear had froze before;
The standing streets with so much joy they view
That with less grief the perished they deplore.

The father of the people opened wide
His stores, and all the poor with plenty fed:
Thus God's anointed God's own place supplied
And filled the empty with his daily bread.

This royal bounty brought its own reward
And in their minds so deep did print the sense,
That, if their ruins sadly they regard,
'T is but with fear the sight might drive him thence.

But so may he live long that town to sway
Which by his auspice they will nobler make,
As he will hatch their ashes by his stay
And not their humble ruins now forsake.

They have not lost their loyalty by fire;
Nor is their courage or their wealth so low,
That from his wars they poorly would retire
Or beg the pity of a vanquished foe.

Not with more constancy the Jews of old,
By Cyrus from rewarded exile sent,
Their royal city did in dust behold
Or with more vigour to rebuild it went. (a)

The utmost malice of their stars is past,
And two dire comets which have scourged the town
In their own plague and fire have breathed their last,
Or dimly in their sinking sockets frown.

Now frequent trines (b) the happier lights among
And high-raised Jove from his dark prison freed,
Those weights took off that on his planet hung,
Will gloriously the now-laid work succeed. (c)

Methinks already from this chymic flame
I see a city of more precious mould,

(a) The Jewish tribes returning from Babylon after long Captivity, set to work to rebuild the temple of Jerusalem. (b) A *trine*, or conjunction of planets in the form of a triangle, was considered fortunate by astrologers. (c) Make to succeed.

Rich as the town which gives the Indies name,
With silver paved and all divine with gold¹.

Already, labouring with a mighty fate,
She shakes the rubbish from her mounting brow
And seems to have renewed her charter's date
Which Heaven will to the death of time allow.

More great than human now and more August,²
New deified she from her fires does rise:
Her widening streets on new foundations trust,
And, opening, into larger parts she flies.

Before, she like some shepherdess did show
Who sate to bathe her by a river's side,
Not answering to her fame, but rude and low,
Nor taught the beauteous arts of modern pride.

Now like a maiden queen she will behold
From her high turrets hourly suitors come;
The East with incense and the West with gold
Will stand like suppliants to receive her doom.

The silver Thames, her own domestic flood,
Shall bear her vessels like a sweeping train,
And often wind, as of his mistress proud,
With longing eyes to meet her face again.

The wealthy Tagus and the wealthier Rhine
The glory of their towns no more shall boast,
And Seine, that would with Belgian rivers join,^(a)
Shall find her lustre stained and traffic lost.

The venturous merchant who designed more far
And touches on our hospitable shore,
Charmed with the splendour of this northern star,
Shall here unlade him and depart no more.

Our powerful navy shall no longer meet
The wealth of France or Holland to invade;
The beauty of this town without a fleet
From all the world shall vindicate her trade.

And while this famed emporium we prepare,
The British ocean shall such triumphs boast,
That those who now disdain our trade to share
Shall rob like pirates on our wealthy coast.

Already we have conquered half the war,
And the less dangerous part is left behind;

(a) This is an allusion to the designs of Louis XIV on Spanish Flanders, which soon broke out in an invasion.

¹Mexico. ²Augusta, the old name of London.

Our trouble now is but to make them dare
And not so great to vanquish as to find. (a)

Thus to the Eastern wealth through storms we go,
But now, the Cape once doubled, fear no more
A constant trade-wind will securely blow
And gently lay us on the spicy shore.

THE ENGLISH ESSAY.

In its moral tone the early part of the eighteenth century was much better than that before it and communicated a better tone to its literature.

As for the style of English there was also a great change for the better. Dryden and his followers had cleared away almost entirely the quaintness and pedantry of the times preceding the Restoration; Addison and his friends went farther and wrote such English as was generally heard in the conversation of intelligent and instructed men and as an accomplished person of their day would naturally have spoken. Simpler and clearer still than Addison's mode of writing is Johnson's and it was these two together with Defoe, Swift and Steele whose works had the greatest influence on the formation of English prose, the more so as their writings were intended to be read even in the poorest dwellings, at least among the most illiterate part of the population.

Dryden had already both in prose and poetry tried to give information to the general reader, and so did Swift, who exhibited the highest qualities of a popular author and succeeded in the greater number of his political essays and satires to fix the attention even of the least educated and to make himself understood by the multitude who were eager to read or listen when read to.

The first part of the eighteenth century was by pre-eminence the age of the English Essay, and the greater part of the writers living in this period are identified with the creation of a new and peculiar form of English literature, which was destined to exert a powerful and most beneficial influence on the manners and intellectual development of society. The mode of publication was periodical, and a kind of journals made their appearance, many of them enjoying an immense popularity, combining a small modicum of public news with a species of short essay or lively dissertation, or some subject connected with morality or criticism, and inculcating principles of virtue in great, and good taste and politeness in small things. The *Essay* was first made popular by Montaigne, and the taste for this easy and desultory form of composition became general throughout

(a) The boastful prophecy was soon falsified by the events of 1667, when the Dutch fleet under Ruyter entered the Thames, ascended to Chatham, and burnt some English ships.

Europe. It was in England that it was first combined with the principle of journalism, and it is in England, where even to the present day the mastership in this sort of literary composition is maintained. For nearly two centuries some of the most famous authors have earned no small part of their fame by performances of this kind.

The first establishment of this species of publication is due to Sir Richard Steele, an ardent partisan pamphleteer, rewarded by Government with the place of Gazetteer, which gave him a sort of monopoly of official news at a time when newspapers were still in their infancy. He determined to profit by the facilities this post afforded him, and to found a new species of periodical which should combine ordinary intelligence with a series of light and agreeable essays upon topics of universal interest, likely to improve the taste, the manners, and morals of society. It should be remarked that this was a period when literary taste was at its lowest ebb among the middle and fashionable classes of England. The amusements, when not merely frivolous, were either immoral or brutal. Gambling, even among women, was frightfully prevalent; and the sports of the men were marked with a general stamp of cruelty, and of a dreadful indulgence in drunkenness. In such a state of things, intellectual pleasures and acquirements were regarded either with wonder or contempt. The fops and fine ladies actually prided themselves on their ignorance of spelling, and any allusion to books was scouted as pedantry. Such was the disease which *Steele* desired to cure, and he determined, so treat it, not with formal doses of moral declamation, but with homœopathic quantities of good sense, good taste, and pleasing morality, disguised under an easy and fashionable style.

In 1709 he founded the *Tatler*, a small sheet, which appeared thrice a week at the cost of 1d., each number containing a short essay, generally extending to about a couple of octavo pages, and the rest filled up with news and advertisements.

The *Tatler* continued about a year, when it was remodelled into the far more celebrated and successful *Spectator*, carried on upon the same plan but appearing every day.

A third journal the *Guardian*, was commenced in 1712. To all those periodicals many writers of the time furnished hints or contributions — Swift, Berkeley, Budgell and others. But the most constant and powerful aid was supplied by *Addison*, a school-fellow of Steele's both at the Charter-house and at Oxford, and the son of a divine of some reputation for learning. In 1716 he married the Dowager Countess of Warwick, to whose son he had been tutor, and in the following year was made Secretary of State. This post he did not retain for a long period: he soon retired and determined to devote the evening of his days to the composition of an elaborate work on the evidences of the Christian religion. In this task he was interrupted by death, which cut short his career in 1719.

His friend Steele, after dissipating more than one fortune, and committing all kind of extravagant follies, died in great poverty at Carmarthen in Wales, in 1729. —

The political Upholsterer.

— *aliena negotia curat,*
Excussus propriis — HOR.

There lived some years since, within my neighbourhood, a very grave person, an Upholsterer, who seemed a man of more than ordinary application to business. He was a very early riser, and was often abroad two or three hours before any of his neighbours. He had a particular carefulness in the knitting of his brows, and a kind of impatience in all his motions, that plainly discovered he was always intent on matters of importance. Upon my enquiry into his life and conversation, I found him to be the greatest news-monger in our quarter; that he rose before day to read the Post-man; and that he would take two or three turns to the other end of the town before his neighbours were up, to see if there were any Dutch mails come in. He had a wife and several children; but was much more inquisitive to know what passed in Poland than in his own family, and was in greater pain and anxiety of mind for King Augustus's welfare than that of his nearest relations. He looked extremely thin in a dearth of news, and never enjoyed himself in a westerly wind. This indefatigable kind of life was the ruin of his shop; for about the time that his favourite prince left the crown of Poland, he broke and disappeared.

This man and his affairs had been long out of my mind, till about three days ago, as I was walking in St. James's Park, I heard somebody at a distance hemming after me: and who should it be but my old neighbour the Upholsterer? I saw he was reduced to extreme poverty, by certain shabby superfluities in his dress: for notwithstanding that it was a very sultry day for the time of the year, he wore a loose great-coat and a muff, with a long campaign wig out of curl; to which he had added the ornament of a pair of black garters buckled under the knee. Upon his coming up to me, I was going to enquire into his present circumstances; but was prevented by his asking me, with a whisper, whether the last letters brought any accounts that one might rely upon from Bender? I told him, none that I heard of; and asked him, whether he had yet married his eldest daughter? He told me, no. 'But pray,' says he, 'tell me sincerely, what are your thoughts of the King of Sweden?' For though his wife and children were starving, I found his chief concern at present was for this great monarch. I told him that I looked upon him as one of the first heroes of the age. 'But pray,' says he, 'do you think there is any thing in the story of his wound?' And finding me surprized at the question—'nay,' says he, 'I only propose it to you.' I answered, that I thought there was no reason to doubt of it. 'But why in the heel,' says he, 'more than any other part of the body?' — 'Because,' said I, 'the bullet chanced to light there.'

This extraordinary dialogue was no sooner ended, but he began to launch out into a long dissertation upon the affairs of the North; and after having spent some time on them, he told me he was in great perplexity how to reconcile the Supplement with the English Post, and had been just now examining what the other papers say upon the same subject. 'The Daily Courant,' says he, 'has these

words: „We have advices from very good hands, that a certain „prince has some matters of great importance under consideration.” This is very mysterious; ‘but the Post-boy leaves us more in the ‘dark, for he tells us „That there are private intimations of measures taken by a certain prince, which time will bring to light.” ‘Now the Postman,’ says he, ‘who uses to be very clear, refers to ‘the same news in these words: „The late conduct of a certain „prince affords great matter of speculation.” This ‘certain prince,’ says the Upholsterer, ‘whom they are all so cautious of naming, ‘I take to be —.’ Upon which, though there was nobody near us, he whispered something in my ear, which I did not hear, or think worth my while to make him repeat.

We were now got to the upper end of the Mall, where were three or four very odd fellows sitting together upon the bench. These I found were all of them politicians, who used to sun themselves in that place every day about dinner-time. Observing them to be curiosities in their kind, and my friend’s acquaintance, I sat down among them.

The chief politician of the bench was a great asserter of paradoxes. He told us, with a seeming concern, That by some news he had lately read from Muscovy, it appeared to him that there was a storm gathering in the Black Sea, which might in time do hurt to the naval forces of this nation. To this he added, That for his part, he could not wish to see the Turk driven out of Europe, which he believed could not but be prejudicial to our woollen manufacture. He then told us, That he looked upon those extraordinary revolutions which had lately happened in those parts of the world, to have risen chiefly from two persons who were not much talked of; ‘And those,’ says he, ‘are Prince Menzikoff, and ‘the Duchess of Mirandola.’ He backed his assertions with so many broken hints, and such a show of depth and wisdom, that we gave ourselves up to his opinions.

The discourse at length fell upon a point which seldom escapes a knot of true-born Englishmen, Whether, in case of a religious war, the Protestants would not be too strong for the Papists? This we unanimously determined on the Protestant side. One who sat on my right-hand, and, as I found by his discourse, had been in the West Indies, assured us, That it would be a very easy matter for the Protestants to beat the Pope at sea; and added, That whenever such a war does break out, it must turn to the good of the Leeward Islands. Upon this, one who sat at the end of the bench, and, as I afterwards found, was the geographer of the company, said, that in case the Papists should drive the Protestants from these parts of Europe, when the worst came to the worst, it would be impossible to beat them out of Norway and Greenland, provided the Northern crowns hold together, and the Czar of Muscovy stand neuter.

He further told us, for our comfort, that there were vast tracts of land about the Pole, inhabited neither by Protestants nor Papists, and of greater extent than all the Roman Catholic dominions in Europe.

When we had fully discussed this point, my friend the Upholsterer began to exert himself upon the present negotiations of peace; In which he deposed princes, settled the bounds of kingdoms, and

balanced the power of Europe, with great justice and impartiality.

I at length took my leave of the company, and was going away; but had not gone thirty yards, before the Upholsterer hemmed again after me. Upon his advancing towards me, with a whisper, I expected to hear some secret piece of news, which he had not thought fit to communicate to the bench; but instead of that, he desired me in my ear to lend him half a crown. In compassion to so needy a statesman, and to dissipate the confusion I found he was in, I told him, if he pleased, I would give him five shilling, to receive five pounds of him when the Great Turk was driven out of Constantinople; which he very readily accepted, but not before he had laid down to me the impossibility of such an event, as the affairs of Europe now stand.

This paper I design for the particular benefit of those worthy citizens who live more in a coffee-house than in their shops, and whose thoughts are so taken up with the affairs of the Allies, that they forget their customers.

April 6, 1710.

The Exercise of the Fan

— *Lusus animo debent aliquando dari,
Ad cogitandum melior ut redeat sibi.*

— PLEEDR.

I do not know whether to call the following letter a satire upon coquettes, or a representation of their several fantastical accomplishments, or what other title to give it; but as it is I shall communicate it to the public. It will sufficiently explain its own intentions, so that I shall give it my reader at length, without either preface or postscript.

Page 192. — *The Political Upholsterer*. — King Augustus of Poland was deposed in 1704; Charles XII of Sweden was wounded in a skirmish on the banks of the Vorskla before Poltava, June 28th, 1709. The winter muff for men which figures among the 'shabby superfluities' of the Upholsterer's costume, although of anterior date, is not often referred to so early. Examples of it are to be seen in Hogarth's *Swearing a Child* (1735), *Rake's Progress* (1735), Pl. iv., and *Taste in High Life* (1742). But it was most in fashion twenty or thirty years later. In November 1766, my Lord of March and Ruglen (the March of the *Virginians*) writes thus to George Selwyn at Paris: — 'The muff you sent me by the Duke of Richmond I like prodigiously; vastly better than if had been *tigré*, or of any glaring colour: several are now making after it.' — (Jesse's *Selwyn*, 1843, ii., 71; see also Goldsmith's *Bee*, 1759, No. ii., 'On Dress.')

Fielding's comedy of the *Coffee-House Politician*, 1730, has certain affinities with this paper; and Arthur Murphy's farce of *The Upholsterer*; or, *What News?* 1758, is said to have been based upon it. It has also been alleged that Mr. Edward Arne, an upholsterer at the sign of the 'Two Crowns and Cushions,' in King Street, Covent Garden, father of Arne the musician, and Mrs. Ciber the tragic actress, was the person here satirised by Addison. In identifications of this sort, however, the following passage may well be borne in mind: — 'To prevent, therefore, any such malicious applications, I declare here, once for all, I describe not men, but manners; not an individual, but a species. Perhaps it will be answered, Are not the characters then taken from life? To which I answer in the affirmative; nay, I believe I might aver that I have writ little more than I have seen,' — *Joseph Andrews*, Bk. iii, ch. i.)

MR. SPECTATOR.

Women are armed with fans as men with swords, and sometimes do more execution with them. To the end therefore that ladies may be entire mistresses of the weapon which they bear, I have erected an academy for the training up of young women in the 'Exercise of the Fan,' according to the most fashionable airs and motions that are now practised at court. The ladies who 'carry' fans under me are drawn up twice a day in my great hall, where they are instructed in the use of their arms, and exercised by the following words of command:

Handle your fans,
Unfurl your fans,
Discharge your fans,
Ground your fans,
Recover your fans,
Flutter your fans.

By the right observation of these few plain words of command, a woman of a tolerable genius, who will apply herself diligently to her exercise for the space of but one half-year, shall be able to give her fan all the graces that can possibly enter into that little modish machine.

But to the end that my readers may form to themselves a right notion of this exercise, I beg leave to explain it to them in all its parts. When my female regiment is drawn up in array, with every one her weapon in her hand, upon my giving the word to 'handle their fans', each of them shakes her fan at me with a smile, then gives her right-hand woman a tap upon the shoulder, then presses her tips with the extremity of her fan, then lets her arms fall in an easy motion, and stands in a readiness to receive the next word of command. All this is done with a close fan, and is generally learned in the first week.

The next motion is that of 'unfurling the fan,' in which are comprehended several little flirts and vibrations, as also gradual and deliberate openings, with many voluntary fallings asunder in the fan itself, that are seldom learned under a month's practice. This part of the exercise pleases the spectators more than any other, as it discovers on a sudden an infinite number of cupids, garlands, altars, birds, beasts, rainbows, and the like agreeable figures, that display themselves to view, whilst every one in the regiment holds a picture in her hand.

Upon my giving the word to 'discharge their fans,' they give one general crack that may be heard at a considerable distance when the wind sits fair. This is one of the most difficult parts of the exercise; but I have several ladies with me, who at their first entrance could not give a pop loud enough to be heard at the further end of a room, who can now 'discharge a fan' in such a manner, that it shall make a report like a pocket-pistol. I have likewise taken care (in order to hinder young women from letting off their fans in wrong places or unsuitable occasions), to shew upon what subject the crack of a fan may come in properly: I have likewise invented a fan, with which a girl of sixteen, by the help of a little

wind which in inclosed about one of the largest sticks, can make as loud a crack as a woman of fifty with an ordinary fan.

When the fans are thus 'discharged,' the word of command in course is to 'ground their fans.' This teaches a lady to quit her fan gracefully when she throws it aside in order to take up a pack of cards, adjust a curl of hair, replace a falling pin, or apply herself to any other matter of importance. This part of the exercise, as it only consists in tossing a fan with an air upon a long table (which stands by for that purpose), may be learned in two days' time as well as in a twelvemonth.

When my female regiment is thus disarmed, I generally let them walk about the room for some time; when on a sudden (like ladies that look upon their watches after a long visit), they all of them hasten to their arms, catch them up in a hurry, and place themselves in their proper stations upon my calling out -- 'Recover your fans!' This part of the exercise is not difficult, provided a woman applies her thoughts to it.

The 'fluttering of the fan' is the last and indeed the master-piece of the whole exercise; but if a lady does not mis-spend her time, she may make herself mistress of it in three months. I generally lay aside the dog-days and the hot time of the summer for the teaching this part of the 'exercise'; for as soon as ever I pronounce -- 'Flutter your fans,' the place is filled with so many zephyrs and gentle breezes as are very refreshing in that season of the year, though they might be dangerous to ladies of a tender constitution in any other.

There is an infinitive variety of motions to be made use of in the 'flutter of a fan': there is the angry flutter, the modest flutter, the confused flutter, and the amorous flutter. Not to be tedious, there is scarce any emotion in the mind which does not produce a suitable agitation in the fan; insomuch, that if I only see the fan of a disciplined lady, I know very well whether she laughs, frowns, or blushes. I have seen a fan so very angry, that it would have been dangerous for the absent lover who provoked it to have come within the wind of it; and at other times so very languishing, that I have been glad for the lady's sake the lover was at a sufficient distance from it. I need not add, that a fan is either a prude or coquette, according to the nature of the person who bears it. To conclude my letter, I must acquaint you that I have from my own observations compiled a little treatise for the use of my scholars, entitled 'The Passions of the Fan;' which I will communicate to you, if you think it may be of use to the public. I shall have a general review on Thursday next; to which you shall be very welcome if you will honour it with your presence.

I am, &c.

P.S. I teach young gentlemen the whole art of gallanting a fan.

N.B. I have several little plain fans made for this use, to avoid expense.

June 27, 1711.

Page 194. — *The Exercise of the Fan*. — The first suggestion of this essay, like some others by Addison, is due to Steele (see the account of the Fan which the 'beauteous Delamira' resigns to the 'matchless Virgulta' in the *Tatler* for August 9, 1709, No. 52). The following verses by Atter-

The Citizens's Journal.

— *fruges consumere nati.*

— HOR.

Augustus, a few moments before his death, asked his friends who stood about him, if they thought he had acted his part well; and upon receiving such an answer as was due to his extraordinary merit — 'Let me then,' says he, 'go off the stage with your applause;' using the expression with which the Roman actors made their *Exit* at the conclusion of a dramatic piece. I could wish that men, while they are in health, would consider well the nature of the part they are engaged in, and what figure it will make in the minds of those they leave behind them: whether it was worth coming into the world for; whether it be suitable to a reasonable being; in short, whether it appears graceful in this life, or will turn to an advantage in the next. Let the sycophant, or buffoon, the satirist, or the good companion, consider with himself, when his body shall be laid in the grave, and his soul pass into another state of existence, how much it would redound to his praise to have it said of him, that no man in England eat better, that he had an admirable talent at turning his friends into ridicule, that nobody outdid him at an ill-natured jest, or that he never went to bed before he had despatched his third bottle. These are, however, very common funeral orations, and eulogiums on deceased persons who have acted among mankind with some figure and reputation.

But if we look into the bulk of our species, they are such as are not likely to be remembered a moment after their disappearance. They leave behind them no traces of their existence, but are forgotten as though they had never been. They are neither wanted

bury, which Steele quotes in *Tatler* No. 239, may also have been in Addison's mind: —

'*Flavia* the least and slightest toy
 'Can with resistless art employ.
 'This fan in meaner hands would prove
 'An engine of small force in love;
 'But she, with such an air and mien,
 'Not to be told, or safely seen,
 'Directs its wanton motions so,
 'That it wounds more than *Cupid's* bow;
 'Gives coolness to the matchless dame,
 'To ev'ry other breast a flame.'

A more modern illustration of the use of this dangerous weapon is to be found in the Spanish experiences of *Contarini Fleming* (part v., ch. 6): 'But the fan is the most wonderful part of the whole scene. A Spanish lady, with her fan, might shame the tactics of a troop of horse. Now she unfurls it with the slow pomp and conscious elegance of the bird of Juno; now she flutters it with all the languor of a listless beauty, now with all the liveliness of a vivacious one. Now, in the midst of a very tornado, she closes it with a whirr, which makes you start. . . . Magical instrument! In this land it speaks a particular language, and gallantry requires no other mode to express its most subtle conceits or its most unreasonable demands than this delicate machine.' 'Machine' and 'tactics' read a little suspiciously; and it may be that Lord Beaconsfield in turn remembered his *Spectator*.

by the poor, regretted by the rich, nor celebrated by the learned. They are neither missed in the commonwealth, nor lamented by private persons. Their actions are of no significancy to mankind, and might have been performed by creatures of much less dignity than those who are distinguished by the faculty of reason. An eminent French author speaks somewhere to the following purpose: 'I have often seen from my chamber-window two noble creatures, both of them of an erect countenance, and endowed with reason. These two intellectual beings are employed from morning to night, in rubbing two smooth stones upon one another; that is, as the vulgar phrase it, in polishing marble.'

My friend, Sir Andrew Freeport, as we were sitting in the club last night, gave us an account of a sober citizen, who died a few days since. This honest man being of greater consequence in his own thoughts, than in the eye of the world, had for some years past kept a journal of his life. Sir Andrew shewed us one week of it. Since the occurrences set down in it mark out such a road of action as that I have been speaking of, I shall present my reader with a faithful copy of it; after having first informed him, that the deceased person had in his youth been bred to trade, but finding himself not so well turned for business, he had for several years last past lived altogether upon a moderate annuity.

MONDAY, eight a-clock put on my clothes and walked into the parlour.

Nine a-clock, ditto. Tied my knee-strings, and washed my hands.

Hours ten, eleven, and twelve. Smoked three pipes of Virginia. Read the Supplement and Daily Courant. Things go ill in the north. Mr. Nisby's opinion thereupon.

One a-clock in the afternoon. Chid Ralph for mislaying my tobacco-box.

Two a-clock. Sat down to dinner. Mem. Two many plums, and no suet.

From three to four. Took my afternoon's nap.

From four to six. Walked into the fields. Wind, S. S. E.

From six to ten. At the club. Mr. Nisby's opinion about the peace.

Ten a-clock. Went to bed, slept sound.

TUESDAY, being holiday, eight a-clock. Rose as usual.

Nine a-clock. Washed hands and face, shaved, put on my double-soled shoes.

Ten, eleven, twelve. Took a walk to Islington.

One. Took a pot of mother Cob's mild.

Between two and three. Returned, dined on a knuckle of veal and bacon. Mem. Sprouts wanting.

Three. Nap as usual.

From four to six. Coffee-house. Read the news. A dish of twist. Grand Vizier strangled.

From six to ten. At the club. Mr. Nisby's account of the Great Turk.

Ten. Dream of the Grand Vizier. Broken sleep.

WEDNESDAY, eight a-clock. Tongue of my shoe-buckle broke. Hands but not face.

Nine. Paid off the butcher's bill. Mem. To be allowed for the last leg of mutton.

Ten, eleven. At the coffee-house. More work in the north. Stranger in a black wig asked me how stocks went.

From twelve to one. Walked in the fields. Wind to the south.

From one to two. Smoked a pipe and a half.

Two. Dined as usual. Stomach good.

Three. Nap broke by the falling of a pewter dish. Mem. Cook-maid in love, and grown careless.

From four to six. At the coffee-house. Advice from Smyrna, that the Grand Vizier was first of all strangled, and afterwards beheaded.

Six a-clock in the evening. Was half an hour in the club before any body else came. Mr. Nisby of opinion that the Grand Vizier was not strangled the sixth instant.

Ten at night. Went to bed. Slept without waking until nine next morning.

THURSDAY, nine a-clock. Stayed within until two a-clock for Sir Timothy; who did not bring me my annuity according to his promise.

Two in the afternoon. Sat down to dinner. Loss of appetite. Small-beer sour. Beef over-corned

Three. Could not take my nap.

Four and five. Gave Ralph a box on the ear. Turned off my cook-maid. Sent a messenger to Sir Timothy. Mem. I did not go to the club to-night. Went to bed at nine a-clock.

FRIDAY. Passed the morning in meditation upon Sir Timothy, who was with me a quarter before twelve.

Twelve a-clock. Bought a new head to my cane, and a tongue to my buckle. Drank a glass of purl to recover appetite.

Two and three. Dined, and slept well.

From four to six. Went to the coffee-house. Met Mr. Nisby there. Smoked several pipes. Mr. Nisby of opinion that laced coffee is bad for the head.

Six a-clock. At the club as steward. Sat late.

Twelve a-clock. Went to bed, dreamt that I drank small beer with the Grand Vizier.

SATURDAY. Waked at eleven, walked in the fields, wind N. E.

Twelve Caught in a shower.

One in the Afternoon. Returned home, and dried myself.

Two. Mr. Nisby dined with me First course, marrow-bones; second, ox-cheek, with a bottle of Brooks and Hellier.

Three a-clock. Overslept myself.

Six. Went to the club. Like to have fallen into a gutter. Grand Vizier certainly dead, &c.

I question not but the reader will be surprised to find the above-mentioned journalist taking so much care of a life that was filled with such inconsiderable actions, and received so very small improvements; and yet, if we look into the behaviour of many whom we daily converse with, we shall find that most of their hours are taken up in those three important articles of eating, drinking, and

sleeping. I do not suppose than a man loses his time, who is not engaged in public affairs, or in an illustrious course of action. On the contrary, I believe our hours may very often be more profitably laid out in such transactions as make no figure in the world, than in such as are apt to draw upon them the attention of mankind. One may become wiser and better by several methods of employing one's self in secrecy and silence, and do what is laudable without noise or ostentation. I would, however, recommend to every one of my readers, the keeping a journal of their lives for one week, and setting down punctually their whole series of employments during that space of time. This kind of self-examination would give them a true state of themselves, and incline them to consider seriously what they are about. One day would rectify the omissions of another, and make a man weigh all those indifferent actions, which, though they are easily forgotten, must certainly be accounted for.

The Fine Lady's Journal.

— *Modo vir, modo foemina* —
— VIRG

The journal with which I presented my reader on Tuesday last, has brought me in several letters, with accounts of many private lives cast into that form. I have the Rake's Journal, the Sot's Journal, and among several others a very curious piece, entitled — 'The Journal of a Mohock.' By these instances I find that the intention of my last Tuesday's paper has been mistaken by many of my readers. I did not design so much to expose vice as idleness, and aimed at those persons who pass away their time

Page 197. — *The Citizen's Journal*. — The 'falling of a pewter dish' suggests an eighteenth-century detail hardly realizable in these days, namely, the scarcity of common earthenware. Plates, basins, spoons, flagons, — everything was pewter. Some quaint illustrations of this are to be found in a very interesting article on 'Mrs. Harris's Household Book' which appeared in the *Saturday Review* for January 21st. 1882. 'Brooke [not 'Brook's']' and 'Hellier' were Wine-Merchants in 'Basingate 'near Bread-Street,' who frequently advertised in the *Spectator*, a fact which probably accounts for their presence in the text, here and elsewhere, as neither Steele nor Addison seem to have been averse to 'backing of their friends'

Every club or coffee-house (we must assume) had its private oracle, who, at Wills' or the Grecian,

'Like *Cato*, gave his little Senate laws,
'And sat attentive to his own applause;'

or like Mr. Nisby, in the humbler houses of call,

'Emptied his pint, and sputter'd his decrees,'

through a cloud of Virginia.

'Laced Coffee' is coffee dashed with spirits.

rather in trifle and impertinence, than in crimes and immoralities. Offences of this latter kind are not to be dallied with, or treated in so ludicrous a manner. In short, my journal only holds up folly to the light, and shews the disagreeableness of such actions as are indifferent in themselves, and blameable only as they proceed from creatures endowed with reason.

My following correspondent, who calls herself *Clarinda*, is such a journalist as I require: she seems by her letter to be placed in a modish state of indifference between vice and virtue, and to be susceptible of either. were there proper pains taken with her. Had her journal been filled with gallantries, or such occurrences as had shewn her wholly divested of her natural innocence, notwithstanding it might have been more pleasing to the generality of readers, I should not have published it; but as it is only the picture of a life filled with a fashionable kind of gaiety and laziness, I shall set down five days of it, as I have received it from the hand of my fair correspondent.

DEAR MR. SPECTATOR,

You having set your readers an exercise in one of your last week's papers, I have performed mine according to your orders, and herewith send it you inclosed. You must know, Mr. Spectator, that I am a maiden lady of a good fortune, who have had several matches offered me for these ten years last past, and have at present warm applications made to me by a very pretty fellow. As I am at my own disposal, I come up to town every winter, and pass my time in it after the manner you will find in the following journal, which I began to write upon the very day after your Spectator upon that subject.

TUESDAY night. Could not go to sleep till one in the morning for thinking of my journal.

WEDNESDAY. From eight till ten. Drank two dishes of chocolate in bed, and fell sleep after them.

From ten to eleven. Eat a slice of bread and butter, drank a dish of bohea, read the Spectator.

From eleven to one. At my toilette, tried a new head. Gave orders for Veny to be combed and washed. Mem. I look best in blue.

From one till half an hour after two. Drove to the Change. Cheapened a couple of fans.

Till four. At dinner. Mem. Mr. Froth passed by in his new liveries.

From four to six. Dressed, paid a visit to old lady Blithe and her sister, having before heard they were gone out of town that day.

From six to eleven. At Basset. Mem. Never set again upon the ace of diamonds.

THURSDAY. From eleven at night to eight in the morning. Dreamed that I punted to Mr. Froth.

From eight to ten. Chocolate. Read two acts in Aurengzebe a-bed.

From ten to eleven. Tea-table. Read the play-bills. Received a letter from Mr. Froth. Mem. Locked it up in my strong box.

Rest of the morning. Fontange, the tire-woman, her account of my Lady Blithe's wash. Broke a tooth in my little tortoise-shell comb. Sent Frank to know how my Lady Heetic rested after her monkey's leaping out at window. Looked pale. Fontange tells me my glass is not true. Dressed by three.

From three to four. Dinner cold before I sat down.

From four to eleven. Saw company. Mr. Froth's opinion of Milton. His account of the Mohocks. His fancy for a pin-cushion. Picture in the lid of his snuff-box. Old Lady Faddle promises me her woman to cut my hair. Lost five guineas at crimp.

Twelve a-clock at night. Went to bed.

FRIDAY. Eight in the morning. A-bed. Read over all Mr. Froth's letters.

Ten a'clock. Staid within all day, not at home.

From ten to twelve. In conference with my mantua-maker. Sorted a suit of ribbons. Broke my blue china cup.

From twelve to one. Shut myself up in my chamber, practised Lady Betty Modely's skuttle.

One in the afternoon. Called for my flowered handkerchief. Worked half a violet-leaf in it. Eyes ached and head out of order. Threw by my work, and read over the remaining part of Aurengzebe.

From three to four. Dined.

From four to twelve. Changed my mind, dressed, went abroad, and played at crimp till midnight. Found Mrs. Spitey at home. Conversation: Mrs. Brilliant's necklace false stones. Old Lady Loveday going to be married to a young fellow that is not worth a groat. Miss Prue gone into the country. Tom Townley has red hair. Mem. Mrs. Spitey whispered in my ear that she had something to tell me about Mr. Froth, I am sure it is not true.

Between twelve and one. Dreamed that Mr. Froth lay at my feet, and called me Indamora.

SATURDAY. Rose at eight a-clock in the morning. Sat down to my toilette.

From eight to nine. Shifted a patch for half an hour before I could determine it. Fixed it above my left eye-brow.

From nine to twelve. Drank my tea, and dressed.

From twelve to two. At chapel. A great deal of good company. Mem. The third air in the new opera. Lady Blithe dressed frightfully.

From three to four. Dined. Miss Kitty called upon me to go to the opera before I was risen from table.

From dinner to six. Drank tea. Turned off a footman for being rude to Veny.

Six a-clock. Went to the opera. I did not see Mr. Froth till the beginning of the second act. Mr. Froth talked to a gentleman in a black wig. Bowed to a lady in the front box. Mr. Froth and his friend clapped Nicolini in the third act. Mr. Froth cried

out Ancora. Mr. Froth led me to my chair. I think he squeezed my hand.

Eleven at night. Went to bed. Melancholy dreams. Methought Nicolini said he was Mr Froth.

SUNDAY. Indisposed.

MONDAY. Eight a-clock. Waked by Miss Kitty. Aurengzebe lay upon the chair by me. Kitty repeated without book the eight best lines in the play. Went in our mobs to the dumb man according to appointment. Told me that my lover's name began with a G. Mem. The conjurer was within a letter of Mr. Froth's name, &c.

Upon looking back into this my journal, I find that I am at a loss to know whether I pass my time well or ill; and indeed never thought of considering how I did it before I persued your speculation upon that subject. I scarce find a single action in these five days that I can thoroughly approve of, except the working upon the violet-leaf, which I am resolved to finish the first day I am at leisure. As for Mr. Froth and Veny, I did not think they took up so much of my time and thoughts, as I find they do upon my journal. The latter of them I will turn off, if you insist upon it; and if Mr. Froth does not bring matters to a conclusion very suddenly, I will not let my life run away in a dream. Your humble servant,

CLARINDA.

To resume one of the morals of my first paper, and to confirm Clarinda in her good inclinations, I would have her consider what

Page 200. — The *Fine Lady's Journal*. — 'Bohea' in Clarinda's time, was 2s a lb. 'Aurengzebe' was an heroic play produced by Dryden in 1675; 'Indamora' was the name of the heroine. Nicolino Grimaldi, or 'Nicolini' came to London in 1708, and in the *Tatler* of January 3rd., 1710 (No. 115) Steele gives a highly favourable account of his powers. He had not only a good voice, but, as Addison also admits he was a good actor as well; and Gibber thought 'that no Singer, since his Time, had so justly and gracefully acquitted himself, in whatever Character he appear'd, as "Nicolini." The 'dumb man' was Duncan Campbell, a fashionable fortune-teller, whose head-quarters in 1712 (see *Spectator*, No. 474) were at the 'Golden Lion' in Drury Lane. De Foe compiled a popular life of him, which Curll published in 1720. He was then 'living in *Exeter Court*, 'over against the Savoy, in the Strand,' and still prospering with the credulous. As to 'Lady Betty Modely's skuttle', and 'Mobs'. Chalmers has two highly edifying notes. He explains the former to be 'a pace of affected precipitation,' and the latter 'a huddled economy of dress so called.' 'Mobs' were in vogue long after the date of this paper. They are referred to as late as 1773 or 4 in those dancing couplets which Goldsmith wrote to pretty Mrs. Bunbury at Barton:

- 'Both are plac'd at the bar, with all proper decorum,
'With bunches of fennel, and nosegays before 'em;
'Both cover their faces with *mobs*, and all that;
'But the judge bids them, angrily, take off their hat.'

a pretty figure she would make among posterity, where the history of her whole life published like these five days of it. I shall conclude my paper with an epitaph written by an uncertain author on Sir Phillip Sidney's sister, a lady, who seems to have been of a temper very much different from that of Clarinda. The last thought of it is so very noble, that I dare say my reader will pardon me the quotation.

ON THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF PEMBROKE.

Underneath this marble hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother:
Death, ere thou hast kill'd another,
Fair, and learned, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

March 11, 1712.

ALEXANDER POPE.

1688—1744.

From Dryden we naturally pass on to Pope not only in obedience to chronology, but because he is generally looked on as the poet who continued and completed the work which Dryden had begun, the perfecting of the versification and harmony of the ten syllable rhyming couplet.

He was born in London of a respectable Catholic family of good descent, in 1688. His father however retired from business to a pleasant country-house at Benefield near Windsor so that the future poet passed his early youth in the lovely scenery of the Forest. The boy was of almost dwarfish stature, and so deformed, that his afterlife was „one long disease.”

At the age of 12 he was so struck with reverence for the glory of Dryden, that he is said to have persuaded a friend to accompany him to Will's Coffee-House, which the glorious veteran was in the habit of frequenting, in order to obtain a glance of the glorious patriarch.

At 16 he commenced his literary career by composing a collection of *Pastorals* and by translating portions of *Statius*, published in 1709.

His *Essay on Criticism*, published in 1711 was the first poem that fixed his reputation.

It is to this period of Pope's career that we must ascribe the conception and first sketch of one of the most happy thoughts that are to be attributed half to genius and half to rare and favourable accident. This was the mock-heroic poem *The Rape of the Lock*. The subject is the rather cavalier frolic of Lord Petre, a man of fashion at the court of Queen Anne, in cutting off a lock of hair

from the head of Arabella Fermor, a beautiful young maid of honour. The poem is a little dwarf-epic in five books.

In 1713 appeared his pastoral eclogues entitled *Windsor Forest* and in 1715 several modernised versions from Chaucer: *The Temple of Fame* and *January and May*. At this time, too, Pope undertook the laborious enterprise of translating into English verse the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. After several *Epistles* and *Translations* Pope published in 1725 an *Edition of Shakespeare*. During the three following years he was engaged, together with Swift and Arbuthnot, in composing that famous collection of *Miscellanies*, to which each of the friends contributed.

The brilliant success of Pope and other causes raised around him a swarm of enemies. Under the mask of zeal for reason and good taste he could indulge to the extreme the pleasure of chastising men whom he feared or hated, and composed the satire of the *Dunciad*. Most of the persons attacked are so obscure that their names are now rescued from oblivion by being embalmed in Pope's satire, the plot of which is as follows: Pope supposes that the throne of Dulness is left vacant by the death of Shadwell, and that the various aspirants to "that bad eminence" engage in a series of trials, like the Olympic Games of old, to determine who shall inherit it.

Between 1731 and 1735 Pope was engaged in the composition of his *Epistles* addressed to distinguished men, and of some *Epitaphs* to be added to the considerable number already composed, and at the same time produced the *Essay on Man*, in four epistles, addressed to Bolingbroke, where Man is successively regarded in his relation to the Universe, to himself, and to society, and lastly with respect to his ideas of, and pursuit after happiness.

The death of his mother, the loss of many friends, the increased complication of his own maladies, to whose number asthma and dropsy were now added, all this threw a gloom over his declining years. He gave to the world his *Imitations of Horace* as the last gift he could bestow; — he died on the 30th of May, 1744.

The Rape of the Lock, an Heroi-Comical poem. ¹⁾

Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos:
Sed juvat, hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis.
MART.

C A N T O I.

What dire offence from amorous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
I sing! — this verse to Caryl, Muse! is due:
This e'en Belinda may vouchsafe to view;
Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,
If she inspire, and he approve my lays.

Say what strange motive, goddess! could compel
A well-bred lord t' assault a gentle belle?

¹⁾ See *Notes* at the end of the book.

O say what stranger cause, yet unexplor'd,
 Could make a gentle belle reject a lord!
 In tasks so bold, can little men engage?
 And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty rage?
 Sol through white curtains shot a timorous ray.
 And oped those eyes that must eclipse the day;
 Now lap-dogs give themselves the rousing shake,
 And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake;
 Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the ground,
 And the press'd watch return'd a sliver sound;
 Belinda still her downy pillow press'd,
 Her guardian sylph prolong'd the balmy rest;
 'Twas he had summon'd to her silent bed
 The morning dream that hover'd o'er her head.
 A youth more glittering than a birth-night beau
 (That e'en in slumber caused her cheek to glow)
 Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay,
 And thus in whispers said, or seem'd to say:
 „Fairest of mortals, thou distinguish'd care
 Of thousand bright inhabitants of air!
 If e'er one vision touch'd thy infant thought,
 Of all the nurse and all the priest have taught, —
 Of airy elves by moonlight shadows seen,
 The silver token, and the circled green,
 Or virgins visited by angel powers,
 With golden crowns, and wreaths of heav'nly flow'rs;
 Hear, and believe! thy own importance know,
 Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.
 Some secret truths, from learn'd pride conceal'd,
 To maids alone and children are reveal'd.
 What, though no credit doubting wits may give,
 The fair and innocent shall still believe.
 Know, then, unnumber'd spirits round thee fly
 The light militia of the lower sky:
 These, though unseen, are ever on the wing,
 Hand o'er the box, and hover round the ring.
 Think what an equipage thou hast in air,
 And view with scorn two pages and a chair.
 As now your own, our beings were of old,
 And once enclos'd in woman's beauteous mould;
 Thence, by a soft transition, we repair,
 From earthly vehicles to those of air.
 Think not, when woman's transient breath is fled,
 That all her vanities at once are dead:
 Succeeding vanities she still regards,
 And, though she plays no more o'erlooks the cards.
 Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive,
 And love of ombre, after death survive;
 For, when the fair in all their pride expire,
 To their first elements their souls retire:
 The sprites of fiery termagants in flame
 Mount up, and take a salamander's name;
 Soft, yielding minds to water glide away.
 And sip, with nymphs, their elemental tea;

The graver prude sinks downward to a gnome,
 In search of mischief still on earth to roam;
 The light coquettes in sylphs aloft repair,
 And sport and flutter in the fields of air.
 „Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their face
 For life predestin'd to the gnomes' embrace;
 These swell their prospects, and exalt their pride,
 When offers are disdain'd, and love denied:
 Then gay ideas crowd the vacant brain,
 While peers, and dukes, and all their sweeping train.
 And garters, stars, and coronets appear,
 And, in soft sounds, 'your grace' salutes their ear.
 'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
 Instruct the eyes of young coquettes to roll
 Teach infant-cheeks a bidden blush to know,
 And little hearts to flutter at a beau.

„Oft, when the world imagine women stray,
 The sylphs through mystic mazes guide their way,
 Through all the giddy circle they pursue,
 And old impertinence expel by new,
 What tender maid but must a victim fall
 To one man's treat, but for another's ball?
 When Florio speaks, what virgin could withstand,
 If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand?
 With varying vanities, from ev'ry part,
 They shift the moving toy-shop of their heart;
 Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-knots strive,
 Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive.
 This erring mortals levity may call, —
 Oh, blind to truth! the sylphs contrive it all.

„Of these am I, who thy protection claim,
 A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.
 Late, as I rang'd the crystal wilds of air,
 In the clear mirror of thy ruling star
 I saw, alas! some dread event impend,
 Ere to the main this morning sun descend;
 But Heaven reveals not what, or how, or where:
 Warn'd by thy sylph, oh, pious maid, beware!
 This to disclose is all thy guardian can:
 Beware of all, but most beware of man!”

He said; when Shock, who thought she slept too long,
 Leap'd up, and wak'd his mistress with his tongue;
 'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,
 Thy eyes first open'd on a billet doux!
 Wounds, charms, and ardour, were no sooner read,
 But all the vision vanish'd from thy head

And now, unveil'd, the toilet stands display'd,
 Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
 First, rob'd in white, the nymph intent adores,
 With head uncover'd, the cosmetic pow'rs.
 A heav'nly image in the glass appears, —
 To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears.
 Th' inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
 Trembling, begins the sacred rites of pride:

Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
 The various offerings of the world appear;
 From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
 And decks the goddess with the glitt'ring spoil.
 This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
 And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
 The tortoise here and elephant unite,
 Transform'd to combs, the speckled, and the white.
 Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
 Puffs, powders, patches, Bibles, billet doux.
 Now awful Beauty puts on all its arms;
 The fair each moment rises in her charms;
 Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
 And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
 Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
 And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes:
 The busy sylphs surround their darling care;
 These set the head, and those divide the hair;
 Some fold the sleeve, while others plait the gown,
 And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own.

CANTO II.

Not with more glories, in th' ethereal plain,
 The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
 Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams,
 Launch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames.
 Fair nymphs, and well-dress'd youths around her shone,
 But ev'ry eye was fix'd on her alone.
 On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
 Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore;
 Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
 Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those:
 Favours to none, to all she smiles extends;
 Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
 Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike
 And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
 Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride
 Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide
 If to her share some female errors fall,
 Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.
 This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
 Nourish'd two locks, which graceful hung behind,
 In equal curls, and well conspir'd to deck,
 With shining ringlets, the smooch iv'ry neck.
 Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
 And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
 With hairy springes we the birds betray,
 Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey,
 Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,

And beauty draws us with a single hair.
 Th' advent'rous baron the bright locks admir'd;
 He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize aspir'd.
 Resoly'd to win, he meditates the way,
 By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
 For, when success a lover's toil attends,
 Few ask if fraud or force attain'd his ends.

For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implor'd
 Propitious Heaven, and ev'ry power ador'd,
 But chiefly Love; — to Love an altar built,
 Of twelve vast French romances neatly gilt.
 There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves,
 And all the trophies of his former loves.
 With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
 And breathes three am'rous sighs to raise the fire;
 Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
 Soon to obtain, and long possess, the prize:
 The pow'rs gave ear, and granted half his pray'r;
 The rest the winds dispers'd in empty air.

But now secure the painted vessel glides,
 The sunbeams trembling on the floating tides:
 While melting music steals upon the sky,
 And soften'd sounds along the water die;
 Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,
 Belinda smiled, and all the world was gay.
 All but the sylph: with careful thoughts oppress'd,
 Th' impending woe sat heavy on his breast.
 He summons straight his denizens of air,
 The lucid squadrons round his sails repair:
 Soft o'er the shrouds, ærial whispers breathe,
 That seem'd but zephyrs to the train! —
 Some to the sun their insect wings unfold,
 Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold;
 Transparent forms too fine for mortal sight,
 Their fluid bodies half dissolved in light.
 Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
 Thin glitt'ring textures of the filmy dew,
 Dipp'd in the richest tinctures of the skies,
 Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes;
 Where ev'ry beam new transient colours flings,
 Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.
 Amid the circle on the gilded mast,
 Superior by the head, was Ariel plac'd;
 His purple pinions opening to the sun,
 He raised his azure wand, and thus begun:

„Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief give ear!
 Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Demons, hear!
 Ye know the spheres, and various tasks assign'd
 By laws eternal to th' ærial kind.
 Some in the fields of purest ether play,
 And bask and whiten in the blaze of day;
 Some guide the course of wand'ring orbs on high,
 Or roll the planets through the boundless sky.
 Some, less refin'd, beneath the moon's pale light
 Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,

Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
 Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
 Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main,
 Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain.
 Others, on earth, o'er human race preside,
 Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide;
 Of these the chief the care of nations own,
 And guard, with arms divine, the British throne,
 „Our humbler province is to tend the fair, —
 Not a less pleasing, though less glorious care;
 To save the powder from too rude a gale,
 Nor let the imprison'd essences exhale;
 To draw fresh colours from the vernal flow'rs;
 To steal from rainbows ere they drop in show'rs,
 A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
 Assist their blushes and inspire their airs:
 Nay, oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
 To change a flounce, or add a furbelow.

„This day, black omens threat the brightest fair
 That e'er deserv'd a watchful spirit's care:
 Some dire disaster, or by force or sleight;
 But what, or where, the Fates have wrapp'd in night:
 Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,
 Or some frail china jar receive a flaw;
 Or stain her honour, or her new brocade;
 Forget her pray'rs, or miss a masquerade;
 Or lose her heart or necklace, at a ball;
 Or whether Heav'n has doom'd that Shock must fall.
 Haste then, ye spirits! to your charge repair:
 The flutt'ring fan be Zephyretta's care;
 The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign;
 And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
 Do thou, Crispissa, tend her fav'rite lock;
 Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

„Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
 His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
 Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins;
 Be stopp'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins;
 Or plung'd in lakes of bitter washes lie,
 Or wedg'd, whole ages, in a bodkin's eye;
 Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
 While, clogg'd, he beats his silken wings in vain;
 Or alum styptics, with contracting pow'r,
 Shrink his thin essence like a shrivell'd flow'r;
 Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch shall feel
 The giddy motion of the whirling mill,
 In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,
 And tremble at the sea that froths below!”

He spoke: the spirits from the sails descend;
 Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend;
 Some third the mazy ringlets of her hair;
 Some hang upon the pendants of her ear;
 With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
 Anxious and trembling for the birth of fate.

CANTO III.

Close by those meads, for ever crown'd with flowers,
 Where Thames with pride surveys his rising towers,
 There stands a structure of majestic frame,
 Which from the neighbouring Hampton takes its name.
 Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
 Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home;
 Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
 Dost sometimes counsel take — and sometimes tea.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
 To taste awhile the pleasures of a court;
 In various talk the instructive hours they pass'd,
 Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;
 One speaks the glory of a British queen,
 And one describes a charming Indian screen;
 A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes:
 At ev'ry word a reputation dies.
 Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
 With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.

Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,
 The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray:
 The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
 And wretches hang, that jurymen may dine;
 The merchant from th' Exchange returns in peace,
 And the long labours of the toilet cease.
 Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
 Burns to encounter two advent'rous knights,
 At Ombre singly to decide their doom;
 And swells their breast with conquests yet to come.
 Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,
 Each band the number of the sacred nine.
 Soon as she spreads her hand, the aerial guard
 Descend, and sit on each important card:
 First Ariel perch'd upon a Matadore,
 Then each according to the rank they bore:
 For sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
 Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.

Behold, four kings, in majesty rever'd,
 With hoary whiskers, and a forky beard;
 And four fair queens, whose hands sustain a flow'r
 The expressive emblem of their softer pow'r;
 Four knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band,
 Caps on their heads, and halberds in their hand;
 And party-colour'd troops, a shining train,
 Drawn forth to combat on the velvet plain.

The skilful nymph reviews her force with care:
 „Let spades be trumps!” she said, and trumps they were.

Now move to war her sable Matadores,
 In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.
 Spadillo first, unconquerable lord,
 Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board;

As many more Manillio forc'd to yield,
 And march'd a victor from the verdant field.
 Him Basto follow'd, but, his fate more hard,
 Gain'd but one trump and one plebeian card.
 With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,
 The hoary majesty of Spades appears,
 Puts forth one manly leg, to sight reveal'd,
 The rest his many colour'd robe conceal'd.
 The rebel knave, who dares his prince engage,
 Proves the just victim of his royal rage.
 E'en mighty Pam, that kings and queens o'erthrew,
 And mow'd down armies in the fights of Loo —
 Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
 Falls undistinguish'd by the victor Spade!

Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;
 Now to the baron Fate inclines the field.
 His warlike Amazon her host invades
 Th' imperial consort of the crown of Spades.
 The Club's black tyrant first her victim died,
 Spite of his haughty mien and barbarous pride:
 What boots the regal circle on his head,
 His giant limbs in state unwieldy spread;
 That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
 And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?

The baron now his Diamonds pours apace;
 The embroider'd king, who shows but half his face,
 And his risplendent queen with powers combin'd,
 Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
 Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,
 With throngs promiscuous strew the level green:
 Thus, when dispersed a routed army runs,
 Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,
 With like confusion different nations fly,
 Of various habit, and of various dye,
 The pierc'd battalions disunited fall,
 In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.
 The knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
 And wins (oh shameful chance!) the queen of Hearts.
 At this the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,
 A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look;
 She sees, and trembles at the approaching ill;
 Just in the jaws of ruin, and Codille.
 And now (as oft, in some distemper'd state)
 On one nice trick depends the gen'ral fate;
 An ace of Hearts steps forth; the king unseen
 Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive queen:
 He springs to vengeance with an angry pace,
 And falls like thunder on the prostrate ace.
 The nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky;
 The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.

O thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,
 Too soon dejected, and too soon elate.
 Sudden, these honours shall be snatch'd away,
 And cursed for ever this victorious day.

For, lo! the board with cups and spoons is crown'd,
 The berries crackle, and the mill turns round;
 On shining altars of Japan they raise
 The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze;
 From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
 While China's earth receives the smoking tide;
 At once they gratify their scent and taste,
 And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
 Straight hover round the fair her airy band:
 Some, as she sipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd,
 Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd,
 Trembling and conscious of the rich brocade.
 Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
 And see through all things with his half-shut eyes)
 Sent up in vapours to the baron's brain
 New stratagems the radiant lock to gain.
 Ah! cease, rash youth; desist ere 'tis too late,
 Fear the just gods, and think of Scylla's fate!
 Chang'd to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
 She dearly paid for Nisus' injured hair!

But, when to mischief mortals bend their will,
 How soon they find fit instruments of ill!
 Just then, Clarissa drew, with tempting grace,
 A two-edg'd weapon from her shining case;
 So ladies, in romance, assist their knight,
 Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.
 He takes the gift with reverence, and extends
 The little engine on his fingers' ends;
 This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
 As o'er the fragrant steams she bent her head.
 Swift to the lock a thousand sprites repair,
 A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair!
 And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear;
 Thrice she looked back, and thrice the foe drew near.
 Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought
 The close recesses of the virgin's thought,
 As, on the nosegay in her breast reclin'd,
 He watch'd th' ideas rising in her mind;
 Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,
 An earthly lover lurking at her heart.
 Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his power expir'd,
 Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retir'd.

The peer now spreads the glittering forfex wide,
 T' enclose the lock; now joins it, to divide.
 E'en then, before the fatal engine clos'd,
 A wretched sylph too fondly interpos'd:
 Fate urg'd the shears, and cut the sylph in twain
 (But airy substance soon unites again);
 The meeting points the sacred hair dis sever
 From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!

Then flash'd the livid lightning from her eyes,
 And streams of horror rend th' affrighted skies.
 Not louder shrieks to pitying Heaven are cast,
 When husbands or when lap-dogs breathe their last;

Or when rich china vessels, fall'n from high,
 In glitt'ring dust and painted fragments lie.
 „Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine!
 (The victor cried); the glorious prize is mine!
 While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
 Or in a coach and six the British fair;
 As long as Atalantis shall be read,
 Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed;
 While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
 When num'rous wax-lights in bright order blaze;
 While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
 So long my honour, name, and praise shall live”
 What time would spare, from steel receive its date,
 And monuments, like men, submit to fate:
 Steel could the labour of the gods destroy,
 And strike to dust th' imperial tow'rs of Troy;
 Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
 And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
 What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hairs should feel
 The conquering force of unresisted steel?”

CANTO IV.

But anxious cares the pensive nymph oppress'd,
 And secret passions labour'd in her breast.
 Not youthful kings in battle seized alive,
 Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,
 Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliss,
 Not ancient ladies when refused a kiss,
 Not tyrants fierce, that unrepenting die,
 Not Cynthia when her mantua's pinn'd awry,
 E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,
 As thou, sad virgin! for thy ravish'd hair.

For, that sad moment, when the sylphs withdrew,
 And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
 Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,
 As ever sullied the fair face of light,
 Down to the central earth, his proper scene,
 Repair'd, to search the gloomy cave of Spleen.
 Swift on his sooty pinions flits the gnome,
 And in a vapour reached the dismal dome.
 No cheerful breeze this sullen region knows,
 The dreadful east is all the wind that blows.
 Here in a grotto, shelter'd close from air,
 And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare,
 She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
 Pain at her side, and Megrim at her head.

Two handmaids wait the throne: alike in place,
 But diff'ring far in figure and in face.
 Here stood Ill-nature like an ancient maid,

Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd:
 With store of pray'rs, for mornings, nights, and noons,
 Her hand is fill'd; her bosom with lampoons.
 There Affectation, with a sickly mien,
 Shows in her cheeks the roses of eighteen,
 Practis'd to lisp, and hang the head aside,
 Faints into airs, and languishes with pride;
 On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,
 Wrapp'd in a gown, for sickness, and for show.
 The fair ones feel such maladies as these,
 When each new night-dress gives a new disease.

A constant vapour o'er the palace flies;
 Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise,
 Dreadful, as hermits' dreams in haunted shades,
 Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.
 Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
 Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires;
 Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes,
 And crystal domes, and angels in machines.

Safe pass'd the gnome, through this fantastic band,
 A branch of healing spleen-wort in his hand,
 Then thus address'd the pow'r: „Ifail, wayward queen,
 Who rule th' sex to fifty from fifteen:
 Parent of vapours, and of female wit,
 Who gave th' hysteric, or poetic fit,
 On various tempers act by various ways,
 Make some take physie, others scribble plays;
 Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
 And send the godly in a pet to pray; —
 A nymph there is, that all thy pow'r disdains,
 And thousands more in equal mirth maintains:
 Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin,
 That single act gives half the world the spleen.”

The goddess with a discontented air
 Seems to reject him, though she grants his pray'r.
 A wondrous bag with both her hands she binds,
 Like that where once Ulysses held the winds;
 There she collects the force of female lungs,
 Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues,
 A vial next she fills with fainting fears,
 Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
 The gnome, rejoicing, bears her gifts away,
 Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day.

Sunk in Thalestris' arms the nymph he found,
 Her eyes dejected and her hair unbound.
 Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,
 And all the furies issued at the vent.
 Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
 And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire.
 „O wretched maid!” she spread her hands, and cried
 While Hampton's echoes „Wretched maid!” replied),
 „Was it for this you took such constant care
 The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare?
 For this your locks in paper durance bound?

For this with torturing irons wreathed around?
 For this with fillets strain'd your tender head,
 And bravely bore the double loads of lead?
 Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,
 While the fops envy, and the ladies stare?
 Honour forbid! at whose unrivall'd shrine
 Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.
 Methinks already I your tears survey,
 Already hear the horrid things they say;
 Already see you a degraded toast,
 And all your honour in a whisper lost!
 How shall I, then, your hapless fame defend?
 'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend!
 And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,
 Exposed through crystal to the gazing eyes,
 And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays,
 On that rapacious hand for ever blaze?
 Sooner shall grass in Hyde-park circus grow,
 And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow!
 Sooner let air, earth, sea, to chaos fall,
 Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all!"

She said; then raging to Sir Plume repairs,
 And bids her beau demand the precious hairs
 (Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
 And the nice conduct of a clouded cane):
 With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face,
 He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case,
 And thus broke out: "My Lord, why, what the devil?
 Zounds! damn the lock: 'fore Gad, you must be civil!
 Plague on't, 'tis past a jest—nay, pr'ythee, pox!
 Give her the hair." — He spoke, and rapp'd his box.

"It grieves me much" (replied the peer again)
 "Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain;
 But by this lock, this sacred lock I swear,
 (Which never more shall join its parted hair,
 Which never more its honours shall renew,
 Clipp'd from the lovely head where late it grew)
 That, while my nostrils draw the vital air,
 This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear"
 He spoke, and, speaking, in proud triumph spread
 The long-contended honours of her head.

But Umbriel, hateful gnome! forbears not so
 He breaks the vial whence the sorrows flow.
 Then see! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
 Her eyes half-languishing, half-drown'd in tears;
 On her heav'd bosom hung her drooping head,
 Which, with a sigh, she rais'd; and thus she said;
 "For ever curs'd be this detested day,
 Which snatch'd my best, my favourite curl away,
 Happy! ah ten times happy had I been,
 If Hampton Court these eyes had never seen!
 Yet am not I the first mistaken maid
 By love of courts to numerous ills betray'd
 Oh, had I rather unadmired remain'd

In some lone isle or distant northern land,
 Where the gilt chariot never marks the way,
 Where none learn ombre, none e'er taste Bohea!
 There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,
 Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die.
 What moved my mind with youthful lords to roam!
 Oh, had I staid, and said my pray'rs at home!
 'Twas this, the morning omens seem'd to tell:
 Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell,
 The tott'ring china shook without a wind,
 Nay, Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind!
 A sylph, too, warn'd me of the threats of fate,
 In mystic visions, now believed too late!
 See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs!
 My hands shall rend what e'en thy rapine spares:
 These, in two sable ringlets taught to break,
 Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck;
 The sister-lock now sits uncouth, alone,
 And in its fellow's fate foresees its own;
 Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal shears demands,
 And tempts once more thy sacrilegious hands. —
 Oh, hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize
 Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these!"

CANTO V.

She said; the pitying audience melts in tears;
 But fate and Jove had stopp'd the baron's ears.
 In vain Thalestris with reproach assails,
 For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
 Not half so fix'd the Trojan could remain,
 While Anna begg'd, and Dido raged in vain.
 Then grave Clarissa graceful waved her fan;
 Silence ensu'd, and thus the nymph began:
 „Say, why are beauties prais'd and honour'd most
 The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast?
 Why deck'd with all that land and sea afford?
 Why angels call'd, and angel-like adored?
 Why round our coaches crowd the white-gloved beaux
 Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows?
 How vain are all these glories, all our pains,
 Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains:
 That men may say, when we the front-box grace,
 Behold the first in virtue as in face!
 Oh! if to dance all night and dress all day
 Charm'd the small-pox, or chas'd old age away,
 Who would not scorn what housewife's cares produce,
 Or who would learn one earthly thing of use!
 To patch, nay ogle, may become a saint;
 Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.
 But since, alas! frail beauty must decay;

Curl'd or uncurl'd, since locks will turn to gray;
 Since, painted or not painted, all shall fade,
 And she who scorns a man, must die a maid;
 What then remains but well our pow'r to use,
 And keep good-humour'd still, whate'er we lose!
 And trust me, dear! good-humour can prevail,
 When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding fail.
 Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
 Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul."

So spoke the dame, but no applause ensued:
 Belinda frown'd, Thalestris call'd her prude.
 "To arms, to arms!" the fierce virago cries,
 And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
 All side in parties, and begin th' attack;
 Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones crack;
 Heroes' and heroines' shouts confusedly rise,
 And bass, and treble voices strike the skies.
 No common weapons in their hands are found;
 Like gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.

So when bold Homer makes the gods engage,
 And heavenly breasts with human passions rage;
 'Gainst Pallas, Mars; Latona, Hermes arms;
 And all Olympus rings with loud alarms;
 Jove's thunder roars, heav'n trembles all around,
 Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound;
 Earth shakes her nodding tow'rs, the ground gives way,
 And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day!

Triumphant Umbriel, on a scone's height,
 Clapp'd his glad wings, and sat to view the fight;
 Propp'd on their bodkin-spears, the sprites survey
 The growing combat, or assist the fray.

While through the press enraged Thalestris flies,
 And scatters death around from both her eyes,
 A beau and witling perish'd in the throng, —
 One died in metaphor, and one in song.

O cruel nymph! a living death I bear,
 Cried Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.
 A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast;
 "Those eyes are made so killing" — was his last.
 Thus on Meander's flowery margin lies
 Th' expiring swan, and as he sings he dies.
 When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down
 Chloe stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown;
 She smiled to see the douty hero slain,
 But, at her smile, the beau reviv'd again.

Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
 Weighs the men's wits against the lady's hair;
 The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;
 At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.

See fierce Belinda on the baron flies,
 With more than usual lightning in her eyes:
 Nor fear'd the chief th' unequal fight to try,
 Who sought no more than on his foe to die.
 But this bold lord, with manly strength endued,

She with one finger and a thumb subdued:
 Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
 A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw;
 The gnomes direct, to ev'ry atom just,
 The pungent grains of titillating dust;
 Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows,
 And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.

„Now meet thy fate," incensed Belinda cried,
 And drew a deadly bodkin from her side
 (The same, his ancient personage to deck,
 Her great-great-grandsire wore about his neck,
 In three seal-rings; which after, melted down,
 Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown;
 Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew, —
 The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew:
 Then in a bodkin graced her mother's hairs,
 Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears).

„Boast not my fall," he cried, „insulting foe!
 Thou by some other shalt be laid as low.
 Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind:
 All that I dread is leaving you behind!
 Rather than so, ah let me still survive,
 And burn in Cupid's flames — but burn alive."

„Restore the lock," she cries; and all around,
 „Restore the lock!" the vaulted roofs rebound
 Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain
 Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his pain.
 But see how oft ambitious aims are cross'd,
 And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost!
 The lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,
 In every place is sought, but sought in vain;
 With such a prize no mortal must be bless'd;
 So Heav'n decrees! with Heaven who can contest!

Some thought it mounted to the lunar sphere,
 Since all things lost on earth are treasured there.
 There heroes' wits are kept in pond'rous vases,
 And beaux' in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases:
 There broken vows and death-bed alms are found,
 And lovers' hearts with ends of riband bound;
 The courtier's promises, and sick man's pray'rs
 The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs
 Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
 Dried butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

But trust the Muse — she saw it upward rise,
 Though mark'd by none but quick, poetic eyes:
 (So Rome's great founder to the heav'ns withdrew
 To Proculus alone confess'd in view):
 A sudden star, it shot through liquid air,
 And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
 Not Berenice's locks first rose so bright,
 The heav'ns bespangling with dishevell'd light.
 The sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
 And, pleas'd, pursue its progress through the skies.

This the beau monde shall from the Mall survey,

And hail with music its propitious ray;
 This the bless'd lover shall for Venus take,
 And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake;
 This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless skies,
 When next he looks through Galileo's eyes;
 And hence the egregious wizard shall foredoom
 The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome.

Then cease, bright nymph! to mourn thy ravish'd hair,
 Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!
 Not all the tresses that fair head can boast
 Shall draw such envy as the lock you lost:
 For, after all the murders of your eye,
 When, after millions slain, yourself shall die;
 When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
 And all those tresses shall be laid in dust,
 This lock the muse shall consecrate to fame,
 And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name.

WILLIAM COWPER.

1731- 1800.

Cowper's story is singularly sad. He was of ancient and even illustrious race, descending from King Henry III, and was born with an extremely tender and impressionable character. He was born at Great Berkhamstead in the county of Hertford. After being cowed by bullying at a private school, he was sent to Westminster. First employed as a lawyer, the youth was attacked by madness, and when discharged from the asylum where he had been confined, proved totally unfit for any active career. Possessing a small income and assisted by his family, he retired into the country. His poetical talent did not flower until late. — In 1772 and the two following years he suffered from a relapse of his malady; on recovering from which, he endeavoured to calm his shattered spirits with a variety of innocent amusements, gardening, carpentering, and taming hares. His first poems were given to the world in 1782, and his friend Lady Austen gave him *the Sofa* as a subject. Upon this he composed his *Poem of The Task* divided into six books 1. The Sofa; 2. The Time Piece; 3. Garden. 4. Winter-Evening; 5. Winter Morning Walk; 6. Winter Walk at Noon. This poem embodying the poet's thoughts and reflections, offers a mixture of worldly observation, a delicate painting of nature, and an intense religious feeling. He died on the 25th of April 1800.

The Task.

THE TIMEPIECE.¹⁾

Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
 Some boundless contiguity of shade,
 Where rumour of oppression and deceit,

¹⁾ The title of the second book of the *Task*, Cowper explains in a letter to Newton — "The book to which it belongs is intended to strike the hour that gives notice of approaching judgment." Translated into modern phraseology, the title would run — "Signs of the Times." In it he dwells

Of unsuccessful or successful war
 Might never reach me more! My ear is pain'd,
 My soul is sick with ev'ry day's report
 Of wrong and outrage with which earth is fill'd.
 There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart,
 It does not feel for man. The nat'ral bond
 Of brotherhood is sever'd as the flax, 10
 That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
 He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
 Not colour'd like his own, and having pow'r
 T' enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause
 Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.
 Lands intersected by a narrow frith
 Abhor each other. Mountains interposed
 Make enemies of nations, who had else
 Like kindred drops been mingled into one.
 Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys; 20
 And worse than all, and most to be deplored,
 As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,
 Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat
 With stripes, that Mercy, with a bleeding heart,
 Weeps when she sees inflicted on a beast.
 Then what is man? And what man, seeing this,
 And having human feelings, does not blush
 And hang his head, to think himself a man?
 I would not have a slave to till my ground,
 To carry me, to fan me while I sleep, 30
 And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
 That sinews bought and sold have ever earn'd.

on all the public calamities and convulsions of nature which happened during the years 1771-83: the hurricane which ravaged Jamaica and the Barbadoes; the earthquake in Sicily; which seem to him the precursors of the end of the world. It is to this part of the poem that Macaulay specially refers in his description of Cowper. "Cowper, placed the oppression of India foremost in the list of those national crimes for which God had punished England with years of disastrous war, with discomfiture in her own seas, and with the loss of her Transatlantic Empire." — *Essays*, vol. iii. p. 83.

The remainder of the book is taken up with a tirade against the clergy and the university. From Mr. Pattison's *Essay on Tendencies of Religious Thought in England*, 1688-1751 we quote two passages

"It was an age destitute of depth or earnestness; an age whose poetry was without romance, whose philosophy was without insight, and whose public men were without character; an age of light without love, whose very merits were of the earth, earthy."

"Again came a change. As the Methodist movement gradually leavened the mass beneath, zeal came again into credit. The old Wickliffite or Puritan distinction is revived between the 'gospel preachers' and the 'dumb dogs.' The antipathy to priests was no longer promiscuous. Popular indignation was reserved for men who are described as 'careless of dispensing the bread of life to their flocks, preaching a carnal and soul-numbing morality, and trafficking in the souls of men by receiving money for discharging the pastoral office in parishes where they did not so much as look on the faces of the people more than once a year.'"

1-47. *The poet sighs for the solitude of the country, in order to escape from the sight of human oppression and wrong — more than all from the wrongs of the slave, who is worse treated than a beast. He would rather be a slave than own slaves. There can be no slaves in England, why should there be anywhere in the British Empire?*

No: dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
 Just estimation prized above all price,
 I had much rather be myself the slave
 And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.
 We have no slaves at home — then why abroad?
 And they themselves, once ferried o'er the wave
 That parts us, are emancipate and loosed.
 Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs 40
 Receive our air, that moment they are free,
 They touch our country and their shackles fall.
 That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
 And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then,
 And let it circulate through ev'ry vein
 Of all your empire; that where Britain's power
 Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.

Sure there is need of social intercourse,
 Benevolence and peace and mutual aid
 Between the nations, in a world that seems 50
 To toll the death-bell to its own decease,
 And by the voice of all its elements
 To preach the gen'ral doom. When were the winds
 Let slip with such a warrant to destroy?
 When did the waves so haughtily o'erleap
 Their ancient barriers, deluging the dry?
 Fires from beneath, and meteors from above,
 Portentous, unexampled, unexplain'd,
 Have kindled beacons in the skies, and th' old
 And crazy earth has had her shaking fits 60

35. *I had much rather be.* *Rather* is an adjective, not an adverb, the comparative of "rathe," early, a word used by Milton and Tennyson among others. Shakespeare uses "I had as lief."

40. *Slaves cannot breathe in England.* "The decision that 'slaves cannot breathe in England' was given by the Judges, June 22, 1772, on the case of Somerset. A poor slave of that name was brought to England, but on account of ill-health was turned adrift by his master. By the charity of Granville Sharp he was restored to health, on which his brutal master reclaimed him. The claim was resisted; a trial ensued in the Queen's Bench, and the decision was given as stated here. In 1786, the year after these lines were written, England was employing 130 ships, which carried 42,000 slaves; but in the following year the Society for the Suppression of the Slave Trade was instituted. In April 1791 Wilberforce made a direct motion for abolition, which was lost by 88 to 83. Lord Grenville and Fox took up the question as Ministers in 1806, and the slave trade was abolished in 1807." — *Globe Edition*.

The emancipation of slaves cost the country twenty millions.

It was not till August 1834 that, by the exertions of Mr. Buxton, negro slavery ceased in the colonies.

48—74. *We ought to be taught the lesson of charity and peace by the natural portents which have happened of late -- the hurricane in Jamaica; the meteor of 1783; earthquakes in Sicily and elsewhere; the fog which overspread Europe in the same year. Even if these portents do not point to the end of the world, they are at least signs of God's wrath.*

53. *To preach the general doom.* "Alluding to the late calamities in Jamaica." *Couper*. Jamaica was swept by violent hurricanes in January 1780 and the six following years.

57. *Meteors from above.* "August 18, 1783." — *Author's Note*.

On the 18th of August a singular and very beautiful meteor was seen to traverse the sky from N.N.W. to S.S.E.,

More frequent, and foregone her usual rest.
 Is it a time to wrangle, when the props
 And pillars of our planet seem to fail,
 And Nature with a dim and sickly eye,
 To wait the close of all? But grant her end
 More distant, and that prophecy demands
 A longer respite, unaccomplish'd yet;
 Still they are frowning signals, and bespeak
 Displeasure in His breast who smites the earth
 Or heals it, makes it languish or rejoice. 70
 And 'tis but seemly that, where all deserve
 And stand exposed by common peccancy
 To what no few have felt, there should be peace,
 And brethren in calamity should love.

Alas for Sicily! rude fragments now
 Lie scatter'd where the shapely column stood.
 Her palaces are dust. In all her streets
 The voice of singing and the sprightly chord
 Are silent. Revelry and dance and show
 Suffer a syncope and solemn pause, 80
 While God performs, upon the trembling stage
 Of his own works, his dreadful part alone.
 How does the earth receive Him? — With what signs
 Of gratulation and delight, her King?
 Pours she not all her choicest fruits abroad,
 Her sweetest flow'rs, her aromatic gums,
 Disclosing paradise where'er He treads?
 She quakes at His approach. Her hollow womb,
 Conceiving thunders, through a thousand deeps
 And fiery caverns roars beneath His foot. 90
 The hills move lightly and the mountains smoke,
 For He has touch'd them. From th' extremest point
 Of elevation down into th' abyss,
 His wrath is busy and his frown is felt.
 The rocks fall headlong and the valleys rise,
 The rivers die into offensive pools,

62. *The props and pillars.* Job ix. 6. "Which shaketh the earth out of her place, and the pillars thereof tremble."

64. *And Nature.* "Alluding to the fog which covered both Europe and Asia during the whole summer of 1783." — *Author's Note.*

66. "All things must be fulfilled" before the end of the world come.

72. *Peccancy.* Else only employed as a medical term, "peccancy of the humours."

The general belief was that earthquakes or other disturbances of nature are signs of the wrath of heaven. Cowper, was only reflecting the general belief of his age.

75—132. *A description of the earthquake in Sicily.* It happened in February and March 1782. The most violent shock was on February 5th, when a large portion of the inhabitants of Messina perished, and among the rest the Prince, who with a number of his subjects had put to sea, hoping to escape its effects.

78. Isaiah xxiv. 8.

80. *Syncope.* A fainting fit, a medical term from the Greek

91. Psalm cxliv. 5. "Bow thy heavens, O Lord, and come down; touch the mountains, and they shall smoke." And Jeremiah iv. 24.

96. *Into, sil.* are changing into.

And, charged with putrid verdure, breathe a gross
 And mortal nuisance into all the air.
 What solid was, by transformation strange
 Grows fluid, and the fix'd and rooted earth 100
 Tormented into billows heaves and swells,
 Or with vortiginous and hideous whirl
 Sucks down its prey insatiable. Immense
 The tumult and the overthrow, the pangs
 And agonies of human and of brute
 Multitudes, fugitive on ev'ry side,
 And fugitive in vain. The sylvan scene
 Migrates uplifted, and with all its soil
 Alighting in far distant fields, finds out
 A new possessor, and survives the change. 110
 Ocean has caught the frenzy, and upwrought
 To an enormous and o'erbearing height,
 Not by a mighty wind, but by that voice
 Which winds and waves obey, invades the shore
 Resistless. Never such a sudden flood,
 Upridged so high, and sent on such a charge,
 Possess'd an inland scene. Where now the throng
 That press'd the beach, and hasty to depart
 Look'd to the sea for safety? They are gone,
 Gone with the reflux wave into the deep, 120
 A prince with half his people! Ancient tow'rs,
 And roofs embattled high, the gloomy scenes
 Where beauty oft and letter'd worth consume
 Life in the unproductive shades of death,
 Fall prone; the pale inhabitants come forth,
 And, happy in their unforeseen release
 From all the rigours of restraint, enjoy
 The terrors of the day that sets them free.
 Who then, that has thee, would not hold thee fast,
 Freedom! whom they that lose thee so regret, 130
 That ev'n a judgment, making way for thee,
 Seems in their eyes a mercy, for thy sake.

Such evil sin hath wrought; and such a flame

100. *Fixed and rooted earth.* The Hebrew idea of the „world established so that it cannot be moved.”

107—110. „Near Laureana, in Calabria Ultra, a singular phenomenon had been produced; the surface of two whole tenements, with large olive and mulberry trees therein, situated in a valley perfectly level, had been detached by the earthquake and transplanted, the trees still remaining in their places, to the distance of a mile from their former situations” — *Letter of Sir W. Hamilton to Sir Joseph Banks.*

Miraculous as this circumstance appears, it was paralleled in the great earthquake of 1571. A hill, called Marclay Hill, near Kinaston in Herefordshire, was conveyed bodily to a considerable distance, trees, flocks, and all. — *BURTON'S General History of Earthquakes.*

114. *Matt. viii. 27.*

122. *Embattled.* Furnished with battlements, *i. e.*, openings in a wall or tower for hostile purposes.

133—160. *Moral reflections on the above.* Cowper sees the truth that the Sicilians were not specially guilty, but he could not rise to the higher truth that plagues and earthquakes are not indications of God's wrath.

Kindled in heaven, that it burns down to earth,
 And, in the furious inquest that it makes
 On God's behalf, lays waste his fairest works.
 The very elements, though each be meant
 The minister of man, to serve his wants,
 Conspire against him. With his breath, he draws
 A plague into his blood; and cannot use 140
 Life's necessary means, but he must die.
 Storms rise t' o'erwhelm him: or, if stormy winds
 Rise not, the waters of the deep shall rise,
 And needing none assistance of the storm,
 Shall roll themselves ashore, and reach him there.
 The earth shall shake him out of all his holds,
 Or make his house his grave; nor so content,
 Shall counterfeit the motions of the flood,
 And drown him in her dry and dusty gulfs.
 What then? — were they the wicked above all, 150
 And we the righteous whose fast-anchor'd isle
 Moved not, while theirs was rock'd like a light skiff
 The sport of ev'ry wave? No: none are clear,
 And none than we more guilty. But where all
 Stand chargeable with guilt, and to the shafts
 Of wrath obnoxious, God may choose his mark,
 May punish, if he please, the less, to warn
 The more malignant. If He spared not them,
 Tremble and be amazed at thine escape,
 Far guiltier England, lest He spare not thee! 160

Happy the man who sees a God employ'd
 In all the good and ill that chequer life!
 Resolving all events, with their effects
 And manifold results, into the will
 And arbitration wise of the Supreme.
 Did not His eye rule all things, and intend
 The least of our concerns, (since from the least
 The greatest oft originate,) could chance
 Find place in his dominion, or dispose
 One lawless particle to thwart his plan, 170
 Then God might be surprised, and unforeseen
 Contingence might alarm Him, and disturb
 The smooth and equal course of His affairs.
 This truth, Philosophy, though eagle-eyed

135. *Inquest*. The heaven-sent fire makes as it were a judicial inquiry; the essence of an inquest however is that it should be „calm,” not „furious.”

150. Luke xiii 4.

157. *The less, i. e.*, the less malignant.

Malignant. The word implies wilful wickedness. Malignants was the term of abuse given to the upholders of the church and monarchy at the beginning of the civil war.

161—206. *God the universal cause. The folly of the atheist who tries to explain everything apart from God.*

161. *Sees a God employed*. Recognises the hand of God.

162. *Chequer*, like a chess-board, fr. échec; from pers. „schach mat” the king is dead.

166. *Intend*. Pre-ordain.

174. *Though eagle-eyed, &c.* Though (as it deems) it can penetrate the final causes of everything.

In nature's tendencies, oft overlooks;
 And, having found His instrument, forgets
 Or disregards, or more presumptuous still
 Denies the pow'r that wields it. God proclaims
 His hot displeasure against foolish men
 That live an atheist life: involves the 'heav'n 180
 In tempests, quits His grasp upon the winds
 And gives them all their fury; bids a plague
 Kindle a fiery boil upon the skin,
 And putrefy the breath of blooming health.
 He calls for Famine, and the meagre fiend
 Blows mildew from between his shrivell'd lips,
 And taints the golden ear. He springs his mines,
 And desolates a nation at a blast.
 Forth steps the spruce philosopher, and tells
 Of homogeneous and discordant springs 190
 And principles; of causes how they work
 By necessary laws their sure effects;
 Of action and reaction. He has found
 The source of the disease that nature feels,
 And bids the world take heart and banish fear.
 Thou fool! will thy discovery or the cause
 Suspend th' effect, or heal it? Has not God
 Still wrought by means since first He made the world,
 And did he not of old employ His means
 To drown it? What is his creation less 200
 Than a capacious reservoir of means
 Form'd for His use, and ready at His will?
 Go, dress thine eyes with eye-salve, ask of Him,
 Or ask of whomsoever He has taught,
 And learn, though late, the genuine cause of all.

England, with all thy faults, I love thee still,
 My country! and while yet a nook is left,
 Where English minds and manners may be found,
 Shall be constrain'd to love thee. Though thy clime
 Be fickle, and thy year most part deform'd 210
 With dripping rains, or wither'd by a frost,
 I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies

176. *And having found, &c.* Is content to rest in secondary causes.

178. *God proclaims.* This is the Hebrew notion of a jealous God, who rewards his servants and takes vengeance on his enemies in this life.

185. *Spruce.* Means first, smart in action, then, smart in dress. Cf. provincial, „spry,” „sprig.”

190. *Homogeneous.* „The light whose rays are all refrangible, I call simple, *homogeneous*, and similar; and that whose rays are some more refrangible than others, I call compound *heterogeneous*, and dissimilar.” — NEWTON'S *Optics*.

196. *Will thy discovery, &c.* Vaccination, Davy's safety-lamp, the lighting-conductor, &c., are the best answer to Cowper's question.

201-285. *The present profligacy of England contrasted with her former statesmen and warriors. A satirical account of the English attending the races at Fontainebleau.*

209. *Though thy clime.* Cowper, like a true Englishman that he is, cannot refrain from abusing the English climate, unjustly as we think.

And fields without a flow'r, for warmer France
 With all her vines; nor for Ausonia's groves
 Of golden fruitage, and her myrtle bow'rs.
 To shake thy senate, and from heights sublime
 Of patriot eloquence to flash down fire
 Upon thy foes, was never meant my task;
 But I can feel thy fortunes, and partake
 Thy joys and sorrows with as true a heart 220
 As any thund'r'er there. And I can feel
 Thy follies too, and with a just disdain
 Frown at effeminates, whose very looks
 Reflect dishonour on the land I love.
 How, in the name of soldiership and sense,
 Should England prosper, when such things, as smooth
 And tender as a girl, all essenced o'er
 With odours, and as profligate as sweet,
 Who sell their laurel for a myrtle wreath,
 And love when they should fight; when such as these 230
 Presume to lay their hand upon the ark
 Of her magnificent and awful cause?
 Time was when it was praise and boast enough
 In ev'ry clime, and travel where we might,
 That we were born her children. Praise enough
 To fill th' ambition of a private man,
 That Chatham's language was his mother tongue,
 And Wolfe's great name compatriot with his own.
 Farewell those honours, and farewell with them
 The hope of such hereafter. They have fall'n 240
 Each in his field of glory; one in arms,
 And one in council; — Wolfe upon the lap
 Of smiling Victory that moment won,
 And Chatham, heart-sick of his country's shame.
 They made us many soldiers. Chatham, still
 Consulting England's happiness at home,

214. A poetical name of Italy.

215. „Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle, &c.” Byron's adaptation of Goethe.

227. *All-essenced o'er*. Essenced all over.

229. *Myrtle wreath*. To be worn at feasts.

231. 1 Chronicles, xiii. 9.

237. William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, *b.* 1708, *d.* 1778.

„The situation which Pitt occupied at the close of the reign of George the Second was the most enviable ever occupied by any public man in English history. . . . He was admired by all Europe. He was the first Englishman of his time; and he had made England the first country in the world.” — MACAULAY'S *Essays*, vol. ii. p. 198.

238. General Wolfe fell at the storming of Quebec, Sept. 12, 1759.

242. *And one in council*. The Duke of Richmond was moving an address to the Crown against the further prosecution of the war with America. „When the Duke of Richmond had spoken, Chatham rose. . . . The House listened in solemn silence, and with the aspect of profound respect and compassion. The Duke of Richmond replied with great tenderness and courtesy; but while he spoke, the old man was observed to be restless and irritable. The Duke sat down. Chatham stood up again, pressed his hand on his breast, and sank down in an apoplectic fit. . . . At Hayes, after lingering a few weeks, he expired in his seventieth year.” — MACAULAY'S *Essays*, iii. p. 623.

Secured it by an unforgiving frown
 If any wrong'd her. Wolfe, where'er he fought,
 Put so much of his heart into his act,
 That his example had a magnet's force, 250
 And all were swift to follow whom all loved.
 Those suns are set. Oh, rise some other such!
 Or all that we have left is empty talk
 Of old achievements, and despair of new.

Now hoist the sail, and let the streamers float
 Upon the wanton breezes. Strew the deck
 With lavender, and sprinkle liquid sweets,
 That no rude savour maritime invade
 The nose of nice nobility. Breathe soft
 Ye clarionets, and softer still ye flutes, 260
 That winds and waters lull'd by magic sounds
 May bear us smoothly to the Gallic shore.
 True, we have lost an empire — let it pass.
 True, we may thank the perfidy of France
 That pick'd the jewel out of England's crown,
 With all the cunning of an envious shrew.
 And let that pass — 'twas but a trick of state.
 A brave man knows no malice, but at once
 Forgets in peace the injuries of war,
 And gives his direst foe a friend's embrace. 270
 And shamed as we have been, to the very beard
 Braved and defied, and in our own sea proved
 Too weak for those decisive blows, that once
 Insured us mast'ry there, we yet retain
 Some small pre-eminence, we justly boast
 At least superior jockeyship, and claim
 The honours of the turf as all our own.
 Go then, well worthy of the praise ye seek,
 And show the shame ye might conceal at home,
 In foreign eyes! — be grooms, and win the plate, 280
 Where once your nobler fathers won a crown!
 'Tis generous to communicate your skill
 To those that need it. Folly is soon learn'd,
 And, under such preceptors, who can fail?

260. *Clarionet*. *Et*, a French diminutive termination. *

263. *Let it pass*. Impersonal.

264. *True, we may thank, &c.* Hostilities between England and America commenced 18th. April 1775. After the capitulation of General Burgoyne at Saratoga, Louis XVI, openly espoused the cause of the States, 6th. Feb. 1778. The war was decided by Lord Cornwallis surrendering to Washington and Lafayette at Yorktown, 29th. Oct. 1781. The peace of Paris with America was signed 30th. Nov. 1782, and the peace of Versailles with France 20th. Jan. 1783.

266. *With all the cunning*. A shrew (such as Kate in the *Taming of the Shrew*) may be envious, but hardly cunning.

271. *To the very beard*. There is a Greek proverb to beard a lion.

273. *Jockeyship*. Jockey is a corruption, „jock" or „jack," a name appropriated first to grooms, and then to the riders of race-horses, just as „Jack" has been to sailors, „James" to footmen. The French, with the thing, have borrowed most of the names connected with horses and racing from the English — jockey, groom, tandem, steeplechase, turf &c.

There is pleasure in poetic pains
 Which only poets know. The shifts and turns,
 Th' expedients and inventions multiform
 To which the mind resorts, in chase of terms
 Though apt, yet coy, and difficult to win —
 T' arrest the fleeting images that fill 290
 The mirror of the mind, and hold them fast,
 And force them 'sit, till he has pencill'd off
 A faithful likeness of the forms he views;
 Then to dispose his copies with such art
 That each may find its most propitious light,
 And shine by situation, hardly less
 Than by the labour and the skill it cost,
 Are occupations of the poet's mind
 So pleasing, and that steal away the thought
 With such address from themes of sad import, 300
 That, lost in his own musings, happy man!
 He feels th' anxieties of life, denied
 Their wonted entertainment, all retire.
 Such joys has he that sings. But ah! not such,
 Or seldom such, the hearers of his song.
 Fastidious, or else listless, or perhaps
 Aware of nothing arduous in a task
 They never undertook, they little note
 His dangers or escapes, and haply find
 Their least amusement where he found the most. 310
 But is amusement all? studious of song,
 And yet ambitious not to sing in vain,
 I would not trifle merely, though the world
 Be loudest in their praise who do no more.
 Yet what can satire, whether grave or gay?
 It may correct a foible, may chastise
 The freaks of fashion, regulate the dress,
 Retrench a sword-blade, or displace a patch;

285-326. *The pains and pleasure of poetic authorship described. These are little understood by the reader, who is often least amused when the poet has made most effort to amuse him. Yet amusement is not the sole aim of my satire. But however grave, satire is only fitted to chastise foibles, not vices.*

285. *Poetic pains.* The following quotation from Sydney Smith is not irrelevant: — "When our friend is delivered of a couplet, with infinite labour and pain, he takes to his bed, has straw laid down, the knocker tied up, expects his friends to call and make inquiries, and the answer at the door invariably is, 'Mr. Rogers and his little couplet are as well as can be expected.' When he produces an Alexandrine, he keeps his bed a day longer."

286. *Shift.* Properly a division, especially of time or labour; then, a turn or change, lastly, a clever turn or trick.

290. *To arrest* — depends on "to which the mind resorts," and is co-ordinate with "in chase of terms."

303. *Denied their wonted entertainment.* Cares can find no lodging in a mind preoccupied and absorbed.

309. *Haply.* By chance; hence, as may by chance happen perhaps.

316. *Foible.* The older French spelling, as feeble to the newer. Foible is for "foible" (old French), Latin, *febilis*."

318. *Sword-blade.* Swords were not obsolete in Cowper's day as part of a gentleman's full dress. Scott, in *Guy Mannering*, speaking of English fashions about the end of the American war, writes, "Though the custom of wearing swords by persons out of uniform had been gradually becoming

But where are its sublimer trophies found?
 What vice has it subdued? whose heart reclaim'd 320
 By rigour, or whom laugh'd into reform?
 Alas! Leviathan is not so tam'd.
 Laugh'd at, he laughs again; and, stricken hard,
 Turns to the stroke his adamantine scales,
 That fear no discipline of human hands.

The pulpit therefore (and I name it, fill'd
 With solemn awe, that bids me well beware
 With what intent I touch that holy thing) —
 The pulpit (when the sat'rist has at last,
 Strutting and vap'ring in an empty school, 330
 Spent all his force, and made no proselyto) —
 I say the pulpit (in the sober use
 Of its legitimate peculiar pow'rs)
 Must stand acknowledg'd, while the world shall stand,
 The most important and effectual guard,
 Support, and ornament of virtue's cause.
 There stands the messenger of truth: there stands
 The legate of the skies; his theme divine,
 His office sacred, his credentials clear.
 By him, the violated law speaks out 340
 Its thunders, and by him, in strains as sweet
 As angels use, the Gospel whispers peace.
 He, establishes the strong, restores the weak,
 Reclaims the wand'rer, binds the broken heart,
 And, arm'd himself in panoply complete
 Of heav'nly temper, furnishes with arms
 Bright as his own, and trains, by ev'ry rule
 Of holy discipline, to glorious war,
 The sacramental host of God's elect.
 Are all such teachers? would to Heav'n all were! 350
 But hark — the Doctor's voice — fast wedged between
 Two empiries he stands, and with swoln cheeks

obsolete, it was not yet so totally forgotten as to occasion any particular remark towards those who chose to adhere to it."

Patch. Patches are as old at least as Martial's day.

322. *Leviathan*. From Job lxi.: "Canst thou draw out leviathan with a hook? or his tongue with a cord which thou lettest down? . . . His scales are his pride, shut up together as with a close seal . . . The flakes of his flesh are joined together: they are firm in themselves; they cannot be moved."

326—372. *The pulpit, not satire, is the proper corrector of sin. A description of the true preacher and his office, followed by one of the false preacher, the reverend advertiser of engraved sermons.*

331. *Proselyte*. A new comer, a convert to Judaism.

343. *Stablishes*. The complete revolution the word has made *stabilire*, établir, establish, stablish; cf. state, &c.

349. *Sacramental*. Used in the Latin sense. Sacramentum was the oath of allegiance of a Roman soldier. The word in its Christian sense was first applied to baptism -- the vow to serve faithfully under the banner of the cross.

350. *Would to heaven*. i. e. "I" would (pray) to heaven.

351. A picture from the life of a certain Dr. Tusler, who seems to have combined the trades of preacher, teacher of elocution, writer of sermons, and literary hack.

Inspires the news, his trumpet. Keener far
 Than all invective is his bold harangue,
 While through that public organ of report
 He hails the clergy; and, defying shame,
 Announces to the world his own and theirs.
 He teaches those to read, whom schools dismiss'd,
 And colleges, untaught; sells accent, tone,
 And emphasis in score, and gives to pray'r 360
 Th' *adagio* and *andante* it demands.
 He grinds divinity of other days
 Down into modern use; transforms old print
 To zigzag manuscript, and cheats the eyes
 Of gall'ry critics by a thousand arts. —
 Are there who purchase of the Doctor's ware?
 Oh name it not in Gath! — it cannot be,
 That grave and learned Clerks should need such aid.
 He doubtless is in sport, and does but droll,
 Assuming thus a rank unknown before,
 Grand caterer and dry-nurse of the church.

I venerate the man whose heart is warm,
 Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life
 Coincident, exhibit lucid proof
 That he is honest in the sacred cause.
 To such I render more than mere respect,
 Whose actions say that they respect themselves.
 But, loose in morals, and in manners vain,
 In conversation frivolous, in dress
 Extreme, at once rapacious and profuse, 380
 Frequent in park with lady at his side,
 Ambling and prattling scandal as he goes,
 But rare at home, and never at his books
 Or with his pen, save when he scrawls a card;

353. *Empirics*. One who trusts solely to experience or practice instead of rule, hence a quack.

The doctor's advertisement appears in „the news” (some newspaper or other) between those of two quacks.

360. *Emphasis in score*. A musical composition is written in score when the parts are arranged in successive bars, one beneath the other.

361. *Adagio and Andante*. Slow and moderately slow.

362. *He grinds*, &c. He takes old sermons and refurbishes them for modern use, lithographing them, in order that the congregation in the gallery may imagine the sermon to be an original composition.

Zigzag. The lines of manuscript are zigzag compared with the evenness of printed matter.

369. *Droll*. To trifle. *Caterer*, provisioner, from the French „acheter:” „cates” are dainties; „the catery,” the store-room, in old English. *Caterer* refers to his trade in sermons, dry-nurse to his „cramming,” and lessons in elocution.

372—462. *Two pendants, the fashionable parson, and the good parson, such as St. Paul drew him. Affection most hateful in a preacher.*

384. *Scrawls a card*. Writes his name on a visiting card. Visiting cards in the last century were not the plain bits of pasteboard which we see now-a-days, they had generally some vignette or ingenious device engraved on them. Specimens may be seen at Dresden, which Raphael Mengs drew and Raphael Morghen engraved.

Constant at routs, familiar with a round
 Of ladyships, a stranger to the poor;
 Ambitious of preferment for its gold,
 And well prepared by ignorance and sloth,
 By infidelity and love o' th' world
 To make God's work a sinecure; a slave 390
 To his own pleasures and his patron's pride.
 From such apostles, O ye mitred heads,
 Preserve the Church! and lay not careless hands
 On skulls that cannot teach, and will not learn.

Would I describe a preacher, such as Paul,
 Were he on earth, would hear, approve, and own,
 Paul should himself direct me. I would trace
 His master-strokes, and draw from his design.
 I would express him simple, grave, sincere;
 In doctrine uncorrupt; in language plain, 400
 And plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste,
 And natural in gesture; much impress'd
 Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
 And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
 May feel it too; affectionate in look
 And tender in address, as well becomes
 A messenger of grace to guilty men.
 Behold the picture! — Is it like? — Like whom?
 The things that mount the rostrum with a skip,
 And then skip down again; pronounce a text, 410
 Cry hem! and reading what they never wrote,
 Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,
 And with a well-bred whisper close the scene.

In man or woman, but far most in man,
 And most of all in man that ministers
 And serves the altar, in my soul I loathe
 All affectation. 'Tis my perfect scorn;
 Object of my implacable disgust.
 What! — will a man play tricks, will he indulge
 A silly fond conceit of his fair form 420
 And just proportion, fashionable mien,
 And pretty face, in presence of his God?
 Or will he seek to dazzle me with tropes,
 As with the diamond on his lily hand,
 And play his brilliant parts before my eyes,
 When I am hungry for the bread of life?
 He mocks his Maker, prostitutes and shames
 His noble office, and, instead of truth,
 Displaying his own beauty, starves his flock! •
 Therefore, avaunt! all attitude and stare, 430

385. *Rout*. A crowd or crush, the fashionable term in the last century for what is now called an „at home.”

409. *Rostrum*. More correctly „rostra,” the stage or pulpit for speakers in the Roman forum.

420. *Conceit of*. Vanity on account of.

430. *Avaunt*. French „avant,” move on, begone.

And start theatric, practised at the glass.
 I seek divine simplicity in him
 Who handles things divine; and all beside,
 Though learn'd with labour, and though much admired
 By curious eyes and judgments ill-inform'd,
 To me is odious as the nasal twang
 Heard at conventicle, where worthy men,
 Misled by custom, strain celestial themes
 Through the prest nostril, spectacle-bedrid
 Some, decent in demeanour while they preach, 440
 That task perform'd, relapse into themselves,
 And having spoken wisely, at the close
 Grow wanton, and give proof to ev'ry eye —
 Whoe'er was edified themselves were not.
 Forth comes the pocket mirror. First we stroke
 An eyebrow; next, compose a straggling lock;
 Then with an air, most gracefully perform'd,
 Fall back into our seat, extend an arm,
 And lay it at its ease with gentle care,
 With handkerchief in hand, depending low: 450
 The better hand, more busy, gives the nose
 Its bergamot, or aids th' indebted eye
 With op'ra glass to watch the moving scene,
 And recognise the slow-retiring fair.
 Now this is fulsome, and offends me more
 Than in a churchman slovenly neglect
 And rustic Coarseness would. A heav'nly mind
 May be indiff'rent to her house of clay,
 And slight the hovel as beneath her care,
 But how a body so fantastic, trim, 460
 And quaint in its deportment and attire,
 Can lodge a heav'nly mind — demands a doubt.

He that negotiates between God and man,
 As God's ambassador, the grand concerns
 Of judgment and of mercy, should beware
 Of lightness in his speech. 'Tis pitiful
 To court a grin, when you should woo a soul;

435. *Curious*. Inquisitive.

436. *Nasal twang*. A relic of Puritanism, and generally supposed, whether rightly or wrongly, to be a note of dissent. So Macaulay, *History of England*, vol. i., p. 135, notices among the signs of Puritanism, "the sad coloured dress, the sour look, the straight hair, the nasal whine." It has been conjectured that Americans retain it from their Puritan ancestors.

Conventicle. Any assembly, a term of reproach of a dissenter's meeting.

447. *Air most gracefully performed*. A piece of slipshod English: we assume an air, or perform a part.

451. *The better hand* i. e. the right hand.

452. *Bergamot*. A perfume.

453. *Fulsome*. Satiating, and so nauseous, disgusting.

458. *House of clay*. 1 Cor. V. 1.

463—499. *Secerity in the pulpit is unseemly. Many preachers are ruined by popular applause*.

464. *Ambassador*. 1 Cor. V. 10.

465. Fuller had been quaint, South jocular, but dull propriety was the general characteristic of the sermons of the Hannoverian period.

To break a jest, when pity would inspire
 Pathetic exhortation; and t' address
 The skittish fancy with facetious tales, 470
 When sent with God's commission to the heart.
 So did not Paul. Direct me to a quip
 Or merry turn in all he ever wrote,
 And I consent you take it for your text,
 Your only one, till sides and benches fail.
 No: he was serious in a serious cause,
 And understood too well the weighty terms
 That he had ta'en in charge. He would not stoop
 To conquer those by jocular exploits,
 Whom truth and soberness assail'd in vain. 480

Oh, popular applause! what heart of man
 Is proof against thy sweet seducing charms?
 The wisest and the best feel urgent need
 Of all their caution in thy gentlest gales;
 But swell'd into a gust — who then, alas!
 With all his canvas set, and inexpert,
 And therefore heedless, can withstand thy power?
 Praise from the rivell'd lips of toothless, bald
 Decrepitude, and in the looks of lean 490
 And craving poverty, and in the bow
 Respectful of the smutch'd artificer,
 Is oft too welcome, and may much disturb
 The bias of the purpose. How much more,
 Pour'd forth by beauty splendid and polite,
 In language soft as adoration breathes?
 Ah, spare your idol! think him human still;
 Charms he may have, but he has frailties too,
 Dote not too much, nor spoil what ye admire.

All truth is from the sempiternal source
 Of light divine. But Egypt, Greece, and Rome 500
 Drew from the stream below. More favour'd, we
 Drink, when we choose it, at the fountain-head.
 To them it flow'd much mingled and defiled
 With hurtful error, prejudice, and dreams
 Illusive of philosophy, so-call'd,
 But falsely. Sages after sages strove,

468. *To break a jest*; or to crack a joke.
 470. *Skittish*. To spirt and leap as wine poured out.
 472. *Quip*. Celtic: Welsh „chwip,” a sharp turn or stroke.
 475. *Till sides and benches fail*. Till the congregation die with laughter.
 Sides and benches *i. e.* of the sitters.
 486. *Canvas set*. To catch the breeze.
 488. *Rivell'd*. Wrinkled, possibly connected with ravelled.
 491. *Smutch'd*. From German „schmutz,” dirt.
 493. *Bias*. Metaphor from the game of bowls.
 499—545. *Ancient philosophy sought in vain to solve the problem of existence; why then should the preacher in the age of Christian revelation resort to the sages of Greece and Rome instead of simply preaching the Gospel?*
 501. *The stream below*. The stream of truth further from its source.
 505. 1 Tim. vi. 20.

In vain, to filter off a crystal draught,
 Pure from the lees, which often more enchanced
 The thirst than slaked it, and not seldom bred
 Intoxication and delirium wild. 510
 In vain they push'd inquiry to the birth
 And spring-time of the world; ask'd, Whence is man?
 Why form'd at all? and wherefore as he is?
 Where must he find his Maker? With what rites
 Adore him? Will he hear, accept, and bless?
 Or does He sit regardless of His works?
 Has man within him an immortal seed?
 Or does the tomb take all? If he survive
 His ashes, where? and in what weal or woe?
 Knots worthy of solution, which alone 520
 A Deity could solve. Their answers vague,
 And all at random, fabulous and dark.
 Left them as dark themselves. Their rules of life,
 Defective and unsanction'd, proved too weak
 To bind the roving appetite, and lead
 Blind nature to a God not yet reveal'd.
 'Tis Revelation satisfies all doubts,
 Explains all mysteries, except her own,
 And so illuminates the path of life,
 That fools discover it, and stray no more. 530
 Now tell me, dignified and sapient sir,
 My man of morals, nurtured in the shades
 Of Academus, is this false or true?
 Is Christ the abler teacher, or the schools?
 If Christ, then why resort at ev'ry turn
 To Athens, or to Rome, for wisdom short
 Of man's occasions, when in him reside
 Grace, knowledge, comfort, an unfathom'd store?
 How oft, when Paul has served us with a text,
 Has Epictetus, Plato, Tully, preach'd! 540
 Men that, if now alive, would sit content

508. *Which.* The antecedent to „which“ is „a draught,“ to be understood from „a crystal draught.“

511. Philosophy began with the abstrusest and most insoluble questions. For instance, the first Greek philosophers sought to solve the riddle of the universe by finding some first principle, the cause and origin of everything.

516. The Epicurean god.

517. The doctrine of the immortality of the soul was already hinted at by the Egyptians, and by Pythagoras in his metempsychosis, and clearly enunciated by Plato.

526. *Nature.* Here the natural man.

533. *Academus.* A garden or pleasure ground to the north of Athens, where Plato taught, and whence the Academic school of philosophy took its name.

534. *The schools.* Philosophy. The schoolmen was a term especially applied to the Aristotelian philosophers of the middle ages. They were so called because they were formed in the schools which Charlemagne and his successors founded.

536. *Short.* Which falls short of.

540. *Epictetus.* A stoic philosopher, a slave of Epaphroditas at Rome, in Nero's reign. His philosophy, which we know from the *Enchiridion* or *Manual* drawn up by his disciple Arrien, may be summed up in two words, — abstinence, resignation.

And humble learners of a Saviour's worth,
Preach it who might. Such was their love of truth,
Their thirst of knowledge, and their candour too.

And thus it is. The pastor, either vain
By nature, or by flattery made so, taught
To gaze at his own splendour, and t' exalt
Absurdly, not his office, but himself;
Or unenlighten'd, and too proud to learn,
Or vicious, and not therefore apt to teach, 550
Perverting often, by the stress of lewd
And loose example, whom he should instruct,
Exposes and holds up to broad disgrace
The noblest function, and discredits much
The brightest truths that man has ever seen.
For ghostly counsel, if it either fall
Below the exigence, or be not back'd
With show of love, at least with hopeful proof
Of some sincerity on the giver's part;
Or be dishonour'd in th' exterior form 560
And mode of its conveyance, by such tricks
As move derision, or by foppish airs
And histrionic mumm'ry, that let down
The pulpit to the level of the stage;
Drops from the lips a disregarded thing.
The weak perhaps are moved, but are not taught,
While prejudice in men of stronger minds
Takes deeper root, confirm'd by what they see.
A relaxation of religion's hold
Upon the roving and untutor'd heart 570
Soon follows, and the curb of conscience snapt,
The laity run wild. — But do they now?
Note their extravagance, and be convinc'd.

As nations, ignorant of God, contrive
A wooden one, so we, no longer taught
By monitors that mother Church supplies,
Now make our own. Posterity will ask
(If e'er posterity sees verse of mine),
Some fifty or a hundred lustrums hence,
What was a monitor in George's days? 580
My very gentle reader, yet unborn,
Of whom I needs must augur better things,
Since Heav'n would sure grow weary of a world
Productive only of a race like us,
A monitor is wood —^a plank shaven thin.
We wear it at our backs. There, closely braced
And neatly fitted, it compresses hard
The prominent and most unsightly bones,

545-667. *The effects of this vanity and insincerity of odd preachers seen in the extravagance of the laity. They torture their bodies into shape, they starve themselves in order to run riot in dress, or to cut a figure in society.*

576. *Mother Church.* The Church who is the mother of us all.

579. *Lustrum.* A period of five years.

And binds the shoulders flat. We prove its use
 Sov'reign and most effectual to secure 590
 A form, not now gymnastic as of yore,
 From rickets and distortion, else our lot.
 But thus admonish'd we can walk erect,
 One proof at least of manhood; while the friend
 Sticks close, a Mentor worthy of his charge.
 Our habits costlier than Lucullus wore,
 And by caprice as multiplied as his,
 Just please us while the fashion is at full,
 But change with ev'ry moon. The sycophant,
 That waits to dress us, arbitrates their date, 600
 Surveys his fair reversion with keen eye;
 Finds one ill made, another obsolete,
 This fits not nicely, that is ill conceived:
 And, making prize of all that he condemns,
 With our expenditure defrays his own.
 Variety's the very spice of life,
 That gives it all its flavour. We have run
 Through ev'ry change that fancy, at the loom
 Exhausted, has had genius to supply,
 And, studious of mutation still, discard 610
 A real elegance, a little used,
 For monstrous novelty and strange disguise.
 We sacrifice to dress, till household joys
 And comforts cease. Dress drains our cellar dry,
 And keeps our larder lean; puts out our fires,
 And introduces hunger, frost, and woe,
 Where peace and hospitality might reign.
 What man that lives, and that knows how to live,
 Would fail t' exhibit at the public shows
 A form as splendid as the proudest there,
 Though appetite raise outcries at the cost? 620
 A man o' th' town dines late, but soon enough
 With reasonable forecast and despatch,
 'T ensure a side-box station at half-price.
 You think, perhaps, so delicate his dress
 His daily fare as delicate. Alas!
 He picks clean teeth, and, busy as he seems
 With an old tavern quill, is hungry yet.
 The rout is folly's circle, which she draws

591. *Not now gymnastic.* Cowper himself excelled in games.

592. *Rickets.* Disease of the spine, *

599. *Sycophant.* An informer, hence a toady.

600. *Arbitrates their date.* Settles whether they are too old or out of fashion.

601. *Reversion.* The right to future possession or enjoyment of an estate or office after the death of the owner or occupier now living. Here put for the property itself.

608. *Fancy at the loom exhausted.* Paraphrase.

618. *The man who lives.* Cf. the French "savoir vivre."

621. *A man o' the town.* Railways, by connecting country and town, have made the phrase obsolete, though we have in exchange the slang expression "a man about town."

623. *A side-box station.* A place in a side-box at the theatre, which he chooses as the most conspicuous in the house.

With magic wand. So potent is the spell, 630
 That none, decoy'd into that fatal ring,
 Unless by Heaven's peculiar grace, escape.
 There we grow early gray, but never wise;
 There form connexions, and acquire no friend;
 Solicit pleasure hopeless of success;
 Waste youth in occupations only fit
 For second childhood, and devote old age
 To sports which only childhood could excuse.
 There they are happiest who dissemble best
 Their weariness; and they the most polite, 640
 Who squander time and treasure with a smile,
 Though at their own destruction. She that asks
 Her dear five hundred friends, contemns them all,
 And hates their coming. They (what can they less ?)
 Make just reprisals, and, with cringe and shrug
 And bow obsequious, hide their hate of her.
 All catch the frenzy, downward from her Grace,
 Whose flambeaux flash against the morning skies,
 And gild our chamber ceilings as they pass,
 To her who, frugal only that her thrift, 650
 May feed excesses she can ill afford,
 Is hackney'd home unlackey'd; who, in haste
 Alighting, turns the key in her own door,
 And, at the watchman's lantern borrowing light,
 Finds a cold bed her only comfort left.
 Wives beggar husbands, husbands starve their wives,
 On Fortune's velvet altar off'ring up
 Their last poor pittance — Fortune, most severe
 Of goddesses yet known, and costlier far
 Than all that held their routs in Juno's heav'n. — 660
 So fare we in this prison-house the world.
 And 'tis a fearful spectacle to see
 So many maniacs dancing in their chains.
 They gaze upon the links that hold them fast,
 With eyes of anguish, execrate their lot,
 Then shake them in despair, and dance again.

Now basket up the family of plagues
 That waste our vitals. Peculation, sale
 Of honour, perjury, corruption, frauds , 670
 By forgery, by subterfuge of law,

648. *Whose flambeaux.* Carried by the footmen.

652. *Is hackneyed.* A hackney coach is the French "coche à hacquenée;" hacquenée is the English hack. Hackneyed, in the sense of much used, vulgar, comes from the idea of letting out for common use.

Unlackeyed. Participle from the noun lackey, French "laquais."

657. *Fortune's velvet altar.* The gaming-table.

Legislation attempted to interfere, but with little success. Basset and hazard having been declared illegal, the famous game of E. O. was invented, and was for some time the rage in London, and especially at Bath, under the patronage of Beau Nash. It too was interdicted by Act of Parliament 1783, but the statute was evaded. We read of ladies losing £ 5000 in a night; Fox lost £ 11,000 once at a sitting.

668—669. *Profusion is breaking up the bonds of society.* Public men, the clergy, the laity, all, from the highest to the lowest, are tainted by it.

By tricks and lies, as num'rous and as keen
 As the necessities their authors feel;
 Then cast them, closely bundled, ev'ry brat
 At the right door. Profusion is its sire.
 Profusion unrestrain'd, with all that's base
 In character, has litter'd all the land,
 And bred within the mem'ry of no few
 A priesthood such as Baal's was of old,
 A people such as never was till now.
 It is a hungry vice: — it eats up all 680
 That gives society its beauty, strength,
 Convenience, and security, and use;
 Makes men mere vermin, worthy to be trapp'd
 And gibbeted, as fast as catchpole claws
 Can seize the slipp'ry prey; unties the knot
 Of union, and converts the sacred band
 That holds mankind together, to a scourge.
 Profusion, deluging a state with lusts
 Of grossest nature and of worst effects,
 Prepares it for its ruin; hardens, blinds, 690
 And warps the consciences of public men
 Till they can laugh at virtue; mock the fools
 That trust them; and, in th' end, disclose a face
 That would have shock'd credulity herself,
 Unmask'd, vouchsafing this their sole excuse;
 Since all alike are selfish, — why not they?
 This does Profusion, and th' accursed cause
 Of such deep mischief has itself a cause.

In colleges and halls, in ancient days,
 When learning, virtue, piety, and truth 700
 Were percious, and inculcated with care,
 There dwelt a sage call'd Discipline. His head,
 Not yet by time completely silver'd o'er,
 Bespoke him past the bounds of freakish youth,
 But strong for service still, and unimpair'd.
 His eye was meek and gentle, and a smile
 Play'd on his lips, and in his speech was heard
 Paternal sweetness, dignity, and love.
 The occupation dearest to his heart.

674. *Closely bundled* -- like a foundling.

Brat. A.-S. „bratt,” a rag, a bundle of rags.

677. *In character.* Stamped with the brand of baseness.

Has littered. Cocker'd with his litter or brood.

678. As the worship of Baal was licentious and bloody, so must the priests have been. — Jeremiah xix. 5; 1 Kings xviii. 17.

688. Profusion, or rather the love of greed which springs from profusion, reduces men to a state of internecine war, such as prevails among wild beasts.

684. *Catch-poll.* Slang for a bum-bailiff or sheriff's officer.

686. The sacred bond that unites mankind, their solidarity.

693. *Disclose a face, &c.* A face which if unmasked would have surprised the most credulous; but „shocked” implies the further notion that it would have horrified those who took the lowest view of human nature.

699—780. *Profusion traced to its ultimate cause, the want of discipline in Universities. The discipline of olden times described under a personification, and contrasted with the undergraduate of the present day.*

Was to encourage goodness. He would stroke 710
 The head of modest and ingenuous worth,
 That blush'd at its own praise, and press the youth
 Close to his side that pleased him. Learning grew
 Beneath his care, a thriving, vig'rous plant;
 The mind was well inform'd, the passions held
 Subordinate, and diligence was choice.
 If e'er it chanced, as sometimes chance it must,
 That one among so many overleap'd
 The limits of control, his gentle eye
 Grew stern, and darted a severe rebuke; 720
 His frown was full of terror, and his voice
 Shook the delinquent with such fits of awe
 As left him not, till penitence had won
 Lost favour back again, and closed the breach.
 But Discipline, a faithful servant long,
 Declined at length into the vale of years;
 A palsy struck his arm, his sparkling eye
 Was quench'd in rheums of age, his voice unstrung
 Grew tremulous, and moved derision more
 Than rev'rence in perverse, rebellious youth. 730
 So colleges and halls neglected much
 Their good old friend, and Discipline at length,
 O'erlook'd and unemploy'd, fell sick and died.
 Then Study languish'd, emulation slept,
 And Virtue fled. The schools became a scene
 Of solemn farce, where ignorance in stilts,
 His cap well lined with logic not his own,
 With parrot-tongue performed the scholar's part,
 Proceeding soon a graduated dunce.
 Then compromise had place, and scrutiny 740
 Became stone-blind, precedence went in truck,
 And he was competent whose purse was so.
 A dissolution of all bonds ensued;

716. *Choice*. Substantive.

726. *The rule of years*. "The downhill of life."

736. *The schools*. The place of examination, or the examination itself.
 737. *Solemn farce*. The Rev. V. Knox, Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, thus describes an examination for degrees as conducted at Cambridge at this time: — "The greatest dunce gets his testimonium signed with as much care and credit as the first genius. . . . The examiners and candidates often converse on the last drinking bout, or read the newspaper, or a novel, or divert themselves as well as they can in any way, till the clock strikes eleven, when all parties descend, and the testimonium is signed by the masters." — *Works*, vol. i. p. 177.

In stilts. Stilted, pompous.

His cap. Cowper is probably thinking both of the students' trencher-cap, and the fool's-cap.

739. *Proceeding*. To take (a degree).

740. *Compromise had place*. A compromise between ignorance and the college authorities; wealth or birth procured degrees or indemnity from punishment.

Scrutiny. Examination; that is, the examiners.

741. *Went in truck*. Was bought and sold. To truck is to barter; the truck system is the system by which miners or other workmen are compelled to accept goods in exchange for their labour.

742. Cf. "Every door is barr'd with gold, and opens but to golden keys." — *Locksley Hall*.

The curbs invented for the mulish mouth
 Of headstrong youth were broken; bars and bolts
 Grew rusty by disuse, and massy gates
 Forgot their office, op'ning with a touch;
 Till gowns at length are found mere masquerade;
 The tassell'd cap and the spruce band a jest,
 A mock'ry of the world. What need of those 750
 For gamesters, jockeys, brothellers impure,
 Spendthrifts and booted sportsmen, oft'ner seen
 With belted waist, and pointers at their heels,
 Than in the bounds of duty? What was learn'd,
 If aught was learn'd in childhood, is forgot,
 And such expense, as pinches parents blue,
 And mortifies the lib'ral hand of love,
 Is squander'd in pursuit of idle sports
 And vicious pleasures; buys the boy a name 760
 That sits a stigma on his father's house,
 And cleaves through life inseparably close.
 To him that wears it. What can after-games
 Of riper joys, and commerce with the world,
 The lewd vain world that must receive him soon,
 Add to such crudition thus acquired,
 Where science and where virtue are profess'd?
 They may confirm his habits, rivet fast
 His folly, but to spoil him is a task
 That bids defiance to th' united pow'rs 770
 Of fashion, dissipation, taverns, stews.
 Now, blame we most the nursing or the nurse?
 The children crook'd, and twisted, and deform'd,
 Through want of care, or her whose winking eye
 And slumb'ring oscitancy mars the brood?
 The nurse no doubt. Regardless of her charge
 She needs herself correction; needs to learn
 That it is dang'rous sporting with the world,
 With things so sacred as a nation's trust;
 The nurture of her youth, her dearest pledge.

All are not such. I had a brother once — 780
 Peace to the mem'ry of a man of worth,
 A man of letters and of manners too —
 Of manners sweet as virtue always wears,
 When gay good-nature dresses her in smiles.
 He graced a college, in which order yet
 Was sacred; and was honour'd, loved, and wept,
 By more than one, themselves conspicuous there.
 Some minds are temper'd happily, and mixt

754. *Bounds* — the domain.

762. *After-games*. All his life is playtime.

774. *Oscitancy*. Nodding, sleepiness.

777. *That it is dangerous*, &c. That it is dangerous when she has the education of youth intrusted to her to let herself be tempted by worldliness.

780-883. *A tribute of affection to his brother, who shone the more by contrast with other collegians*. A resumé of lines 699-780. His brother, John Cowper, was Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. He died 1770.

With such ingredients of good sense and taste
 Of what is excellent in man, they thirst 790
 With such a zeal to be what they approve,
 That no restraints can circumscribe them more
 Than they themselves by choice, for wisdom's sake,
 Nor can example hurt them. What they see
 Of vice in others but enhancing more
 The charms of virtue in their just esteem.
 If such escape contagion, and emerge
 Pure, from so foul a pool, to shine abroad,
 And give the world their talents and themselves,
 Small thanks to those whose negligence or sloth 800
 Exposed their inexperience to the snare,
 And left them to an undirected choice.

See then! the quiver broken and decay'd,
 In which are kept our arrows. Rusting there
 In wild disorder and unfit for use,
 What wonder, if discharged into the world,
 They shame their shooters with a random flight,
 Their points obtuse, and feathers drunk with wine.
 Well may the Church wage unsuccessful war
 With such artill'ry arm'd. Vice parries wide 810
 Th' undreaded volley with a sword of straw,
 And stands an impudent and fearless mark.

Have we not track'd the felon home, and found
 His birthplace and his dam? The country mourns —
 Mourns, because ev'ry plague that can infest
 Society, and that saps and worms the base
 Of th' edifice that Policy has raised,
 Swarms in all quarters; meets the eye, the ear,
 And suffocates the breath at ev'ry turn.
 Profusion breeds them. And the cause itself 820
 Of that calamitous mischief has been found:
 Found too where most offensive, in the skirts
 Of the robed pedagogue! Else, let th' arraign'd
 Stand up unconscious and refute the charge.
 So, when the Jewish Leader stretch'd his arm
 And waved his rod divine, a race obscene,
 Spawn'd in the muddy beds of Nile, came forth
 Polluting Egypt. Gardens, fields, and plains
 Were cover'd with the pest. The streets were fill'd;
 The croaking nuisance lurk'd in ev'ry nook, 830
 Nor palaces nor even chambers 'scaped,
 And the land stank, so num'rous was the fry.

803. *The quiver.* The University.

810. *Artillery.* I Samuel XX. 40: "Jonathan gave his artillery to the lad."

811. *With a sword of straw.* Harold met not the shaft with his shield, but swinging high the mighty axe, he advanced a step and clove the rushing arrow in twain." But to parry arrows with a sword of straw is pure nonsense.

813. The felon is vice, his dam the university.

ROBERT BURNS.

1759—1796.

The greatest poet that Scotland has produced, was born at the hamlet of Alloway in Ayrshire, and was the son of a peasant farmer of the humblest class. Popular education was at that period far more generally diffused in Scotland than in any other country in Europe, and partly by the wise care of his father, partly by his own avidity for knowledge, Burns acquired a degree of intellectual culture which would have been surprising in any other country. In early life he laboured like a peasant upon his father's farm, afterwards failed in conducting a farm with his brothers, and in despair was about to emigrate to the West-Indies, when in order to raise funds for his voyage, he published a collection of his poems, which made him at once the idol of the fashionable and literary world.

Now his natural taste for gross convivial pleasures increased and falling again into embarrassments, rendered more inextricable by his irregularities, he obtained a humble appointment in the Excise service, the duties of which were of a nature to still further engross his time and to cherish habits of intemperance that had been continually growing upon him. His strong constitution was undermined by excess and excitement of all kinds, and the poet died of fever at Dumfries, in extreme poverty, in the 37th year of his age.

Tam o' Shanter.

A T A L E.

When chapman billies leave the street,
 An' drouthy neebors neebors meet,
 As market-days are wearin' late,
 An' folk begin to tak' the gate;
 While we sit bousing at the nappy,
 An' gettin' fou an' unco happy,
 We think na on the lang Scots miles,
 The mosses, waters, slaps, an' styles,
 That lie between us an' our hame,
 Whare sits our sulky, sullen dame,
 Gath'rin' her brows like gath'rin' storm,
 Nursin' her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,
 As he frae Ayr ae night did canter,
 (Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
 For honest men an' bonny lasses.)

O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise,
 As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
 She tauld thee weel thou wast a skellum,

Chapman = koopman, winkelier. Vgl. *Cheapside*; drouthy = dorstig; slaps = a gate, a break in the fence; skellum = a noisy, reckless fellow = een schelm, schurk;

A bletherin', blusterin', drucken blellum;
 That frae November till October.
 Ae market-day thou was na sober;
 That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
 Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
 That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on,
 The smith and thee gat roarin' fou on;
 That at the Lord's house, ev'n on Sunday,
 Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday.
 She prophesied, that late or soon,
 Thou wad he found deep drown'd in Doon!
 Or catch'd wi' warlocks i' the mirk,
 By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet
 To think how mony counsels sweet,
 How mony lengthen'd, sage advices,
 The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale: — Ae market night,
 Tam had got planted unco right;
 Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
 Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely;
 An' at his elbow, Souter Johnny,
 His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;
 Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;
 They had been fou' for weeks thegither!
 The night drave on wi' sangs an' clatter;
 An' aye the ale was growing better:
 The landlady and Tam grew gracious;
 Wi' favours secret, sweet, and precious;
 The Souter tauld his queerest stories;
 The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:
 The storm without might rair and rustle —
 Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Caro, mad to see a man sae happy,
 E'en drown'd himsel amang the nappy!
 As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
 The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure:
 Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious;
 O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
 You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed!
 Or like the snowfall in the river,
 A moment white — then melts for ever;
 Or like the Borealis race,

blellum = *idle, talking fellow*; melder = *voorraad graan, naar den molen gezonden om gemalen te worden*; naig = *a horse, a nag*; ca'd a shoe on = *beslagen*; warlocks = *wizard*; mirk = *dark*; it gars me greet = *het doet mij tranen storten in a.w. ik betreur, dat . . .*; got planted = *zat vast, zat op zijn gemak, zonder plan om op te staan*; ingle = *fire, fireplace*; swats = *drinken, glazen*; souter = *schoenmaker*;

That flit ere you can point their place;
 Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
 Evanishing amid the storm. —
 Nae man can tether time or tide; —
 The hour approaches Tam maun ride;
 That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
 That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
 An' sic a night he taks the road in
 As ne'er pour sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
 The rattling show'rs rose on the blast;
 The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;
 Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd:
 That night, a child might understand,
 The Deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his grey mare, Meg,
 A better never lifted leg,
 Tam skelpit on thro' dub an' mire,
 Despising wind, an' rain, an' fire;
 Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet;
 Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet;
 Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
 Lest bogles catch him unawares;
 Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
 Where ghaits an' houlets nightly cry. —

By this time he was cross the ford,
 Where in the snaw the chapman smoor'd;
 An' past the birks an' meikle stane,
 Where drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane;
 An' thro' the whins, an' by the cairn,
 Where hunters fand the murder'd bairn;
 An' near the thorn, aboon the well,
 Where Mungo's mither hang'd hersel. —
 Before him Doon pours a' his floods;
 The doublin' storm roars thro' the woods;
 The lightnings flash frae pole to pole;
 Near and more near the thunders roll;
 Whan, glimmerin' thro' the groanin' trees,
 Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze;
 Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancin',
 An' loud resounded mirth an' dancin'. —

Inspirin' bold John Barleycorn!
 What dangers thou can'st mak us scorn!

maun = *may*, mogen; hier voor *mooten*; keystone = hoeksteen; de nacht is donker, dit uur was 't donkerst, gelijk een hoeksteen grooter is dan de andere steenen; skelpit = *walked rapidly*; bogles = *Spirits, hobgoblins*, Hgd. *Kobold*, Ned. Kaboutermannetje; ghaists = *ghosts*; meikle ook *muckle* = *much*; whins = *waste growth, furze*; cairn = *a heap of stones*; bore = *a hole in a wall, a cranny*; usquebae Eng. *usquebaugh* van Ir. *uisge*, water, en *bagh* leven, dus letterlijk *eau-de-vie*. Eene verbastering van het woord is *whiskey*;

Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil;
 Wi' usquebae we'll face the Devil! —
 The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,
 Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle.
 But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd,
 Till, by the heel an' hand admonish'd,
 She ventur'd forward on the light;
 An', wow! Tam saw an unco sight!
 Warlocks an' witches in a dance;
 Nae cotillon brent new frae France,
 But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, an' reels,
 Put life an' mettle i' their heels:
 At winnock-bunker i' the east,
 There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;
 A towzie tyke, black, grim, an' large,
 To gie them music was his charge:
 He screw'd the pipes, and gart them skirl,
 Till roof and rafters a' did dirl. —
 Coffins stood round, like open presses;
 That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;
 And, by some dev'lish cantrip slight
 Each in its cauld hand held a light, —
 By which heroic Tam was able
 To note upon the haly table,
 A murderer's banes in gibbet-airns;
 Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns,
 A thief, new cutted frae a rape,
 Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
 Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red-rusted,
 Five scimitars, wi' murder crusted;
 A garter, which a babe had strangled,
 A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
 Whom his ain son o' life bereft
 The grey hairs yet stack to the heft:
 Wi' mair o' horrible an' awfu',
 Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowr'd, amaz'd, an' curious,
 The mirth an' fun grew fast an' furious:
 The Piper loud an' louder blew,
 The dancers quick an' quicker flew;
 They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
 'Till ilka Carlin swat and reekit,
 An coost her duddies to the wark,
 An' linket at it in her sark!

boddle = penning, duit; Maggie Tom's paard; brent = *bright, clear*;
 winnock-bunker = *window-bank* = vensterbank; auld Nick = *old Nick* =
 de booze, de duivel; gart them skirl = (van to *gar*) deed hen schreeuwen,
 gillen. *shaw'd* lees *shaw'd* voor *show'd*; cantrip = *a charm, a spell*; haly =
 zwaar, stevig; gab = mond; vgl. Ned. *gopen*, Fr. *gober*, cleekit; to cleek =
 to *hook*, to *snatch*; ilka carlin swat and reekit = elke vrouw (kerelin
anal. met vorstin, vijandin) zweette en rookte (dampste), *carlin* of *carline*
 beteekent eigentlijk: eene oude vrouw; coost = *cast*; linket = *tripped*
along; sark = *shirt* = hemd, queans = *queens* naaz de oorspr. bet. *vrou-*
wen zoo ook Ags. *ewen*, Ohd. *quena*, bij Kil. *quene*;

Now Tam! O Tam! had thae been queans
 A' plump an' strappin', i' their teens;
 Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
 Been snaw white seventeen hunder linen!
 Their breeks o' mine, my only pair,
 That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,
 I wad hae gi'en them aff my hurdies,
 For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies!

But wither'd beldams, auld an' droll,
 Rigwoodie hags, wad spean a foal,
 Lowpin' an' flingin' on a cummock,
 I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But Tam kenn'd what was what fu' brawlie,
 „There was ae winsome wench an' walie,”
 That night enlisted in the core,
 (Lang after kenn'd on Carriek shore;
 For mony a beast to dead she shot,
 An' perish'd mony a bonnie boat,
 An' shook baith meikle corn an' bear,
 An' kept the country-side in fear.)
 Her cutty-sark, o' Paisley harn,
 That, while a lassie, she had worn,
 In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
 It was her best, an' she was vauntie. —

Ah! little kenn'd thy reverend Grannie,
 That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
 Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),
 Wad ever grae'd a dance o' witches!

But here my muse her wing maun cour
 Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r;
 To sing how Nannie lap an' flang,
 (A souple jade she was, an' strang),
 An' how Tam stood, like aye bewitch'd,
 An' thought his very een enrich'd;
 Ev'n Satan glower'd, and fidg'd fu' fain,

creeshie flannen = *greasy flannel* (ook *Sc. flainen*); seventeen hunder linen = linnen van de beste soort in 't jaar 1700 gesponnen (en van haar grootmoeder afkomstig); breeks = *breeches*, broek; rigwoodie = *ridges overgrown with woods* hier: mager en baardig; wad spean a foal *Spean* = *to wean* Ned. spenen; Een veulen wordt slechts met veel moeite gespeend en men steekt het dier allerlei leelijks in den bek om hem een afkeer van zijn moeder te doen krijgen. Daarom zegt men van alles wat leelijk is: „It would spean a foal;” maar vooral wordt het gezegd van een „vinegar-faced woman who cannot find an admirer.” Van 'tzeze zegt men ook: „Her face would sour milk;” lowpin' = loopende; cummock = *a short staff with a crooked head*: een kruk; walie = *jolly* is evenals *winsome* eene bepaling van *wench*, een woord, dat vroeger eenvoudig *vrouw* of *meisje* beteekende; Paisley harn = grof linnen vervaardigd van den afval van vlas. Te Paisley waren ook toen reeds beroemde linnenweverijen; vauntie = *joyous comp. Eng. vain, vanity*;

An' hotch'd, an' blew wi' might an' main:
 Till first ae caper, syne anither,
 Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
 An' roars out, „Weel done, Cutty-sark!”
 An' in an instant a' was dark:
 An' scarcely had he Maggie ralli'd,
 When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
 When plunderin' herds assail their byke,
 As open pussie's mortal foes,
 When, pop! she starts before their nose
 As eager runs the market-crowd,
 When „Catch the thief!” resounds aloud;
 So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
 Wi' mony an eldritch screech an' hollow.

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'lt get thy fairin'!
 In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin'!
 In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin'!
 Kate soon will be a woofu' woman!
 Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
 An' win the key-stane of the brig;
 There at them thou thy tail may toss,
 A running stream they darena cross;
 But ere the key-stane she could make
 The fient a tail she had to shake!
 For Nannic, far before the rest,
 Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
 An' flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;
 But little wist she Maggies mettle —
 Ae spring brought aff her master hale,
 But left behind her ain grey tail:
 The Carlin clauht her by the rump,
 An' left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
 Ilk man and mother's son, take heed:
 Whane'er to drink you are inclin'd,
 Or cutty-sarks run i' your mind,
 Think! ye may buy the joys o'er dear —
 Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

hotch'd = *kitched*, turned topsy turvy (i. e. „the topside the other way”);
 caper Fr. cabrer to prance van Lat. *caper* eene geit (Bastaardw.) *kapriool*
 = bokkesprong; syne = (*since*, *ago*) *then*; fyke = *trifling cares*, ook zorg
 en moeite; op de Veluwe ook: 't is eene heele *fiek d. i.* 't is moeielijk;
 byke = *a wild bee nest*, a *bee-hive* = bijenkorf; eldritch = *ghastly, fright-*
ful, elvish; screech, skreigh, scraich, screigh = *to scream, to cry*;
 ettle = *to try, to attempt, to aim*.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

1709—1784.

Johnson was the son of a learned but poor bookseller in Lichfield and in early age was disfigured and half blinded by a scrofulous disorder, which seamed and deformed his face and afflicted him with strange and involuntary contorsions, reacting also upon his mind and temper, and making him somber, despondent, and irritable.

For success in his profession as a teacher he was equally unfitted by his person, his nature, and the peculiar character of his mind and acquirements, and after unsuccessfully attempting to keep a school himself, he began that tremendous struggle with labour and want, which continued during 30 years.

His first literary undertaking met with little but disappointment, and having married in 1736 and gone to London in 1737 he became a contributor to divers journals, and as an obscure labourer for the press furnished all sorts of humble literary work.

He first emerged into popularity in 1738, by the publication of his satire *London*, and in 1544 he published his *Life of Savage*, his fellow-sufferer with whom he had often wandered supperless and homeless about the streets at midnight.

From 1747—1755 Johnson compiled his great *Dictionary of the English Language*. The etymological part of this great work, in consequence of Johnson sharing the then almost universal ignorance of the Teutonic languages, is totally without value; but the accuracy and comprehensiveness of the definitions and above all the interesting quotations are unrivalled.

In the mean time he published the *Vanity of Human Wishes*, a companion to his *London*. At about the same time Garrick brought upon the stage Johnson's tragedy *Irene*, the unfinished MS. of which, they had carried with them when going to London, and when played, it proved a failure.

Besides he founded and carried on alone two periodicals the *Idler* and the *Rambler*, and in 1759 at the death of his mother wrote the moral tale *Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia*, a dissertation on the author's favourite theme, the *Vanity of Human Wishes*. At various periods he had given to the world several political pamphlets, generally distinguished for the violence with which arbitrary doctrines are maintained. It was not till 1762 that the author emerged from his constant poverty. At the accession of George III Johnson was gratified with a pension of £ 300 a year, and from this time he was able to indulge not only his constitutional indolence, but that noble charity and benevolence, which even during his own poverty had transformed his dwelling into a sort of asylum for helpless indigence.

Next to his *Dictionary* his glory lives with us by his unrivalled *Lives of the Poets*.

The danger of ranging from one study to another, The importance of the early choice of a profession.

TUESDAY, May 22, 1750.

It is never without very melancholy reflections, that we can observe the misconduct, or miscarriage, of those men, who seem, by the force of understanding, or extent of knowledge, exempted

from the general frailties of human nature, and privileged from the common infelicities of life. Though the world is crowded with scenes of calamity, we look upon the general mass of wretchedness with very little regard, and fix our eyes upon the state of particular persons, whom the eminence of their qualities marks out from the multitude; as, in reading an account of a battle, we seldom reflect on the vulgar heaps of slaughter; but follow the hero with our whole attention through all the varieties of his fortune, without a thought of the thousands that are falling round him.

With the same kind of anxious veneration I have for many years been making observations of the life of Polyphilus, a man whom all his acquaintances have, from his first appearance in the world, feared for the quickness of his discernment, and admired for the multiplicity of his attainments, but whose progress in life, and usefulness to mankind, has been hindered by the superfluity of his knowledge, and the celerity of his mind.

Polyphilus was remarkable, at the school, for surpassing all his companions, without any visible application; and at the university was distinguished equally for his successful progress, as well through the thorny mazes of science, as the flowery path of politer literature, without any strict confinement to hours of study, or remarkable forbearance of the common amusements of young men.

When Polyphilus was at the age in which men usually choose their profession, and prepare to enter into a public character, every academical eye was fixed upon him; all were curious to inquire what this universal genius would fix upon for the employment of his life: and no doubt was made but that he would leave all his contemporaries behind him, and mount to the highest honours of that class in which he should enlist himself, without those delays and pauses which must be endured by meaner abilities.

Polyphilus, though by no means insolent or assuming, had been sufficiently encouraged by uninterrupted success, to place great confidence in his own parts; and was not below his companions in the indulgence of his hopes, and expectations of the astonishment with which the world would be struck, when first his lustre should break out upon it; nor could he forbear (for whom does not constant flattery intoxicate?) to join sometimes in the mirth of his friends, at the sudden disappearance of those, who, having shone awhile, and drawn the eyes of the public upon their feeble radiance, were now doomed to fade away before him.

It is natural for a man to catch advantageous notions of the condition which those with whom he converses are striving to attain. Polyphilus, in a ramble to London, fell accidentally among the physicians, and was so much pleased with the prospect of turning philosophy to profit, and so highly delighted with a new theory of fevers which darted into his imagination, and which, after having considered it a few hours, he found himself able to maintain against all the advocates for the ancient system, that he resolved to apply himself to anatomy, botany, and chemistry, and to leave no part unconquered, either of the animal, mineral, or vegetable kingdoms.

He therefore read authors, constructed systems, and tried experiments; but unhappily, as he was going to see a new plant in flower at Chelsea, he met, in crossing Westminster to take water,

the chancellor's coach; he had the curiosity to follow him into the hall, where a remarkable cause happened to be tried, and found himself able to produce so many arguments, which the lawyers had omitted on both sides, that he determined to quit physic for a profession in which he found it would be so easy to excel, and which promised higher honours and larger profits, without melancholy attendance upon misery, mean submission to peevishness, and continual interruption of rest and pleasure.

He immediately took chambers in the Temple, bought a commonplace book, and confined himself for some months to the perusal of the statutes, year-books, pleadings, and reports; he was a constant hearer of the courts, and began to put cases with reasonable accuracy. But he soon discovered, by considering the fortune of lawyers, that preferment was not to be got by acuteness, learning, and eloquence. He was perplexed by the absurdities of attornies, and misrepresentations made by his clients of their own causes, by the useless anxiety of one, and the incessant importunity of another; he began to repent of having devoted himself to a study, which was so narrow in its comprehension, that it could never carry his name to any other country, and thought it unworthy of a man of parts to sell his life only for money. The barrenness of his fellow-students forced him generally into other company at his hours of entertainment, and among the varieties of conversation through which his curiosity was daily wandering, he, by chance, mingled at a tavern with some intelligent officers of the army. A man of letters was easily dazzled with the gaiety of their appearance, and softened into kindness by the politeness of their address; he, therefore, cultivated this new acquaintance: and when he saw how readily they found in every place admission and regard, and how familiarly they mingled with every rank and order of men, he began to feel his heart beat for military honours, and wondered how the prejudices of the university should make him so long insensible of that ambition, which has fired so many hearts in every age, and negligent of that calling, which is, above all others, universally and invariably illustrious, and which gives, even to the exterior appearance of its professors, a dignity and freedom unknown to the rest of mankind.

These favourable impressions were made still deeper by his conversation with ladies, whose regard for soldiers he could not observe, without wishing himself one of that happy fraternity, to which the female world seemed to have devoted their charms and their kindness. The love of knowledge, which was still his predominant inclination, was gratified by the recital of adventures, and accounts of foreign countries; and therefore he concluded that there was no way of life in which all his views could so completely centre as in that of a soldier. In the art of war he thought it not difficult to excel, having observed his new friends not very much versed in the principles of tactics or fortification; he therefore studied all the military writers, both ancient and modern, and, in a short time, could tell how to have gained every remarkable battle that has been lost from the beginning of the world. He often showed at table how Alexander should have been checked in his conquests, what was the fatal error at Pharsalia, how Charles of Sweden might have escaped his ruin at Pultowa, and Marl-

borough might have been made to repent his temerity at Blenheim. He entrenched armies upon paper so that no superiority of numbers could force them, and modelled in clay many impregnable fortresses, on which all the present arts of attack would be exhausted without effect.

Polyphilus, in a short time, obtained a commission; but before he could rub off the solemnity of a scholar, and gain the true air of military vivacity, a war was declared, and forces sent to the continent. Here Polyphilus unhappily found that study alone would not make a soldier; for being much accustomed to think, he let the sense of danger sink into his mind, and felt at the approach of any action, that terror which a sentence of death would have brought upon him. He saw that, instead of conquering their fears, the endeavour of his gay friends was only to escape them; but his philosophy chained his mind to its object, and rather loaded him with shackles than furnished him with arms. He, however, suppressed his misery in silence, and passed through the campaign with honour, but found himself utterly unable to support another.

He then had recourse again to his books, and continued to range from one study to another. As I usually visit him once a month, and am admitted to him without previous notice, I have found him within this last half year, decyphering the Chinese language, making a farce, collecting a vocabulary of the obsolete terms of the English law, writing an inquiry concerning the ancient Corinthian brass, and forming a new scheme of the variations of the needle.

Thus is this powerful genius, which might have extended the sphere of any science, or benefited the world in any profession, dissipated in a boundless variety, without profit to others or himself! He makes sudden irruptions into the regions of knowledge, and sees all obstacles give way before him; but he never stays long enough to complete his conquest, to establish laws, or bring away the spoils.

Such is often the folly of men, whom nature has enabled to obtain skill or knowledge, on terms so easy, that they have no sense of the value of the acquisition; they are qualified to make such speedy progress in learning, that they think themselves at liberty to loiter in the way, and by turning aside after every new object, lose the race, like Atalanta, to slower competitors, who press diligently forward, and whose force is directed to a single point.

I have often thought those happy that have been fixed, from the first dawn of thought, in a determination to some state of life, by the choice of one whose authority may preclude caprice, and whose influence may prejudice them in favour of his opinion. The general precept of consulting the genius is of little use, unless we are told how the genius can be known. If it is to be discovered only by experiment, life will be lost before the resolution can be fixed; if any other indications are to be found, they may, perhaps, be very early discerned. At least, if to miscarry in an attempt be a proof of having mistaken the direction of the genius, men appear not less frequently deceived with regard to themselves than to others; and therefore no one has much reason to complain that his life was planned out by his friends, or to be confident that he should have had either more honour or happiness, by being abandoned to the chance of his own fancy.

It was said of the learned bishop Sanderson, that when he was preparing his lectures, he hesitated so much, and rejected so often, that, at the time of reading, he was often forced to produce, not what was best, but what happened to be at hand. This will be the state of every man, who, in the choice of his employment, balances all the arguments on every side; the complication is so intricate, the motives and objections so numerous, there is so much play for the imagination, and so much remains in the power of others, that reason is forced at last to rest in neutrality, the decision devolves into the hands of chance, and after a great part of life spent in inquiries which can never be resolved, the rest must often pass in repenting the unnecessary delay, and can be useful to few other purposes than to warn others against the same folly, and to show, that of two states of life equally consistent with religion and virtue, he who chooses earliest chooses best.

(Rambler).

The advantages of mediocrity, an eastern tale.

SATURDAY, July 28, 1750.

Among many parallels which men of imagination have drawn between the natural and moral state of the world, it has been observed that happiness, as well as virtue, consists in mediocrity; that to avoid every extreme is necessary, even to him who has no other care than to pass through the present state with ease and safety; and that the middle path is the road of security; on either side of which are not only the pitfalls of vice, but the precipices of ruin.

Thus the maxim of Cleobulus the Lindian, *Mediocrity is best*, has been long considered as an universal principle, extended through the whole compass of life and nature. The experience of every age seems to have given it new confirmation, and to show that nothing, however specious or alluring, is pursued with propriety, or enjoyed with safety, beyond certain limits.

Even the gifts of nature, which may truly be considered as the most solid and durable of all terrestrial advantages, are found, when they exceed the middle point, to draw the possessor into many calamities, easily avoided by others that have been less bountifully enriched or adorned. We see every day women perish with infamy, by having been too willing to set their beauty to show; and others, though not with equal guilt or misery, yet with very sharp remorse, languishing in decay, neglect, and obscurity, for having rated their youthful charms at too high a price. And, indeed, if the opinion of Bacon be thought to deserve much regard, very few sighs would be vented for eminent and superlative elegance of form; „for beautiful women,” says he, „are seldom of any great „accomplishments, because they, for the most part, study behaviour „rather than virtue.”

Health and vigour, and a happy constitution of the corporeal frame, are of absolute necessity to the enjoyment of the comforts, and to the performance of the duties of life, and requisite in yet

a greater measure to the accomplishment of any thing illustrious or distinguished; yet even these, if we can judge by their apparent consequences, are sometimes not very beneficial to those on whom they are most liberally bestowed. They that frequent the chambers of the sick, will generally find the sharpest pains, and most stubborn maladies, among them whom confidence of the force of nature formerly betrayed to negligence and irregularity; and that superfluity of strength, which was at once their boast and their snare, has often, in the latter part of life, no other effect than that it continues them long in impotence and anguish.

These gifts of nature are, however, always blessings in themselves, and to be acknowledged with gratitude to him that gives them; since they are, in their regular and legitimate effects, productive of happiness, and prove pernicious only by voluntary corruption or idle negligence. And as there is little danger of pursuing them with too much ardour of anxiety, because no skill or diligence can hope to procure them, the uncertainty of their influence upon our lives is mentioned, not to depreciate their real value, but to repress the discontent and envy to which the want of them often gives occasion in those who do not enough suspect their own frailty, nor consider how much less is the calamity of not possessing great powers, than of not using them aright.

Of all those things that make us superior to others, there is none so much within the reach of our endeavours as riches, nor any thing more eagerly or constantly desired. Poverty is an evil always in our view, an evil complicated with so many circumstances and vexation, that every man is studious to avoid it. Some degree of riches is therefore required, that we may be exempt from the gripe of necessity; when this purpose is once attained, we naturally wish for more, that the evil which is regarded with so much horror, may be yet at a greater distance from us; as he that has once felt or dreaded the paw of a savage, will not be at rest till they are parted by some barrier, which may take away all possibility of a second attack.

To this point, if fear be not unreasonably indulged, Cleobulus would, perhaps, not refuse to extend his mediocrity. But it almost always happens, that the man who grows rich, changes his notions of poverty, states his wants by some new measure, and from flying the enemy that pursued him, bends his endeavours to overtake those whom he sees before him. The power of gratifying his appetites increases their demands; a thousand wishes crowd in upon him, importunate to be satisfied, and vanity and ambition open prospects to desire, which still grow wider, as they are more contemplated.

Thus in time want is enlarged without bounds; an eagerness for increase of possessions deluges the soul, and we sink into the gulfs of insatiability, only because we do not sufficiently consider, that all real need is very soon supplied, and all real danger of its invasion easily precluded; that the claims of vanity, being without limits, must be denied at last; and that the pain of repressing them is less pungent before they have been long accustomed to compliance.

Whosoever shall look heedfully upon those who are eminent for their riches, will not think their condition such as that he should

hazard his quiet, and much less his virtue, to obtain it. For all that great wealth generally gives above a moderate fortune, is more room for the freaks of caprice, and more privilege for ignorance and vice, a quicker succession of flatteries, and a larger circle of voluptuousness.

There is one reason seldom remarked, which makes riches less desirable. Too much wealth is very frequently the occasion of poverty. He whom the wantonness of abundance has once softened, easily sinks into neglect of his affairs; and he that thinks he can afford to be negligent, is not far from being poor. He will soon be involved in perplexities, which his inexperience will render unsurmountable; he will fly for help to those whose interest it is that he should be more distressed, and will be at last torn to pieces by the vultures that always hover over fortunes in decay.

When the plains of India were burnt up by a long continuance of drought, Hamet and Raschid, two neighbouring shepherds, faint with thirst, stood at the common boundary of their grounds, with their flocks and herds panting round them, and in extremity of distress prayed for water. On a sudden the air was becalmed, the birds ceased to chirp, and the flocks to bleat. They turned their eyes every way, and saw a being of mighty stature advancing through the valley, whom they knew upon his nearer approach to be the Genius of Distribution. In one hand he held the sheaves of plenty, and in the other the sabre of destruction. The shepherds stood trembling, and would have retired before him; but he called to them with a voice gentle as the breeze that plays in the evening among the spices of Sabaea; „Fly not from your benefactor, „children of the dust! I am come to offer you gifts, which only „your own folly can make vain. You here pray for water, and „water I will bestow; let me know with how much you will be „satisfied; speak not rashly; consider, that of whatever can be „enjoyed by the body, excess is no less dangerous than scarcity. „When you remember the pain of thirst, do not forget the danger „of suffocation. Now, Hamet, tell me your request.”

„O Being, kind and beneficent,” says Hamet, „let thine eye „pardon my confusion. I entreat a little brook, which in summer „shall never be dry, and in winter never overflow.” — „It is „granted,” replies the Genius; and immediately he opened the ground with his sabre, and a fountain bubbling up under their feet, scattered its rills over the meadows; the flowers renewed their fragrance, the trees spread a greener foliage, and the flocks and herds quenched their thirst.

Then turning to Raschid, the Genius invited him likewise to offer his petition. „I request,” says Raschid, „that thou wilt turn „the Ganges through my grounds, with all his waters, and all „their inhabitants.” Hamet was struck with the greatness of his neighbour’s sentiments, and secretly repined in his heart, that he had not made the same petition before him; when the Genius spoke, „Rash man, be not insatiable! remember, to thee that is nothing „which thou canst not use; and how are thy wants greater than „the wants of Hamet?” Raschid repeated his desire, and pleased himself with the mean appearance that Hamet would make in the presence of the proprietor of the Ganges. The Genius then retired towards the river, and the two shepherds stood waiting the event.

As Raschid was looking with contempt upon his neighbour, on a sudden was heard the roar of torrents, and they found by the mighty stream that the mounds of the Ganges were broken. The flood rolled forward into the lands of Raschid, his plantations were torn up, his flocks overwhelmed, he was swept away before it, and a crocodile devoured him.

(*Rambler*).

Minim the Critic.

SATURDAY, June 9, 1759.

Criticism is a study by which men grow important and formidable at a very small expense. The power of invention has been conferred by nature upon few, and the labour of learning those sciences which may by mere labour be obtained, is too great to be willingly endured; but every man can exert such judgment as he has upon the works of others; and he whom nature has made weak, and idleness keeps ignorant, may yet support his vanity by the name of a Critic.

I hope it will give comfort to great numbers who are passing through the world in obscurity, when I inform them how easily distinction may be obtained. All the other powers of literature are coy and haughty, the must be long courted, and at last are not always gained; but criticism is a goddess easy of access and forward of advance, who will meet the slow, and encourage the timorous; the want of meaning she supplies with words, and the want of spirit she recompenses with malignity.

This profession has one recommendation peculiar to itself, that it gives vent to malignity without real mischief. No genius was ever blasted by the breath of critics. The poison which, if confined, would have burst the heart, fumes away in empty issues, and malice is set at ease with very little danger to merit. The Critic is the only man whose triumph is without another's pain, and whose greatness does not rise upon another's ruin.

To a study at once so easy and so reputable, so malicious and so harmless, it cannot be necessary to invite my readers by a long or laboured exhortation; it is sufficient, since all would be Critics if they could, to shew by one eminent example that all can be Critics if they will.

Dick Minim, after the common course of puerile studies, in which he was no great proficient, was put apprentice to a brewer, with whom he had lived two years, when his uncle died in the city, and left him a large fortune in the stocks. Dick had for six months before used the company of the lower players, of whom he had learned to scorn a trade, and, being now at liberty to follow his genius, he resolved to be a man of wit and humour. That he might be properly initiated in his new character, he frequented the coffee-houses near the theatres, where he listened very diligently, day after day, to those who talked of language and sentiments, and unities and catastrophes, till, by slow degrees, he began to think that he understood something of the stage, and hoped in time to talk himself.

But he did not trust so much to natural sagacity as wholly to

neglect the help of books. When the theatres were shut, he retired to Richmond with a few select writers, whose opinions he impressed upon his memory by unwearied diligence; and, when he returned with other wits to the town, was able to tell, in very proper phrases, that the chief business of art is to copy nature; that a perfect writer is not to be expected, because genius decays as judgment increases; that the great art is the art of blotting; and that, according to the rule of Horace, every piece should be kept nine years.

Of the great authors he now began to display the characters, laying down as an universal position, that all had beauties and defects. His opinion was, that Shakespeare, committing himself wholly to the impulse of nature, wanted that correctness which learning would have given him; and that Jonson, trusting to learning, did not sufficiently cast his eyes on nature. He blamed the stanzas of Spenser, and could not bear the hexameters of Sidney. Denham and Waller he held the first reformers of English numbers; and thought that if Waller could have obtained the strength of Denham, or Denham the sweetness of Waller, there had been nothing wanting to complete a poet. He often expressed his commiseration of Dryden's poverty, and his indignation at the age which suffered him to write for bread; he repeated with rapture the first lines of „All for Love”, but wondered at the corruption of taste which could bear any thing so unnatural as rhyming tragedies. In Otway he found uncommon powers of moving the passions, but was disgusted by his general negligence, and blamed him for making a conspirator his hero; and never concluded his disquisition, without remarking how happily the sound of the clock is made to alarm the audience. Southern would have been his favourite, but that he mixes comic with tragic scenes, intercepts the natural course of the passions, and fills the mind with a wild confusion of mirth and melancholy. The versification of Rowe he thought too melodious for the stage, and too little varied in different passions. He made it the great fault of Congreve, that all his persons were wits, and that he always wrote with more art than nature. He considered „Cato” rather as a poem than a play, and allowed Addison to be the complete master of allegory and grave humour, but paid no great deference to him as a critic. He thought the chief merit of Prior was in his easy tales and lighter poems, though he allowed that his „Solomon” had many noble sentiments elegantly expressed. In Swift he discovered an inimitable vein of irony, and an easiness which all would hope and few would attain. Pope he was inclined to degrade from a poet to versifier, and thought his numbers rather luscious than sweet. He often lamented the neglect of „Phædra and Hypolitus”, and wished to see the stage under better regulations.

These assertions passed commonly uncontradicted; and if now and then an opponent started up, he was quickly repressed by the suffrages of the company, and Minim went away from every dispute with elation of heart and increase of confidence.

He now grew conscious of his abilities, and began to talk of the present state of dramatic poetry; wondered what had become of the comic genius which supplied our ancestors with wit and pleasantry, and why no writer could be found that durst now venture beyond a farce. He saw no reason for thinking that the vein

of humour was exhausted, since we live in a country where liberty suffers every character to spread itself to its utmost bulk, and which, therefore, produces more originals than all the rest of the world together. Of tragedy he concluded business to be the soul, and yet often hinted that love predominates too much upon the modern stage.

He was now an acknowledged critic, and had his own seat in a coffee-housse, and headed a party in the pit. Minim has more vanity than ill nature, and seldom desires to do much mischief; he will perhaps murmur a little in the ear of him that sits next him, but endeavours to influence the audience to favour, by clapping when an actor exclaims, „Ye gods!“ or laments the misery of his country.

By degrees he was admitted to rehearsals; and many of his friends are of opinion, that our present poets are indebted to him for their happiest thoughts: by his contrivance the bell was rung twice in Barbarossa, and by his persuasion the author of Cleone concluded his play without a couplet; for what can be more absurd, said Minim, than that part of a play should be rhymed, and part written in blank verse? and by what acquisition of faculties is the speaker, who never could find rhymes before, enabled to rhyme at the conclusion of an act?

He is the great investigator of hidden beauties, and is particularly delighted when he finds „the sound an echo to the sense.“ He has read all our poets with particular attention to this delicacy of versification, and wonders at the supineness with which their works have been hitherto perused, so that no man has found the sound of a drum in this distich:

„When pulpit, drum ecclesiastick,
Was beat with fist instead of a stick:“

and that the wonderful lines upon honour and a bubble have hitherto passed without notice:

„Honour is like the glossy bubble,
Which cost philosophers such trouble;
Where, one part crack'd, the whole does fly,
And wits are crack'd to find out why.“

In these verses, says Minim, we have two striking accommodations of the sound to the sense. It is impossible to utter the first two lines emphatically without an act like that which they describe; *bubble* and *trouble* causing a momentary inflation of the cheeks by the retention of the breath, which is afterwards forcibly emitted, as in the practice of *blowing bubbles*. But the greatest excellence is in the third line, which is *crack'd* in the middle to express a crack, and then shivers into monosyllables. Yet has this diamond lain neglected with common stones, and among the innumerable admirers of Hudibras, the observation of this superlative passage has been reserved for the sagacity of Minim.

Idler.

SATURDAY, June 15, 1759.

Mr. Minim had now advanced himself to the zenith of critical reputation; when he was in the pit, every eye in the boxes was fixed upon him: when he entered his coffee-house, he was surrounded by circles of candidates, who passed their noviciate of literature under his tuition; his opinion was asked by all who had no opinion of their own, and yet loved to debate and decide; and no composition was supposed to pass in safety to posterity, till it had been secured by Minim's approbation.

Minim professes great admiration of the wisdom and munificence by which the academies of the Continent were raised; and often wishes for some standard of taste, for some tribunal, to which merit may appeal from caprice, prejudice, and malignity. He has formed a plan for an academy of criticism, where every work of imagination may be read before it is printed, and which shall authoritatively direct the theatres what pieces to reject, to exclude or to revive.

Such an institution would, in Dick's opinion, spread the fame of English literature over Europe, and make London the metropolis of elegance and politeness, the place to which the learned and ingenious of all countries would repair for instruction and improvement, and where nothing would any longer be applauded or endured that was not conformed to the nicest rules, and finished with the highest elegance.

Till some happy conjunction of the planets shall dispose our princes or ministers to make themselves immortal by such an academy, Minim contents himself to preside four nights in a week in a critical society selected by himself, where he is heard without contradiction, and whence his judgment is disseminated through the great vulgar and the small.

When he is placed in the chair of criticism, he declares loudly for the noble simplicity of our ancestors, in opposition to the petty refinements and ornamental luxuriance. Sometimes he is sunk in despair, and perceives false delicacy daily gaining ground, and sometimes brightens his countenance with a gleam of hope, and predicts the revival of the true sublime. He then fulminates his loudest censures against the monkish barbarity of rhyme; wonders how beings that pretend to reason can be pleased with one line always ending like another; tells how unjustly and unnaturally sense is sacrificed to sound; how often the best thoughts are mangled by the necessity of confining or extending them to the dimensions of a couplet; and rejoices that genius has, in our days, shaken off the shackles which had encumbered it so long. Yet he allows that rhyme may sometimes be borne, if the lines be often broken, and the pauses judiciously diversified.

From blank verse he makes an easy transition to Milton, whom he produces as an example of the slow advance of lasting reputation. Milton is the only writer in whose books Minim can read for ever without weariness. What cause it is that exempts this pleasure from satiety he has long and diligently inquired, and believes it to consist in the perpetual variation of the numbers, by which the ear is gratified and the attention awakened. The lines that are commonly thought fugged and unmusical, he conceives

to have been written to temper the melodious luxury of the rest, or to express things by a proper cadence; for he scarcely finds a verse that has not this favourite beauty; he declares that he could shiver in a hot-house when he reads that.

Burns froze, and cold performs th' effect of fire;"
and that, when Milton bewails his blindness, the verse,
„So thick a drop serene has quench'd these orbs,"

has, he knows not how, something that strikes him with an obscure sensation like that which he fancies would be felt from the sound of darkness.

Minim is not so confident of his rules of judgment as not very eagerly to catch new light from the name of the author. He is commonly so prudent as to spare those whom he cannot resist, unless, as will sometimes happen, he finds the public combined against them. But a fresh pretender to fame he is strongly inclined to censure, till his own honour requires that he commend him. Till he knows the success of a composition, he intrenches himself in general terms; there are some new thoughts and beautiful passages, but there is likewise much which he would have advised the author to expunge. He has several favourite epithets, of which he never settled the meaning, but which are very commodiously applied to books which he has not read, or cannot understand. One is *manly*, another is *dry*, another *stiff*, and another *flimsy*; sometimes he discovers delicacy of style, and sometimes meets with *strange expressions*.

He is never so great, or so happy, as when a youth of promising parts is brought to receive his directions for the prosecution of his studies. He then puts on a very serious air; he advises the pupil to read none but the best authors, and, when he finds one congenial to his own mind, to study his beauties, but avoid his faults; and, when he sits down to write, to consider how his favourite author would think at the present time on the present occasion. He exhorts him to catch those moments when he finds his thoughts expanded and his genius exalted, but to take care lest imagination hurry him beyond the bounds of nature. He holds diligence the mother of success; yet enjoins him with great earnestness, not to read more than he can digest, and not to confuse his mind by pursuing studies of contrary tendencies. He tells him, that every man has his genius, and that Cicero could never be a poet. The boy retires illuminated, resolves to follow his genius, and to think how Milton would have thought: and Minim feasts upon his own beneficence till another day brings another pupil.

Idler.

The Vanity of Human Wishes, in Imitation of the Tenth Satire of Juvenal. ^c1)

Let Observation with extensive view,
Survey mankind from China to Peru:
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,

¹⁾ See *Notes* at the end of the book.

And watch the busy scenes of crowded life;
 Then say, how hope and fear, desire and hate, 5
 O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate,
 Where wav'ring man, betray'd by vent'rous pride,
 To tread the dreary paths without a guide,
 As treach'rous phantoms in the mist delude,
 Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good; 10
 How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
 Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant voice;
 How Nations sink, by darling schemes oppress'd,
 When Vengeance listens to the fool's request.
 Fate wings with ev'ry wish th' afflictive dart, 15
 Each gift of nature, and each grace of art;
 With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,
 With fatal sweetness elocution flows;
 Impeachment stops the speaker's pow'rful breath,
 And restless fire precipitates on death. 20
 But, scarce observ'd, the knowing and the bold
 Fall in the gen'ral massacre of gold;
 Wide wasting pest! that rages unconfin'd,
 And crowds with crimes the records of mankind:
 For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws, 25
 For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws;
 Wealth heap'd on wealth, nor truth nor safety buys,
 The dangers gather as the treasures rise.
 Let Hist'ry tell where rival kings command,
 And dubious title shakes the madd'd land, 30
 When statutes glean the refuse of the sword,
 How much more safe the vassal than the lord;
 Low sculks the hind beneath the rage of power,
 And leaves the wealthy traitor in the Tower,
 Untouch'd his cottage, and his slumbers sound, 35
 Though Confiscation's vultures hover round.
 The needy traveller, serene and gay,
 Walks the wild heath, and sings his toil away.
 Does envy seize thee? crush th' upbraiding joy;
 Increase his riches, and his peace destroy; 40
 Now fears in dire vicissitude invade,
 The rustling brake alarms, and quiv'ring shade;
 Nor light nor darkness bring his pain relief,
 One shews the plunder, and one hides the thief.
 Yet still one gen'ral cry the skies assails, 45
 And gain and grandeur load the tainted gales;
 Few know the toiling statesman's fear or care,
 Th' insidious rival and the gaping heir.
 Once more, Democritus, arise on earth,
 With cheerful wisdom and instructive mirth, 50
 See motley life in modern trappings dress'd,
 And feed with varied fools th' eternal jest:
 Thou who could'st laugh where want enchain'd caprice,
 Toil crush'd conceit, and man was of a piece;
 Where wealth, unlov'd, without a mourner dy'd; 55
 And scarce a sycophant was fed by pride;
 Where ne'er was known the form of mock debate,

Or seen a new-made mayor's unwieldy state;
 Where change of fav'rites made no change of laws,
 And senates heard before they judg'd a cause; 60
 How would'st thou shake at Britain's modish tribe;
 Dart the quick taunt, and edge the piercing gibe?
 Attentive truth and nature to descry,
 And pierce each scene with philosophic eye,
 To thee were solemn toys, or empty show, 65
 The robes of pleasure and the veils of woe:
 All aid the farce, and all thy mirth maintain;
 Whose joys are causeless, and whose griefs are vain.
 Such was the scorn that fill'd the sage's mind,
 Renew'd at ev'ry glance on human kind: 70
 How just that scorn ere yet thy voice declare,
 Search ev'ry state, and canvass ev'ry pray'r.
 Unnumber'd suppliants crowd Preferment's gate.
 Athirst for wealth, and burning to be great;
 Delusive Fortune hears th' incessant call, 75
 They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.
 On ev'ry stage the foes of peace attend,
 Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end.
 Love ends with hope, the sinking statesman's door
 Pours in the morning worshipper no more; 80
 For growing names the weekly scribbler lies,
 To growing wealth the dedicator flies,
 From ev'ry room descends the painted face,
 That hung the bright palladium of the place;
 And, smok'd in kitchens, or in auctions sold, 85
 To better features yields the frame of gold;
 For now no more we trace in ev'ry line
 Heroic worth, benevolence divine:
 The form distorted, justifies the fall,
 And detestation rids th' indignant wall. 90
 But will not Britain hear the last appeal,
 Sign her foes' doom, or guard her fav'rites' zeal?
 Through Freedom's sons no more remonstrance rings,
 Degrading nobles, and controlling kings;
 Our supple tribes repress their patriot throats, 95
 And ask no questions but the price of votes;
 With weekly libels and septennial ale,
 Their wish is full to riot and to rail.
 In full-blown dignity, see Wolsey stand, 'c
 Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand: 100
 To him the church, the realm, their pow'rs consign,
 Through him the rays of regal bounty shine,
 Turn'd by his nod the stream of honour flows,
 His smile alone security bestows;
 Still to new heights his restless wishes tow'r, 105
 Claim leads to claim, and pow'r advances pow'r;
 Till conquest unresisted ceas'd to please,
 And rights submitted, left him none to seize.
 At length his sov'reign frowns — the train of state
 Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate. 110
 Where'er he turns, he meets a stranger's eye,

His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly;
 Now drops at once the pride of awful state,
 The golden canopy, the glitt'ring plate,
 The regal palace, the luxurious board, 115
 The liv'ried army, and the menial lord.

With age, with cares, with maladies oppress'd,
 He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.
 Grief aids disease, remember'd folly stings,
 And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings. 120

Speak thou, whose thoughts at humble peace repine,
 Shall Wolsey's wealth, with Wolsey's end, be thine?
 Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,
 The wisest justice on the banks of Trent?
 For, why did Wolsey, near the steepes of fate, 125
 On weak foundations raise th' enormous weight?
 Why but to sink beneath misfortune's blow,
 With louder ruin to the gulphs below?

What gave great Villiers to th' assassin's knife,
 And fix'd disease on Harley's closing life? 130
 What murder'd Wentworth, and what exil'd Hyde,
 By kings protected, and to kings ally'd?
 What but their wish indulg'd in courts to shine,
 And pow'r too great to keep, or to resign?

When first the college rolls receive his name, 135
 The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame;
 Resistless burns the fever of renown,
 Caught from the strong contagion of the gown:
 O'er Bodley's dome his future labours spread,
 And¹⁾ Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head. 140

Are these thy views? Proceed, illustrious youth,
 And Virtue guard thee to the throne of Truth!
 Yet, should thy soul indulge the gen'rous heat
 Till captive Science yields her last retreat;
 Should Reason guide thee with her brightest ray, 145
 And pour on misty Doubt resistless day;

Should no false kindness lure to loose delight,
 Nor praise relax, nor difficulty fright;
 Should tempting Novelty thy cell refrain,
 And Sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain; 150
 Should beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
 Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart;

Should no disease thy torpid veins invade,
 Nor Melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade;
 Yet hope not life from grief or danger free, 155
 Nor think the doom of man revers'd for thee:

Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
 And pause awhile from Letters, to be wise;
 There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
 Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the gaol. 160
 See nations, slowly wise, and meanly just,

¹⁾ There is a tradition, that the study of friar Bacon, built on an arch over the bridge, will fall when a man greater than Bacon shall pass under it. To prevent so shocking an accident, it was pulled down many years since.

To buried merit raise the tardy bust.
 If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
 Hear Lydiat's life, and Galileo's end.
 Nor deem, when Learning her last prize bestows. 165
 The glitt'ring eminence exempt from foes;
 See, when the vulgar 'scape, despis'd or aw'd,
 Rebellion's vengeful talons seize on Laud.
 From meaner minds though smaller fines content,
 The plunder'd palace, or sequester'd rent; 170
 Mark'd out by dang'rous parts, he meets the shock,
 And fatal Learning leads him to the block:
 Around his tomb let Art and Genius weep,
 But hear his death, ye blockheads, hear and sleep.
 The festal blazes, the triumphal show, 175
 The ravish'd standard, and the captive foe,
 The senate's thanks, the Gazette's pompous tale,
 With force resistless o'er the brave prevail.
 Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whirl'd,
 For such the steady Romans shook the world; 180
 For such in distant lands the Britons shine,
 And stain with blood the Danube or the Rhine;
 This pow'r has praise that virtue scarce can warm,
 Till Fame supplies the universal charm.
 Yet Reason frowns on War's unequal game, 185
 Where wasted nations raise a single name;
 And mortgag'd states their grandsires' wreaths regret,
 From age to age in everlasting debt;
 Wreaths which at last the dear-bought right convey,
 To rust on medals, or on stones decay. 190
 On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
 How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide;
 A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
 No dangers fright him, and no labours tire;
 O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain, 195
 Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain;
 No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
 War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;
 Behold surrounding kings their pow'r combine,
 And one capitulate, and one resign; 200
 Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain;
 "Think nothing gain'd," he cries, till nought remain,
 "On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
 "And all be mine beneath the polar sky."
 The march begins in military state, 205
 And nations on his eye suspended wait;
 Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,
 And Winter barricades the realm of Frost;
 He comes, nor want nor cold his course delay;
 Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa's day: 210
 The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands,
 And shews his miseries in distant lands;
 Condemn'd a needy supplicant to wait,
 While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
 But did not Chance at length her error mend? 215

Did no subverted empire mark his end?
 Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
 Or hostile millions press him to the ground?
 His fall was destin'd to a barren strand,
 A petty fortress, and a dubious hand; 220
 He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
 To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

All times their scenes of pompous woes afford,
 From Persia's tyrant to Bavaria's lord.
 In gay hostility and barb'rous pride, 225
 With half mankind embattled at his side,
 Great Xerxes comes to seize the certain prey,
 And starves exhausted regions in his way;
 Attendant Flatt'ry counts his myriads o'er,
 Till counted myriads soothe his pride no more; 230
 Fresh praise is try'd till madness fires his mind,
 The waves he lashes, and enchains the wind,
 New pow'rs are claim'd, new pow'rs are still bestow'd,
 Till rude Resistance lops the spreading god;
 The daring Greeks deride the martial show, 235
 And heap their valleys with the gaudy foe;
 Th' insulted sea with humbler thoughts he gains,
 A single skiff to speed his flight remains;
 Th' incumber'd oar scarce leaves the dreaded coast,
 Through purple billows and a floating host. 240

The bold Bavarian, in a luckless hour,
 Tries the dread summits of Cæsarean pow'r,
 With unexpected legions bursts away,
 And sees defenceless realms receive his sway;
 Short sway! fair Austria spreads her mournful charms, 245
 The queen, the beauty, sets the world in arms;
 From hill to hill the beacon's rousing blaze
 Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of praise;
 The fierce Croatian, and the wild Hussar,
 With all the sons of ravage crowd the war; 250
 The baffled prince, in honour's flatt'ring bloom
 Of hasty greatness, finds the fatal doom;
 His foes' derision, and his subjects' blame,
 And steals to death from anguish and from shame.

Enlarge my life with multitude of days! 255
 In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays:
 Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know,
 That life protracted is protracted woe.
 Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
 And shuts up all the passages of joy: 260
 In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons pour,
 The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flow'r;
 With listless eyes the dotard views the store,
 He views, and wonders that they please no more;
 Now pall the tasteless meats and joyless wines, 265
 And Luxury with sighs her slave resigns.
 Approach, ye minstrels, try the soothing strain,
 Diffuse the tuneful lenitives of pain:
 No sounds, alas! would touch th' impervious ear,

Though dancing mountains witness'd Orpheus near; 270
 Nor lute nor lyre his feeble pow'rs attend,
 Nor sweeter music of a virtuous friend;
 But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,
 Perversely grave, or positively wrong.

The still returning tale, and ling'ring jest, 275
 Perplex the fawning niece and pamper'd guest,
 While growing hopes scarce awe the gath'ring sncer,
 And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear;
 The watchful guests still hint the last offence;
 The daughter's petulance, the son's expense, 280
 Improve his heady rage with treach'rous skill,
 And mould his passions till they make his will.

Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,
 Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade;
 But unextinguish'd Av'rice still remains, 285
 And dreaded losses aggravate his pains;
 He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,
 His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands;
 Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,
 Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies. 290

But grant, the virtues of a temp'rate prime
 Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime
 An age that melts in unperceiv'd decay,
 And glides in modest innocence away;
 Whose peaceful day Benevolence endears, 295
 Whose night congratulating Conscience cheers;
 The gen'ral fav'rite as the gen'ral friend:
 Such age there is, and who shall wish its end?

Yet ev'n on this her load Misfortune flings,
 To press the weary minutes' flagging wings; 300
 New sorrow rises as the day returns,
 A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns.
 Now kindred Merit fills the sable bier,
 Now lacerated Friendship claims a tear;
 Year chases year, decay pursues decay, 305
 Still drops some joy from with'ring life away;
 New forms arise, and diff'rent views engage,
 Superfluous lags the vet'ran on the stage,
 Till pitying Nature signs the last release,
 And bids afflicted worth retire to peace. 310

But few there are whom hours like these await,
 Who set unclouded in the gulphs of Fate.
 From Lydia's monarch should the search descend,
 By Solon caution'd to regard his end,
 In Life's last scene what prodigies surprise, 315
 Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise!
 From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
 And Swift expires a driv'ller and a show.

The teeming mother, anxious for her race,
 Begg for each birth the fortune of a face; 320
 Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring;
 And Sedley curs'd the from that pleas'd a king.
 Ye nymphs of rosy lips and radiant eyes,

Whom Pleasure keeps too busy to be wise;
 Whom joys with soft varieties invite, 325
 By day the frolic, and the dance by night;
 Who frown with vanity, who smile with art,
 And ask the latest fashion of the heart;
 What care, what rules, your heedless charms shall save,
 Each nymph your rival, and each youth your slave? 330
 Against your fame with fondness hate combines,
 The rival batters, and the lover mines.
 With distant voice neglected Virtue calls,
 Less heard and less, the faint remonstrance falls;
 Tir'd with contempt, she quits the slipp'ry reign, 335
 And Pride and Prudence take her seat in vain
 In crowd at once, where none the pass defend,
 The harmless freedom, and the private friend.
 The guardians yield, by force superior ply'd,
 To Int'rest, Prudence; and to Flatt'ry, Pride. 340
 Here Beauty falls betray'd, despis'd, distress'd,
 And hissing Infamy proclaims the rest.
 Where then shall Hope and Fear their objects find?
 Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind?
 Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate, 345
 Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
 Must no dislike, alarm, no wishes rise,
 No cries invoke the mercies of the skies?
 Enquirer, cease; petitions yet remain
 Which Heav'n may hear, nor deem Religion vain. 350
 Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
 But leave to Heav'n the measure and the choice.
 Safe in his pow'r, whose eyes discern afar
 The secret ambush of a specious pray'r;
 Implore his aid, in his decisions rest. 355
 Secure, whate'er he gives, he gives the best.
 Yet, when the sense of sacred presence fires,
 And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
 Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
 Obedient passions, and a will resign'd; . 360
 For love, which scarce collective man can fill;
 For patience, sov'reign o'er transmuted ill;
 For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
 Counts death kind Nature's signal of retreat:
 These goods for man the laws of Heav'n ordain, 365
 These goods he grants, who grants the pow'r to gain;
 With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,
 And makes the happiness she does not find.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

1728—1774.

A more special attention is due to Goldsmith, whom Thackeray calls: „the most beloved of English writers” and whose epitaph by Johnson: — „There was hardly any kind of writing which he did not attempt, and there was not one which he did attempt to which he failed to do honour,” is not exaggerated.

Oliver Goldsmith was born at Pallas, Longford, Ireland. His father was the good Doctor *Primrose* in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, who two years after Oliver's birth removed his family to Lissay, the original of *Auburn in the Deserted Village*. Here the parson brought up his eight children; and loving all the world, fancied all the world loved him.

By the assistance of a benevolent uncle, Oliver was enabled to enter the University of Dublin in the humble quality of a sizar. In Dublin he was idle, penniless and fond of pleasure. — The earlier part of his life is an obscure and monotonous narrative of ineffectual struggles, and of wanderings through Holland, France, Germany and Switzerland, and even to Pavia — for the most part on foot, the traveller subsisting by the aid of his flute and the charity given to a poor scholar. In 1756 he returned home, and for eight years was struggling with famine, sometimes as a chemist's shopman in London; sometimes as an usher in boarding-schools, the drudge of his employers, and the butt and laughing-stock of the pupils; sometimes as a practitioner of medicine among the poorest population; and more generally as a miserable and scantily paid booksellers-hack.

In this character he wrote schoolbooks, tales for children, prefaces, indexes, and reviews of books; and contributions to the *Monthly*, *Critical*, and *Lady's Review*, the *British Magazine*, and other periodicals.

In this period however he composed some of his most charming works: the *Letters from a Citizen of the World*, the plan of which was imitated from Montesquieu's „*Lettres Persanes*”; a *Life of Beau Nash*; and a gracefully-narrated *History of England*.

It was in 1764 that the publication of the *Traveller*, the plan of which was sketched out when the author was wandering as a beggar in Switzerland, formed the commencement of his fame, and was followed in 1770 by the *Deserted Village*, as a companion poem.

In 1765 appeared *The Vicar of Wakefield*, and in 1767 his first comedy *The Good Natured Man*, followed in 1768 by his *History of Rome*, and in 1773 was acted his best comedy, which still keeps possession of the stage, *She Stoops to Conquer* or *The Mistakes of a Night*.

Goldsmith had now risen from the obscurity to which he had been condemned and became one of the most admired and popular authors of his time. He was now in the receipt of an income which for that time, and for the profession of letters might have been accounted splendid; but his improvidence kept him plunged in debt, and he was always anticipating his receipts, so that he continued to be the slave of booksellers. Thus appeared in rather rapid suc-

cession his *History of England*, *History of Greece*, and *History of Animated Nature*.

In 1774 his career was terminated. He was suffering from a painful and dangerous disease, aggravated by disquietude of mind arising from the disorder of his affairs, and relying upon his knowledge of medicine, he imprudently persisted in employing a violent remedy against the advice of his physicians.

The Traveller; or a Prospect of Society. ¹⁾

HOME-LOVE.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
 Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po;
 Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
 Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;
 Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies, 5
 A weary waste expanding to the skies;
 Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
 My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee:
 Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
 And drags at each remove a lengthening chain. 10

INVOKES A BLESSING ON HIS BROTHER.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
 And round his dwelling guardian saints attend;
 Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
 To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire:
 Blest that abode, where want and pain repair, 15

1. *The lazy Scheld*. It flows north-west through France and Belgium, and enters the North Sea by two mouths — the East and the West Scheldt. Its length slow and sluggish.

2. *Wandering Po*. The Po has a very *winding course*.

3, 4. *Carinthia* a part of the old kingdom of Illyria. The inhabitants are rough, indolent, and superstitious. Goldsmith visited Carinthia in 1755. With respect to this visit, Mr. Forster says: 'In Carinthia the incident occurred with which his famous couplet has too hastily reproached a people, when, sinking with fatigue, after a long day's toilsome walk, he was turned from a peasant's hut at which he implored a lodging.'

5. *Campania* is probably derived from *campus*, a plain, in allusion to the level nature of the country. The poet, alludes to the *Campagna-di-Roma*. The plain, which is about sixty miles in greatest length, is of a gloomy and desolate appearance. Here and there are seen the ruinous remains of lonely towers; but there are no villages and very few houses, and, except at sowing and reaping time, not a labourer is to be found.

7-10. 'The farther I travel I feel the pain of separation with stronger force; those ties that bind me to my native country and you, are still unbroken. By every remove I only drag a greater length of chain.'

11. *Eternal blessings*, &c. In full: *May eternal blessings crown my earliest friend, and may guardian saints attend*, &c.

¹⁾ 'The *Traveller*, or *A Prospect of Society*, was first sketched out by the author during a tour in Europe, great part of which he performed on foot, and in circumstances which afforded him the fullest means of becoming acquainted with the most numerous class in society, peculiarly termed *the people*. The date of the first edition is 1764. It begins in the gloomy mood natural to genius in distress when wandering alone, —

„Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow” — *Aikin*.

And every stranger finds a ready chair;
 Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
 Where all the ruddy family around
 Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
 Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale; 20
 Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
 And learn the luxury of doing good.

THE RESTLESS DISPOSITION OF THE POET.

But me, not destined such delights to share,
 My prime of life in wandering spent and care;
 Impell'd, with steps unceasing, to pursue 25
 Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
 That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
 Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
 My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
 And find no spot of all the world my own. 30
 E'en now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
 I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
 And, plac'd on high above the storm's career,
 Look downward where a hundred realms appear;
 Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide, 35
 The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

23. *Me* is in the objective case governed by the verb *leads*, 29. Thus: My fortune leads me, &c.

23-30. Paraphrased. But for me — to whom fate has allotted no such pleasures, — who am spending the best of my days in restless wanderings, — who am urged constantly to follow some retreating happiness, that shines in prospect only to mock me, and, like the line of the horizon, tempts me with the appearance of something stationary, yet as I advance towards it moves so much farther away, — for me destiny has appointed a lonely pilgrimage through regions where there is not a spot that I can call my own.

24. *Spent* is a participle, used as an adjective, defining *prime of life*, Thus: My prime of life *being* spent in wandering and care.

25. *Impelled*, a past participle attributive to *me*, 23.

27. *The circle*, &c. The horizon is that circle in the heavens which bounds the view on all sides, and which is greater or less as the observer is more or less elevated from the surface of the earth. The circle gets no nearer, nay it appears to recede, as one advances.

30, &c. After an affectionate and regretful glance to the peaceful seat of fraternal kindness, and some expressions of self-pity, the poet sits down amid Alpine solitudes to spend a pensive hour in meditating on the state of mankind. He finds that the natives of every land regard their own with preference; whence he is led to this proposition, — that if we impartially compare the advantages belonging to different countries, we shall conclude that an equal portion of good is dealt to all the human race. He further supposes, that every nation, having in view one peculiar species of happiness, models life to that alone; whence this favourite kind, pushed to an extreme, becomes a source of peculiar evils. To exemplify this by instances, is the business of the subsequent descriptive part of the piece." — *Aikin*.

32. *Sit me down*. 'To sit me down, to sit him down, to sit them down, equivalent to I seat myself, &c., are familiar phrases used by good writers, though deviations from strict propriety.' — *Webster*.

Examples: — 'He sat him down at a pillar's base.' — *Byron*.

'They sat them down to weep.' — *Milton*.

The pronoun *me* is here used reflectively.

CONTENTMENT.

When thus Creation's charms around combine,
 Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine?
 Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
 That good which makes each humbler bosom vain? 40
 Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
 These little things are great to little man;
 And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
 Exults in all the good of all mankind.
 Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendour crown'd, 45
 Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;
 Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale;
 Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery vale;
 For me your tributary stores combine:
 Creation's heir, the world is mine! 50

WHERE CAN HAPPINESS BE FOUND?

As some lone miser, visiting his store,
 Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er;
 Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
 Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still:
 Thus to my breast alternate passions rise, 55
 Pleased with each good that Heaven to man supplies:
 Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
 To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
 And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
 Some spot to real happiness consign'd, 60
 Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
 May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.

But where to find that happiest spot below,
 Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
 The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone 65
 Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
 Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
 And his long nights of revelry and ease:
 The naked negro, panting at the line,
 Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine, 70
 Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
 And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.

43. *And wiser he* = and he is wiser.

51—62. Paraphrased. While some lonely miser, having come to view his treasures, stoops to examine his money, and counts it over and over again, the heaps as they follow one after another delight him more and more; yet still he repines because he never thinks he has enough. In like manner two different feelings actuate my heart by turns: I receive with pleasure each benefit that Providence bestows on man; but often I am forced to sigh and weep, when I see how small is the amount of human happiness; and often I look around with the desire of finding some habitations of true bliss, where my wearied spirit, ceasing to pursue any distant object of hope, may enjoy the happiness of seeing others happy.

59. ~~The~~ order is: And I often wish to find, amidst the scene, some spot consigned to real happiness, where my worn soul, each wandering hope being at rest, may gather bliss to see my fellows blest.

67. *Treasures*. Whales, seals, walruses, &c.

Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
 His first, best country, ever is at home.
 And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare, 75
 And estimate the blessings which they share,
 Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
 An equal portion dealt to all mankind;
 As different good, by Art or Nature given,
 As different nations makes their blessings even. 80

THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
 Still grants her bliss at labour's earnest call;
 With food as well the peasant is supplied
 On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side;
 And though the rocky-crested summits frown, 85
 These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.
 From Art more various are the blessings sent —
 Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content;
 Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
 That either seems destructive of the rest. 90
 Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails,
 And honour sinks where commerce long prevails.
 Hence every state to one loved blessing prone,
 Conforms and models life to that alone.
 Each to the favourite happiness attends, 95
 And spurns the plan that aims at other ends;
 Till, carried to excess in each domain,
 This fav'rite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
 And trace them through the prospect as it lies: 100
 Here for a while my proper cares resign'd,
 Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind;
 Like you neglected shrub at random cast,
 That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.

81. *Alike* adverb modifying *kind*.

83, 84. In full: The peasant is as well supplied with food on Idra's cliffs as (*he is well supplied*, &c.) on Arno's shelvy side.

84. 'Goldsmith's allusion is probably to Hydra, or Idra, a rocky island in the Grecian Archipelago, six miles off the coast of Argolis. The island is little more than a sterile rock, the inhabitants being entirely dependent on trade and commerce. On a rock so utterly barren as scarcely to present on its whole surface a speck of verdure, rises, in dazzling whiteness and beauty, this singularly interesting city.'

84. The valley of the Arno, noted for its fertility, has long been regarded as the garden of Italy. *Shelvy* means rocky.

86. The peasant sleeps soundly on the mountain side; — the rocks, in time, become to him a comfortable resting-place.

87. The order is: (a) The blessings sent from art, viz. wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content, — are more various, (b) yet these contest each other's power so strongly, (c) that either seems destructive of the rest.

91. The poet does not question the advantages of liberty and prosperity, but he moralises on their attendant ills —

Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails.'

ITALY AND THE ITALIANS.

- Far to the right where Apennine ascends, 105
 Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
 Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
 Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
 While oft some temple's mould'ring tops between,
 With venerable grandeur mark the scene. 110
 Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
 The sons of Italy were surely blest.
 Whatever fruits in different climes were found,
 That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
 Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear, 115
 Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
 Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
 With vernal lives, that blossom but to die:
 These here disporting own the kindred soil,
 Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil; 120
 While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand,
 To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.
- But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
 And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
 In florid beauty groves and fields appear, 125
 Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
 Contrasted faults through all his manners reign;
 Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;
 Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
 And even in penance planning sins anew. 130

105-165. *Italy* is the first country that comes under review. Its general landscape is painted by a few characteristic strokes, and the felicity of its climate is displayed in appropriate imagery. The revival of arts and commerce in Italy, and their subsequent decline, are next touched upon; and hence is derived the present disposition of the people--easily pleased with splendid trifles, the wrecks of their former grandeur; and sunk into an enfeebled moral and intellectual character, reducing them to the level of children.

105-110. Paraphrased. The distant range of the Apennines on my right marks the direction in which the sunny region of Italy lies; the mountain's side is adorned with sloping fields, and with woods rising in graceful rows one above another, as seats in a theatre; while here and there the crumbling tops of some old temple add a solemn grandeur to the scene.

108. The sides of the Apennines were formerly clothed with forests. These have been cut down in the most wasteful manner, and the loss of them has brought much evil on the land.

111. *Could ... breast.* An adverbial sentence to *were blest*. The order is: The sons of Italy were surely blest -- if Nature's bounty could satisfy the breast.

115. *Blooms.* *Blossom* is a dialectical form of the word from the same root (*bloma*). Bloom, is a finer and more delicate efflorescence even than *blossom*; thus the bloom, but not the blossom, of the cheek.

117. *Sweets*; perfumes, odours.

118. *Vernal lives*; that is lasting during the spring.

118. *But = only.*

121. *Gelid*, from (L.) *gelidus*, from *gelo*, to freeze, means cold.

122. *To winnow*, &c. to scatter or spread fragrance. *Winnow*, from (L.) *evanno*, from *vannus*, a fan, means to separate and drive off the chaff from grain by means of wind.

128. *Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain.*

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All evils here contaminate the mind,
 That opulence departed leaves behind;
 For wealth was theirs, not far removed the date,
 When commerce proudly flourish'd through the state;
 At her command the palace learnt to rise, 135
 Again the long-fall'n column sought the skies;
 The canvas glow'd, beyond ev'n Nature warm,
 The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form:
 Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
 Commerce on other shores display'd her sail; 140
 While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
 But towns unmann'd, and lords without a slave:
 And late the nation found, with fruitless skill,
 Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet, still the loss of wealth is here supplied 145
 By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;
 From these the feeble heart and long-fallen mind,
 An easy compensation seem to find.
 Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
 The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade; 150
 Processions form'd for piety and love,
 A mistress or a saint in every grove.
 By sports like these are all their cares beguiled,

133, 134. The most important commercial cities of Europe, in former times, were Genoa, Venice, and Pisa.

135. Venice, Genoa, Florence, Pisa, and other cities, contain magnificent palaces and private edifices. Several of them are built entirely of marble, and the others are ornamented with marble portals and columns.

138. Thomson, when speaking of sculpture, says: —

‘From the brute rock it called the breathing form.’

140. Speaking of the rise and the decay of Venice, Rogers says: —

‘Thus did Venice rise,
 Thus flourish, till the unwelcome tidings came,
 That in the Tagus had arrived a fleet
 From INDIA, from the region of the sun,
 Fragrant with spices — that a way was found,
 A channel opened, and the golden stream
 Turned to enrich another. Then she felt
 Her strength departing.’ — *Rogers’s Italy*.

144. *Its former*, &c. In short, the state resembled one of those bodies bloated with disease, whose bulk is only a symptom of its wretchedness: their former opulence only rendered more impotent.’

144. *Plethoric*, unhealthily large.

146. ‘Rome possesses innumerable remains of noble edifices, marbles, and sculptures which were the work of former ages — grand and beautiful even in their ruins.’

150. ‘Where in the midst of porticoes, processions, and cavalcades, abbés turn shepherds; and shepherdesses without sheep indulge the innocent *divertimenti*’.

153. ‘Either Sir Joshua Reynolds, or a mutual friend who immediately communicated the story to him, calling at Goldsmith’s lodgings, opened the door without ceremony, and discovered him not in meditation, or in the throes of poetic birth, but in the boyish office of teaching a favourite dog to sit upright upon its haunches, or, as it is commonly said, to beg. Occasionally he glanced his eyes over his desk, and occasionally shook his finger at the unwilling pupil, in order to make him retain his position;

The sports of children satisfy the child;
 Each nobler aim, repress'd by long control, 155
 Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
 While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
 In happier meanness occupy the mind:
 As in those domes where Cæsars once bore sway,
 Defac'd by time, and tottering in decay, 160
 There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
 The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;
 And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
 Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

SWITZERLAND AND THE SWISS.

My soul, turn from them; turn we to survey 165
 Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
 Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
 And force a churlish soil for scanty bread:
 No product here the barren hills afford,
 But man and steel, the soldier and his sword; 170
 No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
 But winter lingering chills the lap of May;
 No Zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,

while on the page before him was written that couplet, with the ink of the second line still wet, from the description of Italy:

'By sports like these are all their cares beguiled,
 The sports of children satisfy the child.'

161, 162. Rogers, in his description of Rome, says: —

'Now all is changed; and here, as in the wild,
 The day is silent, dreary as the night;
 None stirring, save the herdsman and his herd,
 Savage alike.'

165—238. 'From these he turns with a sort of disdain, to view a nobler race, hardened by a rigorous climate, and by the necessity of unrelaxing toil. These are the Swiss, who find, in the equality of their condition, and their ignorance of other modes of life, a source of content which remedies the natural evil of their lot. There cannot be a more delightful picture than the poet has drawn of the Swiss peasant, going forth to his morning's labour, and returning at night to the bosom of domestic happiness. It sufficiently accounts for that *patriot passion* for which they have ever been celebrated, and which is here described in lines that reach the heart, and is illustrated by a beautiful simile. But this state of life has also its disadvantages. The sources of enjoyment being few, a vacant listlessness is apt to creep upon the breast; and if nature urges to throw this off by occasional bursts of pleasure, no stimulus can reach the purpose but gross sensual debauch. Their morals, too, like their enjoyments, are of a coarse texture; some sterner virtues hold high dominion in their breast, but all the gentler and more refined qualities of the heart, which soften and sweeten life, are exiled to milder climates.'

170. *But* = except.

172. May is the gay season for the fields, and the eye is delighted, wherever it falls, by something full of beauty.

But the climate of Switzerland is such as to retard the growth of vegetation; for winter extends his reign even till May.

173. *Zephyr*. An agreeable wind, blowing gently from the westward. The poets personify Zephyrus, and make him the most mild and gentle of all the sylvan deities: —

'Mild as when *Zephyrus* on *Flora* breathes.' — *Milton*.

But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, even here, content can spread a charm, 175
 Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
 Though poor the peasant's hut, his feast though small,
 He sees his little lot the lot of all;
 Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
 To shame the meanness of his humble shed; 180
 No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
 To make him loathe his vegetable meal;
 But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
 Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil;
 Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose, 185
 Breasts the keen air, and carols as he goes;
 With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
 Or drives his vent'rous ploughshare to the steep;
 Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
 And drags the struggling savage into day. 190
 At night returning, every labour sped,
 He sits him down the monarch of a shed;
 Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
 His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze;
 While his loved partner, boastful of her hoard, 195
 Displays her cleanly platter on the board:
 And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
 With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,
 Imprints the patriot passion on his heart; 200
 And ev'n those ills that round his mansion rise,
 Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
 Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
 And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;

186. *Breasts*. A similar use of this word is to be found in Shakespeare; -

'Breasted
 The surge most swoln that met him.' - *Tempest*.
 'Breasting the lofty surge.' - *Henry V*.

187. 'The best manner to draw up the *finny prey*.'

187. *Trolls*, from *troell*, a wheel, a reel. Among anglers, *to troll* means to fish, as for pikes, with a rod whose line runs on a wheel or pulley.

189. Where = in which.

189, 190. Chamois and other wild animals are hunted on the mountains; and of beasts of prey, the bear, the wolf, and lynx: the last is a powerful creature of the cat kind, yellowish-red in colour, with very large green eyes, and sharply pointed ears.

190. 'Drive the reluctant savage into the toils.'

191. Every labour *being* sped or finished.

192. *He sits him down*. See note to 32,

197. *Thither led* = led thither.

198. *Nightly bed*; that is *the bed that the pilgrim gets for the night*. *Bed*, used for the kindness that grants the bed.

199. *His native . . . impart*. The word *which* must be supplied.

200. The Swiss are remarkable for their zealous attachment to the liberties of their country.

203. *Shed*, a mean hovel, for *cottage*.

204. *And dear that hill* = and that hill *is* dear.

And as a child, when scaring sounds molest, 205
Clings close and closer to the mothers's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assign'd;
Their wants but few, their wishes all confined. 210
Yet let them only share the praises due;
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few:
For ev'ry want that stimulates the breast
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest:
Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies, 215
That first excites desire, and then supplies;
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy;
Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame. 220
Their level life is but a smouldering fire,
Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire;
Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a-year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire, 225
Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow;
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low;
For, as refinement stops, from sire to son
Unalter'd, unimproved, the manners run; 230
And love's and friendship's finely-pointed dart
Fall blunted from each indurated heart.
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest;
But all the gentler morals, such as play 235
Through life's more cultur'd walks, and charm the way,
These, far dispers'd, on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

FRANCE AND THE FRENCH.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn; and France displays her bright domain. 240
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,

205-8. A strong attachment to home is one of the characteristic qualities of the Swiss.

210. *Their wants*, &c. In full: Their wants *are* but few, and all their wishes *are* confined or limited.

220. *Catch and vibrate*. Supply *that* before each of these predicates.

239-280. 'To the more genial climate of France the traveller next repairs, and in a very pleasing rural picture he introduces himself in the capacity of musician to a village party of dancers beside the murmuring Loire. The leading feature of this nation he represents as being the love of praise; which passion, while it inspires sentiments of honour, and a desire of pleasing, also affords a free course to folly, and nourishes vanity and ostentation. The soul, accustomed to depend for its happiness on foreign applause, shifts its principles with the change of fashion, and is a stranger to the value of self-approbation.'

239. *Kinder skies* = a more genial climate.

Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please,
 How often have I led thy sportive choir,
 With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire?
 Where shading elms along the margin grew, 245
 And, freshen'd from the wave, the zephyr flew:
 And haply, though my harsh touch, faltering still,
 But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill;
 Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
 And dance, forgetful of the noon-tide hour. 250
 Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
 Have led their children through the mirthful maze;
 And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
 Has frisk'd beneath the burthen of threescore.

So blest a life these thoughtless realms display, 255
 Thus idly busy rolls their world away:
 Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
 For honour forms the social temper here.
 Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
 Or e'en imaginary worth obtains, 260
 Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
 It shifts in splendid traffic round the land;
 From courts to camps, to cottages it strays,
 And all are taught an avarice of praise;
 They please, are pleased; they give to get esteem, 265
 Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
 It gives their follies also room to rise;
 For praise too dearly loved, or warmly sought,
 Enfeebles all internal strength of thought; 270
 And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
 Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
 Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,

243—250. 'I had some knowledge of music with a tolerable voice, and now turned what was once my amusement into a present means of subsistence. I passed among the harmless peasants of Flanders, and among such of the French as were poor enough to be very merry; for I ever found them sprightly in proportion to their wants. Whenever I approached a peasant's house toward night-fall, I played one of my most merry tunes; and that procured me not only a lodging, but subsistence for the next day.' — *The Vicar of Wakefield*.

253. *Gestic*: legendary: relating to such tales as those of the *Gesta Romanorum*.

255. These thoughtless realms display so blest a life: their world, thus idly busy rolls away. Those arts are theirs that endear mind to mind (for) honour forms the social temper here; honour that praise passes current here which real merit gains (or) which even imaginary worth obtains.

257. *Theirs* is a possessive pronoun, plural number, nominative case after *are*. Some would call it a personal pronoun, possessive case, governed by the noun *arts*, understood. *Theirs* is clearly a word that stands for *their* and the noun, *arts*.

273. *Tawdry*; very fine and showy in colours, without taste or elegance.

273—280. Paraphrased: Hence, in this country, ostentation, with its paltry attempts at finery, strives to obtain the worthless praises of the ignorant. Here vanity shows her forward airs, and embroiders her mean clothing with shining tinsel. Here pride, oppressed by poverty, deprives herself of daily comforts, that she may be enabled once a year to make the vain glorious display of one grand feast. The mind, disregarding the

Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;
 Here vanity assumes her pert grimace, 275
 And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace;
 Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
 To boast one splendid banquet once a year;
 The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
 Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause. 280

HOLLAND.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
 Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
 Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
 Where the broad ocean leans against the land.
 And, sedulous to stop the coming tide, 285
 Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
 Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
 The firm connected bulwark seems to grow;
 Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,
 Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore; 290
 While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
 Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
 The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd vale,
 The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
 The crowded mart, the cultivated plain, 295
 A new creation rescued from his reign.
 'Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
 Impels the native to repeated toil,
 Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
 And industry begets a love of gain. 300
 Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
 With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
 Are here display'd. Their much-loved wealth imparts
 Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
 But view them closer, craft and fraud appear, 305

substantial worth of its own sincere approval, is ever guided by the changing dictates of fashion.

275. *Her pert grimace* An example of *personification*.

281—316. 'The strong contrast to this national character is sought in *Holland*; a most graphical description of the scenery presented by that singular country introduces the moral portraiture of the people. From the necessity of unceasing labour, induced by their peculiar circumstances, a habit of industry has been formed, of which the natural consequence is a love of gain. The possession of exuberant wealth has given rise to the arts and conveniences of life; but at the same time has introduced a crafty, cold, and mercenary temper, which sets everything, even liberty itself, at a price. How different, exclaims the poet, from their Belgian ancestors! how different from the present race of Britain!' — Not over flattering indeed.

282. *Deep* because the surface is generally below sea-level.

284. 'And view the ocean leaning on the sky.' — *Dryden*.

285. *Sedulous*; unremitting in their exertions; assiduous.

286. *Rampire* is the same as *rampart*. Here it means artificial *dikes*: thrown explains 284.

290. *Industrious habits*. Sobriety, cleanliness, economy, industry, and perseverance.

E'en liberty itself is barter'd here.
 At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
 The needy sell it, and the rich man buys;
 A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
 Here wretches seek dishonourable graves, 310
 And calmly bent, to servitude conform,
 Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Heavens! how unlike their Belgic sires of old!
 Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
 War in each breast, and freedom on each brow: 315
 How much unlike the sons of Britain now!

BRITAIN AND FREEDOM.

Fired at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
 And flies where Britain courts the western spring:
 Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride
 And brighter streams than famed Hydaspes glide: 320
 There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
 There gentle music melts on every spray;
 Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd,
 Extremes are only in the master's mind!
 Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state, 325
 With daring aims irregularly great;

306. *Even liberty*. It was told in England that slavery was permitted in Holland and that children were sold by their parents.

312. *Lakes*. Wretches dull as their lakes *are* dull.

312. The current belief in England is, that the Dutch are phlegmatic dull in their general demeanour, and of a grave and heavy appearance.

317-392. To Britain, then, he turns, and begins with a slight sketch of the country, in which, he says, the mildest charms of creation are combined.

'Extremes are only in the master's mind.'

He then draws a *very* striking picture of a stern, thoughtful, independent freeman, a creature of reason, unfashioned by the common form of life, and loose from all its ties; and this he gives as the representative of the English character. A society formed by such unyielding self-dependent beings will naturally be a scene of violent political contests, and ever in a ferment with party. And a still worse fate awaits it; for the ties of nature, duty, and love, failing, the fictitious bonds of wealth and law must be employed to hold together such a reluctant association, whence the time may come, that valour, learning, and patriotism may all be levelled in one sink of avarice. These are the ills of freedom; but the poet, who would only repress to secure, goes on to deliver his idea of the cause of such mischiefs, which he seems to place in the usurpation of aristocratical upon regal authority; and with great energy he expresses his indignation at the oppressions the poor suffer from petty tyrants.

319. *Lawn*, a clear place, is the same word as *lawn*, and coincides with *plain*, an open clear place; an open space between woods. The word *lawn* is generally applied to a space of ground covered with grass generally in front of, or around, a house or mansion.

319. *Arcadia* one of the divisions of the Peloponnesus. Ancient and modern poets have described Arcadia as the land of peace, innocence and patriarchal manners.

320. *Hydaspes*, the modern *Jhelum*, is one of the rivers of the Punjab. On the banks of this river took place the battle between Alexander the Great and Porus.

Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
 I see the lords of human kind pass by;
 Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
 By forms unfashion'd, fresh from Nature's hand, 330
 Fierce in their native hardness of soul,
 True to imagined right, above control,
 While e'en the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
 And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictured here, 335
 Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear;
 Too blest, indeed, were such without alloy,
 But foster'd even by Freedom, ills annoy;
 That independence Britons prize too high,
 Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie; 340
 The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
 All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown;
 Here by the bonds of nature feebly held,
 Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd;
 Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar, 345
 Represt ambition struggles round her shore,
 Till, over-wrought, the general system feels
 Its motions stop, or frenzy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As Nature's ties decay,
 As duty, love, and honour fail to sway, 350
 Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
 Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
 Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
 And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown;
 Till time may come, when, stript of all her charms, 355
 The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
 Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
 Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote for fame,
 One sink of level avarice shall lie,
 And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonour'd die. 360

335—348. Paraphrased: To thee, O Freedom, belong the blessings I have named; with thee are to be found those delightful things, so fascinating and endearing to the mind. Thou wouldst be too blest, indeed, if thou hadst such good unalloyed with ill; but there are hurtful evils encouraged even by freedom. The feeling of independence which Britons cherish too strongly, makes one man keep aloof from another, and breaks the bond of friendly union. The lordling in the spirit of self-sufficiency lives to himself, recognising none of those mutual obligations which unite mankind, and make life happy. In this land the ties of nature have slight power; one mind opposes another with a mutual rejection of opinions; commotions are kindled, political parties make uproar because they have not their own way, and all round the land the ambitious strive to attain power, until the general machine, too violently wrought, either comes to a stop, or has its wheels set on fire with the fierce agitation.

345—348. It is extremely difficult to induce a number of free beings to coöperate for their mutual benefit; every possible advantage will necessarily be sought, and every attempt to procure it must be attended with a new fermentation.

348. *Frenzy fire.* In full: *feels frenzy to fire*, &c.

349. *Nor this the worst* = And this is not the worst.

359. *One sink* = *like one sink*.

Yet think not, thus when Freedom's ills I state,
 I mean to flatter kings, or court the great:
 Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
 Far from my bosom drive the low desire;
 And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel 365
 The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel;
 Thou transitory flower, alike undone
 By proud contempt, or favour's fostering sun;
 Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure,
 I only would repress them to secure: 370
 For just experience tells, in every soil,
 That those who think must govern those that toil;
 And all that Freedom's highest aims can reach,
 Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.
 Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow, 375
 Its double weight must ruin all below.

O then how blind to all that truth requires
 Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
 Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
 Except when fast-approaching danger warms; 380
 But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
 Contracting regal power to stretch their own;
 When I behold a factious band agree
 To call it freedom, when themselves are free;
 Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw, 385
 Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;
 The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
 Pillaged from slaves, to purchase slaves at home;
 Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
 Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart; 390
 Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
 I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

THE POOR ARE DRIVEN FROM THEIR HOMES.

Yes, Brother, curse with me that baleful hour,
 When first ambition struck at legal power;

381, 382. 'It is not yet decided in politics whether the diminution of kingly power in England tends to increase the happiness or freedom of the people. For my own part, from seeing the bad effects of the tyranny of the great in those republican states that pretend to be free, I cannot help wishing that our monarchs may still be allowed to enjoy the power of controlling the encroachments of the great at home.'

383, 384. 'As the Roman senators, by slow and imperceptible degrees, became masters of the people, *yet still flattered them with a show of freedom, while themselves only were free*, so is it possible for a body of men, while they stand up for privileges, to grow into an exuberance of power themselves, and the public become actually dependent, while some of its individuals only govern.'

385, 386. 'Numerous penal laws grind every rank of the people, and chiefly those least able to resist oppression — the poor.'

386. 'What they may then expect may be seen by turning our eyes to Holland, Genoa, or Venice, where the laws govern the poor, and the rich govern the laws.' — *Vicar of Wakefield*.

And thus polluting honour in its source, 395
 Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
 Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
 Her useful sons exchanged for useless ore?
 Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
 Like flaring tapers brightening as they waste; 400
 Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
 Lead stern depopulation in her train,
 And over fields where scatter'd hamlets rose,
 In barren solitary pomp repose?
 Have we not seen at pleasure's lordly call, 405
 The smiling long-frequented village fall?
 Beheld the duteous son, the sire decay'd,
 The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
 Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
 To traverse climes beyond the western main; 410
 Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
 And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound?

E'en now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
 Through tangled forests, and through dangerous ways;
 Where beasts with man divided empire claim, 415
 And the brown Indian marks with murderous aim
 There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
 And all around distressful yells arise,
 The pensive exile, bending with his foe,
 To stop too fearful, and too faint to go, 420
 Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
 And bids his bosom sympathise with mine

HAPPINESS IS IN THE MIND.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
 That bliss which only centres in the mind;
 Why have I stray'd from pleasure and repose, 425
 To seek a good each government bestows?
 In every government, though terrors reign,
 Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain,
 How small, of all that human hearts endure,
 That part which laws or kings can cause or cure. 430

398. *Ore* for money.

399. *Seen* = *have we not seen*.

401. *Seen opulence*, &c. The construction is: Have we not seen opulence, to maintain her grandeur, lead stern depopulation in her train?

405, &c. In this portion of the poem may be traced the germ of the 'Deserted Village.'

409. 'Downward they move, a melancholy band,
 Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.' —
Deserted Village.

409. 'And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
 For seats like these beyond the western main.' —
Deserted Village.

411. *Oswego*. The *River Oswego*, the outlet of Oneida Lake, flows NW. through the state of New York into Lake Ontario.

Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
 Our own felicity we make or find:
 With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
 Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
 The lifted axe, the agonising wheel, 435
 Luke's iron crown, and Damiens' bed of steel,
 To men remote from power but rarely known,
 Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

THE LAKISTS. WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

1770—1850.

The founder of the so-called Lake-School of poetry, was born at Cockermouth, in Cumberland on the 7th of April. In his ninth year he was sent to a school at Hawkshead, in the most picturesque district of Lancashire, where the scholars, instead of living under the same roof with a master, were boarded among the villagers. They were at liberty to roam over the surrounding country by day and night, and Wordsworth largely availed himself of this privilege.

431-8. The concluding eight lines, with the exception of the last couplet but one as well as line 420 were written by Dr. Johnson.

436. *Luke's iron crown.* George and Luke Dosa were two brothers who headed an insurrection of the peasants against the Hungarian nobles in 1514. They committed great cruelties, and were defeated on several occasions. They were at length subdued; when George and his brother Luke were taken prisoners. George (not Luke) underwent the torture of the red-hot iron crown, as a punishment for allowing himself to be proclaimed king of Hungary by the rebellious peasants. He was placed, in derision, on a throne, with a crown on his head and a sceptre in his hand, all of red-hot iron: while still alive his veins were opened, and Luke was forced to drink the blood that flowed from them.

In the tragedy of Hoffman, 1631, this punishment is introduced:

„Fix on thy master's head my *burning crown.*”

Again:

„Was adjudg'd
 To have his head *sear'd* with a *burning crown.*”

The Earl of Athol, who was executed for the murder of James I., king Scotland, was previous to his death crowned with a hot iron.' Shakespeare, in Richard the Third, makes Anne Duchess of Gloucester say —

‘Oh, would to God that the inclusive verge
 Of golden metal that must round my brow,
 Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain!’ — *Act iv. sc. 1.*

436. *Damiens' bed of steel.* Robert Francois Damiens was put to death with revolting barbarity, in the year 1757, for an attempt to assassinate Louis XV. The punishment inflicted on him was horrible. The hand by which he attempted the murder was burned at a slow fire, and the fleshy parts of his body were then torn off by pincers, to make him declare his accomplices. ‘The inventions to form the bed on which he lay (as the wounds on his legs prevented his standing), that his health might in no shape be affected, equalled what a refining tyrant would have sought to indulge his own luxury.’

Tom Davies, in a letter to Granger, says that Goldsmith meant the rack by the ‘bed of steel.’

The relish for the beauties of creation, to which he mainly owes his place among poets, was early manifested and rapidly developed. In his 14th. Year his father died, and the poet was sent to St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1787, where he spent his time chiefly in the study of the English poets, and in the ordinary amusements of the University. After taking his degree in 1791 he went over to France; where for a time he eagerly embraced the ideas of the wildest champions of liberty in that country.

His first poems are the *Descriptive Sketches* penned at Orleans and Blois, and were followed by *Guilt and Sorrow; or, Incidents upon Salisbury Plain*. It was about 1794 that the poet received a legacy of £ 900, which, as his Hawkhead training had inured him to cottage board and lodging, by temperance and economy enabled him to indulge in his heart's desire and devote himself entirely to poetry, living with his sister in a picturesque neighbourhood.

His tragedy *the Borderers* proved a failure, but gained him a friend in its first critic COLERIDGE.

It was in 1798 when the two friends starting upon a tour in Germany, to furnish funds for the journey, published their *Lyrical Ballads*.

After several removals in England between 1798 and 1813, at last Wordsworth went to Ridal Mount.

It was from his residence in this district that he and his friends Coleridge, Southey, De Quincey, and Wilson, received the name of *the Lake School*. No more absurd misnomer was ever given, for instead of forming a school, an expression which clearly implies a close resemblance between the men, or at least between their works, there never were three writers more entirely different from each other in the frame and structure of their minds, or in the style of their composition, than Wordsworth, Coleridge and Southey.¹⁾

In 1799 he commenced *The Prelude* being a metrical autobiography, not published in full till after his death.

In 1802 he received a considerable accession of fortune which enabled him to marry his beloved Mary Hutchinson, his sister's friend. After an interval of five years he gave to the world two new volumes of *Poems* which contained the *Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle*, and many more of his choicest pieces, with his first *Sonnets*.

His great work, *The Excursion* appeared in 1814. This is a fragment of a projected great moral epic, discussing and solving the mightiest questions concerning God, nature and man, our moral constitution, our duties, and our hopes. An old Scottish pedlar, a country clergyman, and a disappointed visionary are continuously and sublimely reasoning on the destinies of man, though properly speaking it is Wordsworth, who is reasoning always and alone.

In 1815 appeared *The White Doe of Rylstone*, the only narrative poem of any length which Wordsworth ever wrote.

Peter Bell was published in 1819 and followed by *the Waggoner*, neither of which poems was successful.

After the death of Scott and Byron, the Lake poet's fame became

¹⁾ I soon found that the style of Coleridge and myself would not assimilate.
Wordsworth quoted by Rev. Alex. Dyce.

firmly established. On the death of Southey in 1839 he was made Poet Laureate. He died on April 23, 1850, when he had just completed his eightieth year.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

1772—1834.

Coleridge was born at Ottery St. Mary, in Devonshire, October 21, 1772.

He was left an orphan at an early age, and was educated at Christ's Hospital and after one year's residence at the University enlisted in the 15th Dragoons, under the assumed name of Comberbacke. Being discharged, by the help of one of the officers, who had learned his real story, he formed a scheme for emigrating to the banks of the Susquehanna in North America, and there founding a model republic with community of goods, in which all selfishness was to be banished. He found a warm supporter in Southey, and other young men, but the project could not be carried into effect for want of funds. Then he turned his attention to literature and after his *Fall of Robespierre* (1794) of which the 2nd. and the 3rd. act were composed by Southey, he published in 1799 a volume of poems.

In 1795 he married a sister of Southey's wife; and contributed verse to a London paper. For three years he lived in Wordsworth's neighbourhood and contributed his share to the *Lyrical Ballads*.

In 1798 his tragedy *Remorse* was written, and then the poet visited Germany, where he studied the language and literature, and afterwards returned to the Lakes.

For two years he lived in Malta and having returned, wandered away from the lakes in 1810 leaving his wife and children wholly dependent upon Southey. He died in London July 25, 1834.

As a critic he was the first who showed in his *Lectures on Shakespeare*, that the father of the English drama was not only the greatest genius, but also the most consummate artist that ever existed.

He is famous for some wild, mystical, phantasmagoric ballads of which *The Ancient Mariner* is best known. Of the same kind are *Christabel* and *Kubla Khan*.

His translation of Schiller's *Wallenstein* is said to surpass even the original.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

1774—1843.

Southey was born at Bristol where his father carried on the business of a linen-draper. As a boy he made the acquaintance of every actor of merit who came to Bristol or Bath, and became fixed in his aunt's opinion that there was only one thing grander than being a great tragic actor, and that was to be a great author

of tragedies. He was sent to Westminster at the age of fourteen, and to Oxford at the age of nineteen.

His studies however, did not gain him a fixed place in society, but his talents and his industry together with an immense stock of learning and a careful study of excellent models enabled him to produce no less than *one hundred and nine* volumes and *one hundred and fifty* articles in the Annual Review, Foreign and Quarterly Reviews: and many of his works have always had readers and admirers.

Of his longer poems *the Curse of Kehama* and *Roderick, the Last of the Goths* are generally considered the best. Of his prose works one has defied rivalry, it is his *Life of Nelson*. The *History of the Peninsular War* would have been better known if it had not had to encounter the competition of Colonel Napier's History of this war.

The history of his life offers a rare picture of labour and toil, and patiently endured poverty, of court favour and general admiration intermixed with persecution and neglect. From being a sceptic and a republican, he became a firm believer in Christianity, and a staunch supporter of the English Church and Constitution.

In 1813 he was appointed Poet Laureate, but it was only in 1835 when a government pension of £ 300 a year, added to a small allowance of one of his friends, place him beyond the reach of want. During the last four years of his life, he had sunk into a state of hopeless imbecility. He died March 21st. 1843.

The earliest of his long poems was *Joan of Arc* published in 1795, followed in 1805 by *Madoc*, the history of a Welsh prince of the 12th. century, who is represented as making the discovery of the Western World and working for the conversion of the Mexicans. *Thalaba* (1801), is an Arabian story more extravagant than anything in the Arabian Nights.

From THE EXCURSION.

Twin Peaks of the Valley.

In genial mood,
While at our pastoral banquet thus we sate
I could not, ever and anon, forbear
To glance an upward look on two huge Peaks,
That from some other vale peered into this.
'Those lusty twins,' exclaimed our host; 'if here
It were your lot to dwell, would soon become
Your prized companions. — Many are the notes
Which, in his tuneful course, the wind draws forth
From rocks, woods, caverns, heaths, and dashing shores
And well those lofty brethren bear their part
In the wild concert — chiefly when the storm
Rides high; then all the upper air they fill
With roaring sound, that ceases not to flow,
Like smoke, along the level of the blast,
In mighty current; theirs, too, is the song
Of stream and headlong flood that seldom fails;
And, in the grim and breathless hour of noon,
Methinks that I have heard them echo back
The thunder's greeting. Nor have nature's laws

Left them ungifted with a power to yield
 Music of finer tone; a harmony,
 So do I call it, though it be the hand
 Of silence, though there be no voice; — the clouds,
 The mist, the shadows, light of golden suns,
 Motions of moonlight, all come hither — touch,
 And have an answer — thither come, and shape
 A language not unwelcome to sick hearts
 And idle spirits: — there the sun himself,
 At the calm close of summer's longest day,
 Rests his substantial orb; — between those heights
 And on the top of either pinnacle,
 More keenly than elsewhere in night's blue vault,
 Sparkle the stars, as of their station proud.
 Thoughts are not busier in the mind of man
 Than the mute agents stirring there: — alone
 Here do I sit and watch.'

Mist Opening in the Hills.

So was he lifted gently from the ground,
 And with their freight homeward the shepherds moved
 Through the dull mist, I following — when a step,
 A single step, that freed me from the skirts
 Of the blind vapour, opened to my view
 Glory beyond all glory ever seen
 By waking sense or by the dreaming soul!
 The appearance, instantaneously disclosed,
 Was of a mighty city — boldly say
 A wilderness of building, sinking far
 And self-withdrawn into a boundless depth
 Far sinking into splendour — without end!
 Fabric it seemed of diamond and of gold,
 With alabaster domes, and silver spires,
 And blazing terrace upon terrace, high
 Uplifted; here, serene pavilions bright,
 In avenues disposed; there, towers begirt
 With battlements that on their restless fronts
 Bore stars — illumination of all gems!
 By earthly nature had the effect been wrought
 Upon the dark materials of the storm
 Now pacified: on them, and on the coves
 And mountain-steeps and summits, whereunto
 The vapours had receded, taking there
 Their station under a cerulean sky.
 Oh, 'twas an unimaginable sight!
 Clouds, mists, streams, watery rocks and emerald turf,
 Clouds of all tincture, rocks and sapphire sky
 Confused, commingled, mutually inflamed,
 Molten together, and composing thus,
 Each lost in each, that marvellous array
 Of temple, palace, citadel, and huge
 Fantastic pomp of structure without name,
 In fleecy folds voluminous enwrapped.

Right in the midst, where interspace appeared
 Of open court, an object like a throne
 Under a shining canopy of stato
 Stood fixed; and fixed resemblance were seen
 To implements of ordinary use,
 But vast in size, in substance glorified;
 Such as by Hebrew Prophets were beheld
 In vision — forms uncouth of mightiest power
 For admiration and mysterious awe.
 This little Vale, a dwelling-place of Man,
 Lay low beneath my feet; 't was visible —
 I saw not, but I felt that it was there.
 That which I *saw* was the revealed abode
 Of Spirits in beatitude.

Among the Mountains.

(Greek Divinities.)

Once more to distant ages of the world
 Let us revert, and place before our thoughts
 The face which rural solitude might wear
 To the unenlightened swains of pagan Greece.
 — In that fair clime, the lonely herdsman, stretched
 On the soft grass through half a summer's day,
 With music lulled his indolent repose;
 And, in some fit of weariness, if he
 When his own breath was silent, chanced to hear
 A distant strain, far sweeter than the sounds
 Which his poor skill could make, his fancy fetched,
 Even from the blazing chariot of the sun,
 A beardless Youth, who touched a golden lute,
 And filled the illumined groves with ravishment.
 The nightly hunter, lifting a bright eye
 Up towards the crescent moon, with grateful heart
 Called on the lovely wanderer who bestowed
 That timely light, to share his joyous sport:
 And hence, a beaming Goddess with her Nymphs,
 Across the lawn and through the darksome grove,
 Not unaccompanied with tuneful notes
 By echo multiplied from rock or cave,
 Swept in the storm of chase; as moon and stars
 Glance rapidly along the clouded heaven,
 When winds are blowing strong. The traveller slaked
 His thirst from rill or gushing fount, and thanked
 The Naiad. Sunbeams, upon distant hills
 Gliding apace, with shadows in their train,
 Might, with small help from fancy, be transformed
 Into fleet Oreads sporting visibly.
 The Zephyrs fanning, as they passed, their wings,
 Lacked not, for love, fair objects whom they wooed
 With gentle whisper. Withered boughs grotesque,
 Stripped of their leaves and twigs by hoary age,
 From depth of shaggy covert peeping forth
 In the low vale, or on steep mountain side;

And, sometimes, intermixed with stirring horns
Of the live deer, or goat's depending beard, —
These were the lurking Satyrs, a wild brood
Of gamesome Deities; or Pan himself,
The simple shepherd's awe-inspiring God!

The Moon among Trees.

Within the soul a faculty abides,
That with interpositions, which would hide
And darken, so can deal that they become
Contingencies of pomp; and serve to exalt
Her native brightness. As the ample moon,
In the deep stillness of a summer even
Rising behind a thick and lofty grove,
Burns, like an unconsuming fire of light,
In the green trees; and, kindling on all sides
Their leafy umbrage, turns the dusky veil
Into a substance glorious as her own,
Yea, with her own incorporated, by power
Capacious and serene: — Like power abides
In man's celestial spirit; virtue thus
Sets forth and magnifies herself; thus feeds
A calm, a beautiful, and silent fire,
From the encumbrances of mortal life,
From error, disappointment — nay, from guilt;
And sometimes, so relenting justice wills,
From palpable oppressions of despair.'

The Sea Shell.

I have seen
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of island ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell;
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intensely; and his countenance soon
Brightened with joy; for from within were heard
Murmurings, whereby the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with its native sea.
Even such a shell the universe itself
Is to the ear of Faith; and there are times,
I doubt not, when to you it doth impart
Authentic tidings of invisible things;
Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power;
And central peace, subsisting at the heart
Of endless agitation. Here you stand,
Adore, and worship, when you know it not;
Pious beyond the intention of your thought;
Devout above the meaning of your will.
— Yes, you have felt, and may not cease to feel.
The estate of man would be indeed forlorn
If false conclusions of the reasoning power
Made the eye blind, and closed the passages
Through which the ear converses with the heart.

Has not the soul, the being of your life,
 Received a shock of awful consciousness,
 In some calm season, when these lofty rocks
 At night's approach bring down the unclouded sky,
 To rest upon their circumambient walls;
 A temple framing of dimensions vast,
 And yet not too enormous for the sound
 Of human anthems, — choral song, or burst
 Sublime of instrumental harmony,
 To glorify the Eternal! What if these
 Did never break the stillness that prevails
 Here, — if the solemn nightingale be mute,
 And the soft woodlark here did never chant
 Her vespers, — Nature fails not to provide
 Impulse and utterance. The whispering air
 Sends inspiration from the shadowy heights,
 And blind recesses of the caverned rocks;
 The little rills, and waters numberless,
 Inaudible by daylight, blend their notes
 With the loud streams: and often, at the hour
 When issue forth the first pale stars, is heard,
 Within the circuit of this fabric huge,
 One voice — the solitary raven, flying
 Athwart the concave of the dark blue dome,
 Unseen, perchance above all power of sight —
 An iron knell! with echoes from afar
 Faint — and still fainter — as the cry, with which
 The wanderer accompanies her flight
 Through the calm region, fades upon the ear,
 Diminishing by distance till it seemed
 To expire; yet from the abyss is caught again,
 And yet again recovered!

SONNETS.

The Gains of Restraint.

Nuns fret not at their convent's narrow room;
 And hermits are contented with their cells;
 And students with their pensive citadels;
 Maids at the wheel, the weaver at his loom,
 Sit blithe and happy; bees that soar for bloom,
 High as the highest Peak of Furness-fells,
 Will murmur by the hour in foxglove bells:
 In truth the prison, unto which we doom
 Ourselves, no prison is: and hence for me,
 In sundry moods, 'twas pastime to be bound
 Within the Sonnet's scanty plot of ground;
 Pleased if some Souls (for such there needs must be)
 Who have felt the weight of too much liberty,
 Should find brief solace there, as I have found.

On the Beach at Calais.

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free;
 The holy time is quiet as a Nun

Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
 Is sinking down in its tranquillity;
 The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the Sea:
 Listen! the mighty Being is awake,
 And doth with his eternal motion make
 A sound like thunder — everlastingly.
 Dear Child! dear Girl! that walkest with me here,
 If thou appear untouched by solemn thought,
 Thy nature is not therefore less divine:
 Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year;
 And worship'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
 God being with thee when we know it not.

(1802).

Composed upon Westminster Bridge, Sept. 3, 1802
 [? 1803.]

Earth has not any thing to show more fair:
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
 A sight so touching in its majesty:
 This City now doth, like a garment, wear
 The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
 Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
 Never did sun more beautifully steep
 In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
 The river glideth at his own sweet will:
 Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
 And all that mighty heart is lying still!

Thought of a Briton on the Subjugation of Switzerland.

Two Voices are there; one is of the sea,
 One of the mountains; each a mighty Voice:
 In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
 They were thy chosen music, Liberty!
 There came a Tyrant, and with holy gloe
 Thou fought'st against him; but hast vainly striven:
 Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven,
 Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.
 Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft:
 Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is left;
 For, high-souled Maid, what sorrow would it be
 That Mountain floods should thunder as before,
 And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
 And neither awful Voice be heard by thee!

(1802 or 1803?)

Milton,

WRITTEN IN LONDON, SEPTEMBER 1802.

Milton! thou should'st be living at this hour:
 England hath need of thee: she is a fen
 Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,

Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
 Have forfeited their ancient English dower
 Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
 Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
 And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
 Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart:
 Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea:
 Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
 So didst thou travel on life's common way,
 In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
 The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

The World's Ravages.

The world is too much with us: late and soon,
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
 Little we see in Nature that is ours;
 We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
 This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
 The winds that will be howling at all hours,
 And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
 For this, for every thing, we are out of tune;
 It moves us not. — Great God! I'd rather be
 A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn:
 So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
 Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
 Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
 Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

The Throne of Death.

Methought I saw the footsteps of a throne
 Which mists and vapours from mine eyes did shroud —
 Nor view of who might sit thereon allowed;
 But all the steps and ground about were strown
 With sights the ruefullest that flesh and bone
 Ever put on; a miserable crowd,
 Sick, hale, old, young, who cried before that cloud,
 'Thou art our king, O Death! to thee we groan.'
 Those steps I clomb; the mists before me gave
 Smooth way: and I beheld the face of one
 Sleeping alone within a mossy cave,
 With her face up to heaven; that seemed to have
 Pleasing remembrance of a thought foregone;
 A lovely Beauty in a summer grave!

(1806 ?)

The Shock of Bereavement.

Surprised by joy — impatient as the Wind
 I turned to share the transport — Oh! with whom
 But Thee, deep buried in the silent tomb,
 That spot which no vicissitude can find?

Love, faithful love, recalled thee to my mind —
 But how could I forget thee? Through what power,
 Even for the least division of an hour,
 Have I been so beguiled as to be blind
 To my most grievous loss? — That thought's return
 Was the worst pang that sorrow ever bore,
 Save one, one only, when I stood forlorn,
 Knowing my heart's best treasure was no more;
 That neither present time, nor years unborn
 Could to my sight that heavenly face restore.

(1806?)

After-Thought

[Concluding sonnet of the series 'To the River
 Duddon,' 1820.]

I thought of Thee, my partner and my guide,
 As being past away. — Vain sympathies!
 For, backward, Duddon! as I cast my eyes,
 I see what was, and is, and will abide;
 Still glides the Stream, and shall for ever glide;
 The Form remains, the Function never dies;
 While we, the brave, the mighty, and the wise,
 We Men, who in our morn of youth defied
 The elements, must vanish; — be it so!
 Enough, if something from our hands have power
 To live, and act, and serve the future hour;
 And if, as toward the silent tomb we go,
 Through love, through hope, and faith's transcendent dower,
 We feel that we are greater than we know.

Mutability.

From low to high doth dissolution climb,
 And sink from high to low, along a scale
 Of awful notes, whose concord shall not fail;
 A musical but melancholy chime,
 Which they can hear who meddle not with crime,
 Nor avarice, nor over-anxious care.
 Truth fails not; but her outward forms that bear
 The longest date do melt like frosty rime,
 That in the morning whitened hill and plain
 And is no more; drop like the tower sublime
 Of yesterday, which royally did wear
 His crown of weeds, but could not even sustain
 Some casual shout that broke the silent air,
 Or the unimaginable touch of Time.

(1822.)

To Lady Fitzgerald, in her Seventeenth Year.

Such age how beautiful! O Lady bright,
 Whose mortal lineaments seem all refined
 By favouring Nature and a saintly Mind

To something purer and more exquisite
 Than flesh and blood; whene'er thou meet'st my sight,
 When I behold thy blanched unwithered cheek,
 Thy temples fringed with locks of gleaming white,
 And head that droops because the soul is meek,
 Thee with the welcome Snowdrop I compare;
 That child of winter, prompting thoughts that climb
 From desolation toward the genial prime;
 Or with the Moon conquering earth's misty air,
 And filling more and more with crystal light
 As pensive Evening deepens into night. (1827.)

**On the Departure of Sir Walter Scott from Abbotsford,
 for Napels. [1831.]**

A trouble, not of clouds, or weeping rain,
 Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light
 Engendered, hangs o'er Eildon's triple height:
 Spirits of Power, assembled there, complain
 For kindred Power departing from their sight;
 While [Tweed, best pleased in chanting a blithe strain,
 Saddens his voice again, and yet again.
 Lift up your hearts, ye Mourners! for the might
 Of the whole world's good wishes with him goes;
 Blessings and prayers in nobler retinue
 Than sceptred king or laurelled conqueror knows,
 Follow this wondrous Potentate. Be true,
 Ye winds of ocean, and the midland sea,
 Wafting your Charge to soft Parthenope!

Past Years of Home.

Wansfell! ¹⁾ this Household has "a favoured lot,
 Living with liberty on thee to gaze,
 To watch while Morn first crowns thee with her rays,
 Or when along thy breast serenely float
 Evening's angelic clouds. Yet ne'er a note
 Hath sounded (shame upon the Bard!) thy praise
 For all that thou, as if from heaven, hast brought
 Of glory lavished on our quiet days.
 Bountiful Son of Earth! when we are gone
 From every object dear to mortal sight,
 As soon we shall be, may these words attest
 How oft, to elevate our spirits, shone
 Thy visionary majesties of light,
 How in thy pensive glooms our hearts found rest.

(Dec. 24, 1842.)

¹⁾ The Hill that rises to the south east, above Ambleside.

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner. ¹⁾

IN SEVEN PARTS.

PART I.

An ancient Mariner
meeteth three gallants
bidden to a wedding-
feast, and detaineth
one.

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
„By thy long grey beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
May'st hear the merry din.”

He holds him with his skinny hand,
„There was a ship,” quoth he.
„Hold off! unhand me, grey-beard loon!”
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

The Wedding-Guest is
spell-bound by the eye
of the old sea-faring
man, and constrained
to hear his tale.

He holds him with his glittering eye —
The Wedding-Guest stood still,
And listens like a three years' child:
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone:
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

„The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the light-house top.

The Mariner tells how
the ship sailed south-
ward with a good wind
and fair weather, till
it reached the line.

The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon —”
The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The Wedding-Guest
heareth the bridal mu-
sic, but the Mariner
continueth his tale.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she;

¹⁾ See Note.

Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

„And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong:
He struck with his o’ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

The ship drawn by a
storm toward the south
pole,

With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold:
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken —
The ice was all between.

The land of ice, and
of fearful sounds where
no living thing was to
be seen.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:
It cracked and growled, and reared and howled,
Like noises in a swound!

At length did cross an Albatross,
Through the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God’s name.

Till a great sea-bird,
called the Albatross,
came through the snow-
fog, and was received
with great joy and hos-
pitality.

It ate the food, it ne’er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steered us through!

And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners’ hollo!

And lo! the Albatross
proveth a bird of good
omen, and followeth
the ship as it returned
northward through fog
and floating ice.

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moon-shine.”

The ancient Mariner
inhospitably killeth the
pious bird of good
omen.

"God save thee, ancient Mariner,
From the fiends, that plague thee thus! —
Why look'st thou so?" — "With my cross-bow
I shot the Albatross.

PART II.

The Sun now rose upon the right:
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the mariners' hollo!

His shipmates cry out
against the ancient Ma-
riner, for killing the
bird of good luck.

And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe:
For all averred, I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!

But when the fog
cleared off, they justify
the same, and thus
make themselves ac-
complices in the crime.

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious Sun uprist:
Then all averred, I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze conti-
nues; the ship enters
the Pacific Ocean, and
sails northward, even
till it reaches the Line.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

The ship hath been
suddenly becalmed.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon,

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

And the Albatross be-
gins to be avenged.

Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;

Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue and white.

And some in dreams assured were
Of the Spirit that plagued us so
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

Ah! well a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

A Spirit had followed them; one of the invisible inhabitants of this planet, neither departed souls nor angels; concerning whom the learned Jew, Josephus, and the Platonic Constantinopolitan, Michael Psellus, may be consulted. They are very numerous, and there is no climate or element without one or more.

The shipmates, in their sore distress, would fain throw the whole guilt on the ancient Mariner; in sign whereof they hang the dead sea-bird round his neck.

PART III.

There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye,
When looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

The ancient Mariner beholdeth a sign in the element afar off.

At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist;
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared:
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged, and tacked, and veered.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood!
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, A sail! a sail!

At its nearer approach, it seemeth him to be a ship; and at a dear ransom he freeth his speech from the bonds of thirst.

A flash of joy;

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
 Agape they heard me call:
 Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
 And all at once their breath drew in,
 As they were drinking all.

And horror follows.
 For can it be a ship
 that comes onward
 without wind or tide?

See! See! (I cried) she tacks no more!
 Hither to work us weal, —
 Without a breeze, without a tide,
 She steadies with upright keel!

The western wave was all a-flame.
 The day was well nigh done!
 Almost upon the western wave
 Rested the broad bright Sun;
 When that strange shape drove suddenly
 Betwixt us and the Sun.

It seemeth him but
 the skeleton of a ship.

And straight the Sun was flecked with bars,
 (Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
 As if through a dungeon-grate he peered
 With broad and burning face.

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
 How fast she nears and nears!
 Are those her sails that glance in the Sun,
 Like restless gossameres?

And its ribs are seen
 as bars on the face of
 the setting Sun.

The Spectre-woman and
 her Death-mate, and no
 other on board the skele-
 ton-ship.

Are those her ribs through which the Sun
 Did peer, as through a grate?
 And is that Woman all her crew?
 Is that a Death? and are there two?
 Is Death that woman's mate?

Like vessel, like crew!

Her lips were red, her looks were free,
 Her locks were yellow as gold:
 Her skin was as white as leprosy,
 The Night-mare Life-in-Death was she,
 Who thicks man's blood with cold.

Death and Life-in-
 Death have dined for
 the ship's crew, and
 she (the latter) winneth
 the ancient Mariner.

The naked hulk alongside came,
 And the twain were casting dice;
 'The game is done! I've won! I've won!'
 Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

No twilight within the
 courts of the Sun.

The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out:
 At one stride comes the dark;
 With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
 Off shot the spectre-bark.

At the rising of the
 Moon,

We listened and looked sideways up!
 Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
 My life-blood seemed to sip!
 The stars were dim, and thick the night,

The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white,
 From the sails the dew did drip —
 Till clomb above the eastern bar
 The horned Moon, with one bright star
 Within the nether tip.

One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,
 Too quick for groan or sigh,
 Each turned his face with a ghastly pang
 And cursed me with his eye.

One after another,

Four times fifty living men,
 (And I heard nor sigh nor groan)
 With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
 They dropped down one by one.

His shipmates drop
 down dead.

The souls did from their bodies fly, —
 They fled to bliss or woe!
 And every soul, it passed me by,
 Like the whizz of my cross-bow!"

But Life-in-Death be-
 gins her work on the
 ancient Mariner.

PART IV.

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!
 I fear thy skinny hand!
 And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
 As is the ribbed sea-sand."¹)

The Wedding-Guest
 feareth that a Spirit is
 talking to him.

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
 And thy skinny hand, so brown." —
 "Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest!
 This body dropt not down.

But the ancient Ma-
 riner assureth him of
 his bodily life, and pro-
 ceedeth to relate his
 horrible penance.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
 Alone on a wide, wide sea!
 And never a saint took pity on
 My soul in agony.

The many men, so beautiful!
 And they all dead did lie:
 And a thousand thousand slimy things
 Lived on; and so did I.

He despiseth the crea-
 tures of the calm.

I looked upon the rotting sea,
 And drew my eyes away;
 I looked upon the rotting deck,
 And there the dead men lay.

And envieth that they
 should live, and so
 many lie dead.

¹) For the last two lines of this stanza, I am indebted to Mr. Wordsworth. It was on a delightful walk from Nether Stowey to Dulverton, with him and his sister, in the autumn of 1797, that his poem was planned, and in part composed.

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

But the curse liveth for him in the eye of the dead men. The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they:
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

In his loneliness and fixedness he yearneth towards the journeying Moon, and the stars that still sojourn, yet still move onward; and everywhere the blue sky belongs to them, and is their appointed rest, and their native country and their own natural homes, which they enter unannounced, as lords that are certainly expected, and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival. The moving Moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide:
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside —

Her beams bemoaned the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmed water burnt away
A still and awful red.

By the light of the Moon he beholdeth God's creatures of the great calm. Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water-snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

Their beauty and their happiness. O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware:
He blesseth them in his heart. Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

The selfsame moment I could pray;
 And from my neck so free
 The Albatross fell off, and sank
 Like lead into the sea.

The spell begins to
 break.

PART V.

Oh sleep! it is a gentle thing,
 Beloved from pole to pole!
 To Mary queen the praise be given!
 She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
 That slid into my soul.

The silly buckets on the deck,
 That had so long remained,
 I dreamt that they were filled with dew;
 And when I awoke, it rained.

By grace of the holy
 Mother, the ancient Ma-
 riner is refreshed with
 rain.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
 My garments all were dank;
 Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
 And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs:
 I was so light — almost
 I thought that I had died in sleep,
 And was a blessed ghost.

And soon I heard a roaring wind:
 It did not come anear;
 But with its sound it shook the sails,
 That were so thin and sere.

He heareth sounds
 and seeth strange sights
 and commotions in the
 sky and the element.

The upper air burst into life!
 And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
 To and fro they were hurried about!
 And to and fro, and in and out,
 The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
 And the sails did sigh like sedge;
 And the rain poured down from one black cloud;
 The Moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
 The Moon was at its side:
 Like waters shot from some high crag,
 The lightning fell with never a jag,
 A river steep and wide.

The loud wind never reached the ship,
 Yet now the ship moved on!

The bodies of the ship's
 crew are inspired, and
 the ship moves on.

Beneath the lightning and the Moon
The dead men gave a groan.

They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on;
Yet never a breeze up blew;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools —
We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee:
The body and I pulled at one rope
But he said nought to me."

But not by the souls
of the men, nor by
demons of earth or
middle air, but by a
blessed troop of angelic
spirits, sent down by
the invocation of the
guardian saint. "I fear thee, ancient Mariner!"
"Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest!
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest:

For when it dawned — they dropped their arms,
And clustered round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from ~~their~~ bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the Sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a dropping from the sky
I heard the sky lark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning!

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe:
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The spirit slid: and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

The Sun, right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean:
But in a minute she gan stir,
With a short uneasy motion —
Backwards and forwards half her length
With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound:
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swoond.

How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare;
But ere my living life returned,
I heard, and in my soul discerned
Two voices in the air.
'Is it he?' quoth one, 'Is this the man?
By him who died on cross.
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless Albatross.

The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow.'

The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew:
Quoth he, 'The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do.'

The lonesome Spirit from the south-pole carries on the ship as far as the line, in obedience to the angelic troop, but still requireth vengeance.

The Polar Spirit's fellow demons, the invisible inhabitants of the element, take part in his wrong; and two of them relate, one to the other, that penance long and heavy for the ancient Mariner hath been accorded to the Polar Spirit, who returneth southward.

PART VI.

First voice.

'But tell me, tell me! speak again,
Thy soft response renewing —
What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the ocean doing?'

The Literary Reader. One volume edition.

Second voice.

'Still as a slave before his lord,
The ocean hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the Moon is cast —

If he may know which way to go;
For she guides him smooth or grim.
See, brother, see! how graciously
She looketh down on him.'

First voice.

The Mariner hath been cast into a trance; for the angelic power causeth the vessel to drive northward faster than human life could endure.

'But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind?'

Second voice.

'The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind.

Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high!
Or we shall be belated:
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the Mariner's trance is abated.'

The supernatural motion is retarded; the Mariner awakes, and his penance begins anew.

I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather:
'Twas night, calm night, the moon was high;
The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter,
All fixed on me their stony eyes,
That in the Moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never passed away:
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

The curse is finally expiated.

And now this spell was snapt: once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen —

Like one, that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows, a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made:
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring —
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too:
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze —
On me alone it blew.

Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The light-house top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

And the ancient Mariner
beholdeth his native country.

We drifted o'er the harbour-bar,
And I with sobs did pray —
O let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep alway.

The harbour-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn!
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the Moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock:
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent light
Till rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colours came.

The angelic spirits
leave the dead bodies.

A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were:
I turned my eyes upon the deck —
Oh, Christ! what saw I there!

And appear in their
own forms of light.

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And, by the holy rood!
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand:
It was a heavenly sight!
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light;

This seraph band, each waved his hand,
 No voice did they impart —
 No voice; but oh! the silence sank
 Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars,
 I heard the Pilot's cheer;
 My head was turned perforce away,
 And I saw a boat appear.

The Pilot and the Pilot's boy,
 I heard them coming fast:
 Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy
 The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third — I heard his voice:
 It is the Hermit good!
 He singeth loud his godly hymns
 That he makes in the wood.
 He'll shrive my soul, he'll wash away
 The Albatross's blood.

PART VII.

The Hermit of the
 wood,

This Hermit good lives in that wood
 Which slopes down to the sea.
 How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
 He loves to talk with mariners
 That come from a far countree.

He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve —
 He hath a cushion plump:
 It is the moss that wholly hides
 The rotted old oak-stump.

The skiff-boat neared: I heard them talk,
 'Why, this is strange, I trow!
 Where are those lights so many and fair,
 That signal made but now?'

Approacheth the ship
 with wonder.

'Strange, by my faith!' the Hermit said —
 'And they answered not our cheer!
 The planks looked warped! and see those sails,
 How thin they are and sere!
 I never saw aught like to them,
 Unless perchance it were.

Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
 My forest-brook along;
 When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
 And the owllet whoops to the wolf below,
 That eats the she-wolf's young.'

'Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look —
 (The Pilot made reply)
 I am a-feared' — 'Push on, push on!' —
 Said the Hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,
 But I nor spake nor stirred;
 The boat came close beneath the ship,
 And straight a sound was heard.

Under the water it rumbled on,
 Still louder and more dread:
 It reached the ship, it split the bay;
 The ship went down like lead.

The ship suddenly
 sinketh.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,
 Which sky and ocean smote,
 Like one that hath been seven days drowned
 My body lay afloat;
 But swift as dreams, myself I found
 Within the Pilot's boat.

The ancient Mariner
 is saved in the Pilot's
 boat.

Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
 The boat spun round and round;
 And all was still, save that the hill
 Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips — the Pilot shrieked
 And fell down in a fit;
 The holy hermit raised his eyes,
 And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars: the Pilot's boy,
 Who now doth crazy go,
 Laughed loud and long, and all the while
 His eyes went to and fro.
 'Ha! ha!' quoth he, 'full plain I see,
 The Devil knows how to row.'

And now, all in my own countree,
 I stood on the firm land!
 The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,
 And scarcely he could stand.

O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!
 The Hermit crossed his brow.
 'Say quick,' quoth he, 'I bid thee say —
 What manner of man art thou?'

The ancient Mariner
 earnestly entreateth the
 Hermit to shrieve him;
 and the penance of life
 falls on him.

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
 With a awful agony,
 Which forced me to begin my tale;
 And then it left me free.

And ever and anon
throughout his future
life an agony constrain-
eth him to travel from
land to land.

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns:
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding-guests are there:
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are:
And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer!

O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea:
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company! —

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends
And youths and maidens gay!

And to teach by his
own example love and
reverence to all things
that God made and
loveth.

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone: and now the Wedding-Guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn.

GEORGE GORDON NOEL BYRON.

1788—1824.

"The grand Napoleon of the realms of rhyme" was born in London, and was the son of an unprincipled profligate and a Scottish heiress of ancient and illustrious extraction, but of a temper so passionate and uncontrolled that it reached, in its capricious alternations of fondness and violence, very nearly to the limits of insanity. Her dowry was speedily dissipated by her worthless husband; and the lady with her boy, was obliged to retire to Aberdeen, where they lived for several years in straitened circumstances. The future poet inherited from his mother a susceptibility almost morbid, which such a kind of early training must have still further aggravated. His personal beauty was remarkable; but that fatality which seemed to poison in him all the good gifts of fortune and nature, in giving him "a head that sculptors loved to model," afflicted him with a slight malformation in one of his feet, that was ever a source of pain and mortification to his vanity.

He was about eleven years old when the death of his grand-uncle, a strange, eccentric, and misanthropic recluse, made him heir-presumptive to the baronial title of one of the most ancient aristocratic houses in England. With the title he inherited large estates and the noble and picturesque residence of Newstead Abbey near Nottingham. Now the boy was sent first to Harrow School, and afterwards to Trinity College, Cambridge. At school he distinguished himself by his moody and passionate character, and by the romantic intensity of his youthful friendships. Precocious in everything, he had already felt with morbid violence the sentiment of love. At college he became notorious for the irregularities of his conduct, for his contempt of academical discipline, and for his friendship with several young men of splendid talents but sceptical principles. He was a greedy but desultory reader, and his imagination appears to have been especially attracted to Oriental history and travels.

While at Cambridge he made his first literary attempt, in the publication of the *Hours of Idleness*. This collection was most severely criticised in the Edinburgh Review and the criticism threw Byron into such a frenzy of rage that he set about taking revenge in the satire *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*.

Byron now went abroad to travel, and visiting countries then little frequented, and almost unknown to English society, he filled his mind with the picturesque life of Greece, Turkey and the East.

The two first cantos of *Childe Harold* absolutely took the public by storm and suddenly placed him at the summit of literary popularity.

"I awoke one morning and found myself famous", was his own remark.

The romantic tales of Byron are so numerous that it will be impossible to examine them in detail. They are *The Giaour*, *The Siege of Corinth*, *Mazeppa*, *Parisina*, *The Bride of Abydos*, *The Corsair*, *Lara*, a sequel to the *Corsair*, *Beppo*, *The Vision of Judgment*, and others.

Of his minor poems we mention the *Lament of Tasso*, the *Prophecy of Dante*, the *Dream*.

Of his dramatic works, the finest is *Manfred*, not so much a drama as a dramatic poem, *Cain*, *Marino Faliero*, the two *Foscari*, *Sardanapalus*, *Werner* and others.

The longest, the most singular, and in some respects the most characteristic of Byron's poems is *Don Juan*.

It is next to impossible to treat of all the Turkish tales of love and battles composed between 1812 and 1818; so many were they.

Quite different from Byron's Turkish tales are two very fine poems, which obtain a strong hold on the reader's feelings: — *The Prisoner of Chillon* and *The Lament of Tasso*, both soliloquies.

Childe Harold had been published at the beginning of 1812, the next year appeared the *Giaour* and the *Bride of Abydos* and in rapid succession a series of poems followed, so many triumphs unequalled in the history of literature. Suddenly however, while the admiration of his poetry continued as unanimous and cordial as ever, the world of fashion turned against the poet.

At the beginning of 1815 he married a young lady of very great expectations, a Miss Milbanke, the only daughter of a Northumberland baronet. It was not a love match on either side, for the lady had refused him at least once, and his proposal, when she did accept him, was made on the very morning that he had received a refusal in another quarter.

They had scarcely been married a twelvemonth, their only child, a daughter, being little more than six weeks old, when Lady Byron left him for ever. She never explained her motives for taking such a step, and Byron declared himself ignorant of having given any provocation.

The poet left England, and from thenceforth his life was passed uninterruptedly on the Continent, in Switzerland, in Greece and at Rome, Pisa, Ravenna and Venice where he solaced his embittered mind with misanthropical and satirical attacks upon all that his countrymen held sacred. Between 1818 and 1821 he was principally residing at Venice and Ravenna. Here Byron held unlawful, though not ignoble intercourse with the young countess Guiccioli, a beautiful and accomplished girl, united by a marriage of family interest with a man old enough to be her grandfather. In 1869 this lady presented the reading world with a book that met with universal favour. In reply to the statements published for the sake of vindicating Lord Byron's fame from slanders and aspersions cast on him by his wife, Mrs. Harriet Beecher-Stowe the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and other works, published in *Macmillan's Magazine* for September 1969 a pamphlet on Lady Byron's life and relations to Lord Byron. Mrs. Stowe's pretended revelations caused a painful sensation throughout the literary world, and her indiscreet and unfeminine accusation against the memory of the great poet, met with general disapprobation.

"The Byron Family Secret", however, though for months a topic of the day and general gossip, was not satisfactorily explained.

In 1823 Byron determined to devote his fortune and his influence in aid of the Greeks, then struggling for their independence. He arrived at Missolonghi in 1824, and after having given striking indications of his practical talents, as well as of his ardour and self

sacrifice, succumbed of the marsh-fever. He died, amid the lamentations of the Greek patriots, on the 19th of April 1824, at the age of thirty-six.

From CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

Harold the Wanderer.

Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child!
Ada! sole daughter of my house and heart?
When last I saw thy young blue eyes they smiled,
And then we parted, — not as now we part,
But with a hope. —

Awaking with a start,
The waters heave around me; and on high
The winds lift up their voices: I depart,
Whither I know not; but the hour's gone by,
When Albion's lessening shores should grieve or glad mine eye.

Once more upon the waters! yet once more!
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider. Welcome to their roar!
Swift be their guidance, wheresoe'er it lead!
Though the strain'd mast should quiver as a reed,
And the rent canvas fluttering strew the gale,
Still must I on; for I am as a weed,
Flung from the rock, on Ocean's foam to sail
Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath prevail.

In my youth's summer I did sing of One,
The wandering outlaw of his own dark mind;
Again I seize the theme, then but begun,
And bear it with me, as the rushing wind
Bears the cloud onwards: in that Tale I find
The furrows of long thought, and dried-up tears,
Which, ebbing, leave a sterile track behind,
O'er which all heavily the journeying years
Plod the last sands of life, — where not a flower appears.

Since my young days of passion — joy, or pain,
Perchance my heart and harp have lost a string,
And both may jar: it may be, that in vain
I would essay as I have sung to sing.
Yet, though a dreary strain, to this I cling;
So that it wean me from the weary dream
Of selfish grief or gladness — so it fling
Forgetfulness around me — it shall seem
To me, though no one else, a not ungrateful theme.

He, who grown aged in this world of woe.
In deeds, not years, piercing the depths of life,
So that no wonder waits him; nor below
Can love or sorrow, fame, ambition, strife,
Cut to his heart again with the keen knife

Of silent, sharp endurance: he can tell
 Why thought seeks refuge in lone caves, yet rife
 With airy images, and shapes which dwell
 Still unimpair'd; though old, in the soul's haunted cell.

'Tis to create, and in creating live
 A being more intense that we endow
 With form our fancy, gaining as we give
 The life we image, even as I do now.
 What am I? Nothing: but not so art thou,
 Soul of my thought! with whom I traverse earth,
 Invisible but gazing, as I glow
 Mix'd with thy spirit, blended with thy birth,
 And feeling still with thee in my crush'd feelings' dearth.

Yet must I think less wildly: — I *have* thought
 Too long and darkly, till my brain became,
 In its own eddy boiling and o'erwrought,
 A whirling gulf of fantasy and flame:
 And thus, untaught in youth my heart to tame,
 My springs of life were poison'd. 'Tis too late!
 Yet am I changed; though still enough the same
 In strength to bear what time cannot abate,
 And feed on bitter fruits without accusing Fate.

Something too much of this: — but now 'tis past,
 And the spell closes with its silent seal.
 Long absent HAROLD re-appears at last;
 He of the breast which fain no more would feel,
 Wrung with the wounds which kill not, but ne'er heal;
 Yet Time, who changes all, had alter'd him
 In soul and aspect as in age: years steal
 Fire from the mind as vigour from the limb;
 And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim.

His had been quaff'd too quickly, and he found
 The dregs were wormwood; but he fill'd again,
 And from a purer fount, on holier ground,
 And deem'd its spring perpetual; but in vain!
 Still round him clung invisibly a chain
 Which gall'd for ever, fettering though unseen,
 And heavy though it clank'd not; worn with 'pain,
 Which pined although it spoke not, and grew keen,
 Entering with every step he took through many a scene.

Secure in guarded coldness, he had mix'd
 Again in fancied safety with his kind,
 And deem'd his spirit now so firmly fix'd
 And sheath'd with an invulnerable mind,
 That, if no joy, no sorrow lurk'd behind;
 And he, as one, might 'midst the many stand
 Unheeded, searching through the crowd to find
 Fit speculation; such as in strange land
 He found in wonder-works of God and Nature's hand.

But who can view the ripen'd rose, nor seek
 To wear it? who can curiously behold
 The smoothness and the sheen of beauty's cheek,
 Nor feel the heart can never all grow old?
 Who can contemplate Fame through clouds unfold
 The star which rises o'er her steep, nor climb?
 Harold, once more within the vortex, roll'd
 On with the giddy circle, chasing Time,
 Yet with a nobler aim than in his youth's fond prime.

But soon he knew himself the most unfit
 Of men to herd with Man; with whom he held
 Little in common; untaught to submit
 His thoughts to others, though his soul was quell'd
 In youth by his own thoughts; still uncompell'd,
 He would not yield dominion of his mind
 To spirits against whom his own rebell'd;
 Proud though in desolation; which could find
 A life within itself, to breathe without mankind.

Where rose the mountains, there to him were friends;
 Where roll'd the ocean, thereon was his home;
 Where a blue sky, and glowing clime, extends,
 He had the passion and the power to roam;
 The desert, forest, cavern, breaker's foam,
 Were unto him companionship; they spake
 A mutual language, clearer than the tome
 Of his land's tongue, which he would oft forsake
 For Nature's pages glass'd by sunbeams on the lake.

Like the Chaldean, he could watch the stars,
 Till he had peopled them with beings bright
 As their own beams; and earth, and earth-born jars,
 And human frailties, were forgotten quite:
 Could he have kept his spirit to that flight
 He had been happy; but this clay will sink
 Its spark immortal, envying it the light
 To which it mounts, as if to break the link
 That keeps us from you heaven which woos us to its brink.

But in Man's dwellings he became a thing
 Restless and worn, and stern and wearisome,
 Droop'd as a wild-born falcon with clipt wing,
 To whom the boundless air alone were home:
 Then came his fit again, which to o'ercome,
 As eagerly the barr'd-up bird will beat
 His breast and beak against his wiry dome
 Till the blood tinge his plumage, so the heat
 Of his impeded soul would through his bosom eat.

Longing.

The castled crag of Drachenfels
 Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
 Whose breast of waters broadly swells

Between the banks which bear the vine,
 And hills all rich with blossom'd trees,
 And fields which promise corn and wine,
 And scatter'd cities crowning these,
 Whose far white walls along them shine,
 Have strew'd a scene, which I should see
 With double joy wert *thou* with me.

And peasant girls, with deep blue eyes,
 And hands which offer early flowers,
 Walk smiling o'er this paradise;
 Above, the frequent feudal towers
 Through green leaves lift their walls of gray;
 And many a rock which steeply lowers,
 And noble arch in proud decay,
 Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers;
 But one thing want these banks of Rhine, —
 Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine!

I send the lilies given to me;
 Though long before thy hand they touch,
 I know that they must wither'd be,
 But yet reject them not as such;
 For I have cherish'd them as dear,
 Because they yet may meet thine eye,
 And guide thy soul to mine even here,
 When thou behold'st them drooping nigh,
 And know'st them gather'd by the Rhine,
 And offer'd from my heart to thine!

The river nobly foams and flows,
 The charm of this enchanted ground,
 And all its thousand turns disclose
 Some fresher beauty varying round:
 The haughtiest breast its wish might bound
 Through life to dwell delighted here;
 Nor could on earth a spot be found
 To nature and to me so dear,
 Could thy dear eyes in following mine
 Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine!

Night and Tempest.

Clear, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake,
 With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing
 Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
 Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
 This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
 To waft me from distraction; once I loved
 Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
 Sounds sweet as if a Sister's voice reproved,
 That I with stern delights should e'er have been so moved.

It is the hush of night, and all between
 Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
 Mellow'd and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
 Save darken'd Jura, whose cap't heights appear
 Precipitously steep; and drawing near,
 There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
 Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear
 Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
 Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more;

He is an evening reveller, who makes
 His life an infancy, and sings his fill;
 At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
 Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
 There seems a floating whisper on the hill,
 But that is fancy, for the starlight dews
 All silently their tears of love instil,
 Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
 Deep into nature's breast the spirit of her hues.

Ye stars! which are the poetry of heaven!
 If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
 Of men and empires, 'tis to be forgiven,
 That in our aspirations to be great,
 Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
 And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
 A beauty and a mystery, and create
 In us such love and reverence from afar,
 That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a star.

All heaven and earth are still — though not in sleep,
 But breathless, as we grow when feeling most;
 And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep: —
 All heaven and earth are still: From the high host
 Of stars, to the lull'd lake and mountain-coast,
 All is concentr'd in a life intense,
 Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
 But hath a part of being, and a sense
 Of that which is of all Creator and defence.

Then stirs the feeling infinite, so felt
 In solitude, where we are *least* alone;
 A truth, which through our being then doth melt,
 And purifies from self: it is a tone,
 The soul and source of music, which makes known
 Eternal harmony, and sheds a charm
 Like to the fabled Cytherea's zone,
 Binding all things with beauty; — 't would disarm
 The spectre Death, had he substantial power to harm.

Not vainly did the early Persian make
 • His altar the high places, and the peak
 Of earth-o'ergazing mountains, and thus take
 A fit and unwall'd temple, there to seek

The Spirit, in whose honour shrines are weak,
 Uppear'd of human hands. Come, and compare
 Columns and idol-dwellings, Goth or Greek,
 With Nature's realms of worship, earth and air,
 Nor fix on fond abodes to circumscribe thy pray'r!

The sky is changed! — and such a change! Oh night,
 And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
 Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
 Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
 From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
 Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
 But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
 And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
 Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

And this is in the night: — Most glorious night!
 Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
 A sharer in thy fierce and far delight, —
 A portion of the tempest and of thee!
 How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
 And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
 And now again 'tis black, -- and now, the glee
 Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,
 As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

Now, where the swift Rhone cleaves his way between
 Heights which appear as lovers who have parted
 In hate, whose mining depths so intervene,
 That they can meet no more, though broken-hearted;
 Though in their souls, which thus each other thwarted,
 Love was the very root of the fond rage
 Which blighted their life's bloom, and then departed
 Itself expired, but leaving them an age
 Of years all winters, — war within themselves to wage.

Now, where the quick Rhone thus hath cleft his way,
 The mightiest of the storms hath ta'en his stand:
 For here, not one, but many, make their play,
 And fling their thunder-bolts from hand to hand,
 Flashing and cast around: of all the band,
 The brightest through these parted hills hath fork'd
 His lightnings, — as if he did understand,
 That in such gaps as desolation work'd,
 There the hot shaft should blast whatever therein lurk'd.

Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake, lightnings! ye!
 With night, and clouds, and thunder, and a soul
 To make these felt and feeling, well may be
 Things that have made me watchful; the far roll
 Of your departing voices, is the knoll
 Of what in me in sleepless, — if I rest.
 But where of ye, O tempests! is the goal?

Are ye like those within the human breast?
Or do ye find, at length, like eagles, some high nest?

Could I embody and unbosom now
That which is most within me, — could I wreak
My thoughts upon expression, and thus throw
Soul, heart, mind, passions, feelings, strong or weak,
All that I would have sought, and all I seek,
Bear, know, feel, and yet breathe — into *one* word,
And that one word were Lightning, I would speak;
But as it is, I live and die unheard,
With a most voiceless thought, sheathing it as a sword.

From CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

Ocean.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar:
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
So mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean — roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin — his control
Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, in a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths, — thy fields
Are not a spoil for him, — thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
And howling, to his Gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth: — there let him lay.

The armaments with thunder strike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war —

These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
 Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee —
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
 Thy waters wash'd them power while they were free,
 And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
 The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
 Has dried up realms to deserts: — not so thou; —
 Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play,
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow:
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests; in all time, —
 Calm or convulsed, in breeze, or gale, or storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark-heaving — boundless, endless, and sublime; —
 The image of Eternity — the throne
 Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
 Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
 Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
 I wanton'd with thy breakers — they to me
 Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
 Made them a terror — 't was a pleasing fear,
 For I was as it were a child of thee,
 And trusted to thy billows far and near,
 And laid my hand upon thy mane — as I do here.

The Isles of Greece.

From DON JUAN.

The isles of Greece! the isles of Greece!
 Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
 Where grew the arts of war and peace,
 Where Delos rose, and Phæbus sprung!
 Eternal summer gilds them yet,
 But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
 The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
 Have found the fame your shores refuse:
 Their place of birth alone is mute
 To sounds which echo further west
 Than your sires' 'Islands of the Blest.'

The mountains look on Marathon —
 And Marathon looks on the sea;
 And musing there an hour alone,
 I dreamed that Greece might still be free;
 For standing on the Persians' grave,
 I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sate on the rocky brow
 Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
 And ships, by thousands, lay below,
 And men in nations; — all were his!
 He counted them at break of day —
 And when the sun set, where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,
 My country? On thy voiceless shore
 The heroic lay is tuneless now —
 The heroic bosom beats no more!
 And must thy lyre, so long divine,
 Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
 Though link'd among a fetter'd race,
 To feel at least a patriot's shame,
 Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
 For what is left the poet here?
 For Greeks a blush — for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?
 Must *we* but blush? — Our fathers bled.
 Earth! render back from out thy breast
 A remnant of our Spartan dead!
 Of the three hundred grant but three,
 To make a new Thermopylæ!

What, silent still? and silent all?
 Ah! no; — the voices of the dead
 Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
 And answer, 'Let one living head,
 But ~~one~~ arise, — we come, we come!'
 'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain — in vain: strike other chords;
 Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
 Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
 And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
 Hark! rising to the ignoble call —
 How answers each bold Bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet;
 Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?

Of two such lessons, why forget
 The nobler and the manlier one?
 You have the letters Cadmus gave —
 Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
 We will not think of themes like these!
 It made Anacreon's song divine:
 He served — but served Polycrates —
 A tyrant; but our masters then
 Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
 Was freedom's best and bravest friend;
That tyrant was Miltiades!
 Oh! that the present hour would lend
 Another despot of the kind!
 Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
 On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
 Exists the remnant of a line
 Such as the Doric mothers bore;
 And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
 The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks —
 They have a king who buys and sells;
 In native swords, and native ranks,
 The only hope of courage dwells:
 But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
 Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
 Our virgins dance beneath the shade —
 I see their glorious black eyes shine;
 But gazing on each glowing maid,
 My own the burning tear-drop laves,
 To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
 Where nothing, save the waves and I,
 May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
 There, swan-like, let me sing and die:
 A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine —
 Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

1792—1822.

From his early childhood Shelley exhibited an intense and almost morbid sensibility, together with a strong inclination towards sceptical and anti-social speculation, which gradually ripened into atheism. He rapidly filled his mind with the sceptical arguments against Christianity and having, though by his own fault, suffered by what he believed to be the social tyranny of law and custom, his only aim was the abolition of the institutions of religion, of government, and of marriage. Like other visionaries he supposed in his enthusiastic dreams, that, if the present organisation of society were swept away, a millennium of virtue and happiness must ensue.

His principal works are *Queen Mab* a defence of scepticism, *Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude* depicting the sufferings of such a character as his own, *The Revolt of Islam*, *Hellas*, *The Witch of Atlas* all containing violent invectives against kingcraft, priestcraft, religion and marriage.

Two important works are dramatic in form, *Prometheus Unbound* a lyric in dialogue and *The Cenci* a drama of monstrous and hideously depraved characters, and frightful crimes.

His narrative poem of *Rosalind and Helen* is an elaborate pleading against the institution of marriage.

From his less objectionable poems we choose two lyrics of inexpressible beauty.

To a skylark.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
 Bird thou never wert,
 That from heaven, or near it,
 Pourest thy full heart
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher,
 From the earth thou springest
 Like a cloud of fire;
 The blue deep thou wingest,
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever, singest

In the golden lightning
 Of the sunken sun,
 O'er which clouds are brightening,
 Thou dost float and run;
 Like an embodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
 Melts around thy flight;
 Like a star of heaven,
 In the broad daylight
 Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows
 Of that silver sphere,
 Whose intense lamp narrows
 In the white dawn clear,
 Until we hardly see, we feel that is there.

All the earth and air
 With thy voice is loud,
 As, when night is bare,
 From one lonely cloud
 The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;
 What is most like thee?
 From rainbow clouds there flow not
 Drops so bright to see,
 As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
 In the light of thought,
 Singing hymns unbidden,
 Till the world is wrought
 To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.

Like a high-born maiden
 In a palace tower,
 Soothing her love-laden
 Soul in secret hour,
 With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower.

Like a glow-worm golden
 In a dell of dew,
 Scattering unbeholden
 Its ærial hue
 Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view.

Like a rose embower'd
 In its own green leaves,
 By warm winds deflower'd,
 Till the scent it gives
 Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wing'd thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
 On the twinkling grass,
 Rain-awakened flowers,
 All that ever was
 Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
 What sweet thoughts are thine;
 I have never heard,
 Praise of love or wine
 That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymenæal
 Or triumphal chaunt,
 Matched with thine, would be all
 But an empty vaunt —

A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
 Of thy happy strain?
 What fields, or waves, or mountains?
 What shapes of sky or plain?
 What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
 Languor cannot be:
 Shadow of annoyance
 Never came near thee:
 Thou lovest, but no'er knewst love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
 Thou of death must deem
 Things more true and deep
 Than we mortals dream,
 Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
 And pine for what is not:
 Our sincerest laughter
 With some pain is fraught;
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet, if we could scorn
 Hate, and pride, and fear;
 If we were things born
 Not to shed a tear,
 I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
 Of delightful sound,
 Better than all treasures
 That in books are found,
 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
 That thy brain must know,
 Such harmonious madness
 From my lips would flow,
 The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

The Cloud.

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
 From the seas and the streams;
 I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
 In their noonday dreams.

From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
 The sweet buds every one,
 When rocked to rest on their Mother's breast,
 As she dances about the sun.
 I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
 And whiten the green plains under;
 And then again I dissolve it in rain,
 And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
 And their great pines groan aghast;
 And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
 While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
 Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers
 Lighthing my pilot sits;
 In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
 It struggles and howls at fits.
 Over earth and ocean with gentle motion
 This pilot is guiding me,
 Lured by the love of the Genii that move
 In the depths of the purple sea;
 Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
 Over the lakes and the plains,
 Wherever he dream under mountain or stream,
 The Spirit he loves remains;
 And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
 Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine Sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
 And his burning plumes outspread,
 Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
 When the morning star shines dead:
 As on the jag of a mountain crag
 Which an earthquake rocks and swings
 An eagle alit one moment may sit
 In the light of its golden wings.
 And, when Sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
 Its ardours of rest and of love,
 And the crimson pall of eve may fall
 From the depth of heaven above,
 With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest,
 As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden with white fire laden
 Whom mortals call the Moon.
 Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
 By the midnight breezes strewn;
 And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
 Which only the angels hear,
 May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
 The Stars peep behind her and peer.
 And I laugh to see them whirl and flee
 Like a swarm of golden bees,
 When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent, —

Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the Sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the Moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof;
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march,
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the Powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-coloured bow;
The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky:
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores:
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when with never a stain
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph, —
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise, and unbuild it again.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

1771—1832.

The great writer who, since the days of Milton, must be accounted the chief pride and glory of British literature was born in Edinburgh on August 15, 1771. He is the only author in any country who by general consent is admitted to stand in the very front rank as a composer both of poetry and prose.

He was of gentle birth, his father belonging to the Scotts of Harden, a branch of the great Border family of Buccleuch, and his mother being descended from the Swintons, a knightly house of great distinction in the feudal ages.

Before he was two years old he was attacked by a fever which left his right leg shrunk and greatly enfeebled; this infirmity drove him to find his chief amusement in reading. Before he was fifteen he gained considerable credit with the Rector of the High School of Edinburgh, for some volunteer translations of Horace and Virgil, but his favourite studies were old ballads, records of the early history of his native land, and of the sufferings of the Royalists in the Stuart cause.

At this age he was removed from school to learn the law in the office of his father, who was a writer to the Signet.

At the age of twenty-one he was called to the bar, and soon obtained a reputation as a rising young advocate. In 1794 he furnished versions, first of Bürger's *Lenore* then of several other German ballads. In 1799 he married a Miss Carpenter whose competent fortune added to his salary of £ 300 a year as Sheriff of Selkirkshire permitted him to indulge his literary tastes.

The first work of importance which he took in hand, was the collecting and editing of the ballads of the Scottish border, for the greater part only preserved in single broadsheets scattered here and there among the illiterate population, or preserved in the memory of those who had recited or sung them in their youth.

In 1805 he published the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* which at once placed him immeasurably above all existing poets. After three years' labour appeared *Marmion* followed after an interval of two years by the *Lady of the Lake*. These three are usually reckoned his masterpieces, though *The Vision of Don Roderick*, *Rokeby* and *The Lord of the Isles* would have established the reputation of any unknown writer.

It was in 1814 that Scott abandoning poetry, launched into a new career and gave to the world his *Waverley*, the first of that inimitable series of romances to which is generally given the name of *Waverley Novels*, produced with such inconceivable rapidity and received with such unparalleled rapture.

Between 1814 and 1831 were written 29 novels, and independently of these fictions Scott succeeded in writing a considerable number of works in the departments of history, criticism and biography. We need mention only the *Life of Napoleon*, the *Tales of a Grandfather*, the *Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft* and extensive editions with *Lives*, of Dryden and Swift.

In 1820 Scott had been made a baronet. During the commercial crisis in 1825 Scott, having engaged in large commercial speculations, found himself ruined and responsible for nearly £ 120,000, and resolutely set himself to clear off, by unremitting literary toil, this gigantic amount of debt.

He all but accomplished his colossal task, nay he did substantially accomplish it, but he died under the effort.

Towards the end of the year 1830, his mind, exhausted by such incessant toil, began to show symptom of hopeless weakness. A stroke of paralysis affected his memory, and he was sent to Italy and the Mediterranean in the vain hope of re-establishing his health. He returned home to die; and after lingering in a state of almost complete unconsciousness for a short time, this great and good man terminated his earthly career on the 21st. of September, 1832, at Abbotsford, on the estate which his exertions had restored to his posterity.

From IVANHOE.

How the Black Knight after the tournament of Ashby-de-la-Zouche found the Jolly Hermit and took supper with him.

The knight took no time to consider minutely the particulars, but thanking Saint Julian (the patron of travellers) who had sent him good harbourage, he leaped from his horse and assailed the

door of the hermitage with the butt of his lance, in order to arouse attention and gain admittance.

It was some time before he obtained any answer, and the reply, when made, was unpropitious.

„Pass on, whosoever thou art,” was the answer given by a deep hoarse voice from within the hut, „and disturb not the servant of God and Saint Dunstan in his evening devotions.”

„Worthy father,” answered the knight, „here is a poor wanderer bewildered in these woods, who gives thee the opportunity of exercising thy charity and hospitality.”

„Good brother,” replied the inhabitant of the hermitage, „it has pleased Our Lady and Saint Dunstan to destine me for the object of those virtues, instead of the exercise thereof. I have no provisions here which even a dog would share with me, and a horse of any tenderness of nurture would despise my couch — pass therefore on thy way, and God speed thee.”

„But how,” replied the knight, „is it possible for me to find my way through such a wood as this, when darkness is coming on? I pray you, reverend father, as you are a Christian, to undo your door, and at least point out to me my road.”

„And I pray you, good Christian brother,” replied the anchorite, „to disturb me no more. You have already interrupted one *pater*, two *aves*, and a *credo*, which I, miserable sinner that I am, should, according to my vow, have said before moonrise.”

„The road — the road!” vociferated the knight, „give me directions for the road, if I am to expect no more from thee.”

„The road,” replied the hermit, „is easy to hit. The path from the wood leads to a morass, and from thence to a ford, which, as the rains have abated, may now be passable. When thou hast crossed the ford, thou wilt take care of thy footing up the left bank, as it is somewhat precipitous; and the path, which hangs over the river, has lately, as I learn, (for I seldom leave the duties of my chapel,) given way in sundry places. Thou wilt then keep straight forward —”

„A broken path — a precipice — a ford, and a morass!” said the knight, interrupting him, — „Sir Hermit, if you were the holiest that ever wore beard or told bead, you shall scarce prevail on me to hold this road to-night. I tell thee, that thou, who livest by the charity of the country — ill deserved, as I doubt it is — hast no right to refuse shelter to the wayfarer when in distress. Either open the door quickly, or by the rood, I will beat it down and make entry for myself.”

„Friend wayfarer,” replied the hermit, „be not importunate; if thou puttest me to use the carnal weapon in mine own defence, it will be e’en the worse for you.”

At this moment a distant noise of barking and growling, which the traveller had for some time heard, became extremely loud and furious, and made the knight suppose that the hermit, alarmed by his threat of making forcible entry, had called the dogs who made this clamour to aid him in his defence, out of some inner recess in which they had been kennelled. Incensed at this preparation on the hermit’s part for making good his inhospitable purpose, the knight struck the door so furiously with his foot, that posts as well as staples shook with violence.

The anchorite, not caring again to expose his door to a similar shock, now called out aloud, "Patience, patience — spare thy strength, good traveller, and I will presently undo the door, though, it may be, my doing so will be little to thy pleasure."

The door accordingly was opened; and the hermit, a large, strong-built man, in his sackcloth gown and hood, girt with a rope of rushes, stood before the knight. He had in one hand a lighted torch, or link, and in the other a baton of crabtree, so thick and heavy, that it might well be termed a club. Two large shaggy dogs, half greyhound half mastiff, stood ready to rush upon the traveller as soon as the door should be opened. But when the torch glanced upon the lofty crest and golden spurs of the knight, who stood without, the hermit, altering probably his original intentions, repressed the rage of his auxiliaries, and, changing his tone to a sort of churlish courtesy, invited the knight to enter his hut, making excuse for his unwillingness to open his lodge after sunset, by alleging the multitude of robbers and outlaws who were abroad, and who gave no honour to Our Lady or St. Dunstan, nor to those holy men who spent life in their service.

"The poverty of your cell, good father," said the knight, looking around him, and seeing nothing but a bed of leaves, a crucifix rudely carved in oak, a missal, with a rough-hewn table and two stools, and one or two clumsy articles of furniture — "the poverty of your cell should seem a sufficient defence against any risk of thieves, not to mention the aid of two trusty dogs, large and strong enough, I think, to pull down a stag, and of course, to match with most men."

"The good keeper of the forest," said the hermit, "hath allowed me the use of these animals, to protect my solitude until the times shall mend."

Having said this, he fixed his torch in a twisted branch of iron which served for a candlestick; and, placing the oaken trivet before the embers of the fire, which he refreshed with some dry wood, he placed a stool upon one side of the table, and beckoned to the knight to do the same upon the other.

They sat down, and gazed with great gravity at each other, each thinking in his heart that he had seldom seen a stronger or more athletic figure than was placed opposite to him.

"Reverend hermit," said the knight, after looking long and fixedly at his host, "were it not to interrupt your devout meditations, I would pray to know three things of your holiness; first, where I am to put my horse? — secondly, what I can have for supper? — thirdly, where I am to take up my couch for the night?"

"I will reply to you," said the hermit, "with my finger, it being against my rule to speak by words where signs can answer the purpose." So saying, he pointed successively to two corners of the hut. "Your stable," said he, "is there — your bed there; and," reaching down a platter with two handfuls of parched pease upon it from the neighbouring shelf, and placing it upon the table, he added, "your supper is here."

The knight shrugged his shoulders, and leaving the hut, brought in his horse, (which in the interim he had fastened to a tree,) unsaddled him with much attention, and spread upon the steed's weary back his own mantle.

"The hermit was apparently somewhat moved to compassion by the anxiety as well as address which the stranger displayed in tending his horse; for, muttering something about provender left for the keeper's palfrey, he dragged out of a recess a bundle of forage, which he spread before the knight's charger, and immediately afterwards shook down a quantity of dried fern in the corner which he had assigned for the rider's couch. The knight returned him thanks for his courtesy; and, this duty done, both resumed their seats by the table, whereon stood the trencher of pease placed between them. The hermit, after a long grace, which had once been Latin, but of which original language few traces remained, excepting here and there the long rolling termination of some word or phrase, set example to his guest, by modestly putting into a very large mouth, furnished with teeth which might have ranked with those of a boar both in sharpness and whiteness, some three or four dried pease, a miserable grist as it seemed for so large and able a mill.

The knight, in order to follow so laudable an example, laid aside his helmet, his corslet, and the greater part of his armour, and shewed to the hermit a head thick-curved with yellow hair, high features, blue eyes, remarkably bright and sparkling, a mouth well formed, having an upper lip clothed with mustachoes darker than his hair, and bearing altogether the look of a bold, daring, and enterprising man, with which his strong form well corresponded.

The hermit, as if wishing to answer to the confidence of his guest, threw back his cowl, and shewed a round bullet head belonging to a man in the prime of life. His close-shaven crown, surrounded by a circle of stiff curled black hair, had something the appearance of a parish pinfold begirt by its high hedge. The features expressed nothing of monastic austerity, or of ascetic privations; on the contrary, it was a bold bluff countenance, with broad black eyebrows, a well-turned forehead, and cheeks as round and vermilion as those of a trumpeter, from which descended a long and curly black beard. Such a visage, joined to the brawny form of the holy man, spoke rather of sirloins and haunches, than of pease and pulse. This incongruity did not escape the guest. After he had with great difficulty accomplished the mastication of a mouthful of the dried pease, he found it absolutely necessary to request his pious entertainer to furnish him with some liquor, who replied to his request by placing before him a large can of the purest water from the fountain.

"It is from the well of Saint Dunstan," said he, "in which, betwixt sun and sun, he baptized five hundred heathen Danes and Britons — blessed be his name!" And applying his black beard to the pitcher, he took a draught much more moderate in quantity than his encomium seemed to warrant.

"It seems to me, reverend father," said the knight, "that the small morsels which you eat, together with this holy, but somewhat thin beverage, have thriven with you marvellously. You appear a man more fit to win the ram at a wrestling match, or the ring at a bout at quarter-staff, or the bucklers at a sword play, than to linger out your time in this desolate wilderness, saying masses, and living upon parched pease and cold water."

"Sir Knight," answered the hermit, "your thoughts, like those

of the ignorant laity are according to the flesh. It has pleased Our Lady and my patron saint to bless the pittance to which I restrain myself, even as the pulse and water was blessed to the children Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego, who drank the same rather than defile themselves with the wine and meats which were appointed them by the King of the Saracens."

"Holy father," said the knight, "upon whose countenance it hath pleased Heaven to work such a miracle, permit a sinful layman to crave thy name?"

"Thou mayst call me," answered the hermit, "the Clerk of Copmanhurst, for so I am termed in these parts — They add, it is true, the epithet holy, but I stand not upon that, as being unworthy of such addition. — And now, valiant knight, may I pray ye for the name of my honorable guest?"

"Truly," said the knight, "Holy Clerk of Copmanhurst, men call me in these parts the Black Knight, — many, sir, add to it the epithet of Sluggard, whereby I am no way ambitious to be distinguished."

The hermit could scarcely forbear from smiling at his guest's reply.

"I see," said he, "Sir Sluggish Knight, that thou art a man of prudence and of counsel; and moreover, I see that my poor monastic fare likes thee not, accustomed, perhaps, as thou hast been to the licence of courts and camps, and the luxuries of cities; and now I bethink me, Sir Sluggard, that when the charitable keeper of this forest-walk left these dogs for my protection, and also those bundles of forage, he left me also some food, which, being unfit for my use, the very recollection of it had escaped me amid my more weighty meditations."

"I dare be sworn he did so," said the knight; "I was convinced that there was better food in the cell, Holy Clerk, since you first doffed your cowl. — Your keeper is ever a jovial fellow; and none who beheld thy grinders contending with these pease, and thy throat flooded with this ungenial element, could see thee doomed to such horse-provender and horse-beverage," (pointing to the provisions upon the table), "and refrain from mending thy cheer. Let us see the keeper's bounty, therefore, without delay."

The hermit cast a wistful look upon the knight, in which there was a sort of comic expression of hesitation, as if uncertain how far he should act prudently in trusting his guest. There was, however, as much of bold frankness in the knight's countenance as was possible to be expressed by features. His smile, too, had something in it irresistibly comic, and gave an assurance of faith and loyalty, with which his host could not refrain from sympathizing.

After exchanging a mute glance or two, the hermit went to the farther side of the hut, and opened a hutch, which was concealed with great care and some ingenuity. Out of the recesses of a dark closet, into which this aperture gave admittance, he brought a large pasty, baked in a pewter platter of unusual dimensions. This mighty dish he placed before his guest, who, using his poniard to cut it open, lost no time in making himself acquainted with its contents.

"How long is it since the good keeper has been here?" said the knight to his host, after having swallowed several hasty morsels of this reinforcement to the hermit's good cheer.

"About two months," answered the father hastily.

"By the true Lord," answered the knight, "every thing in your hermitage is miraculous, Holy Clerk! for I would have been sworn that the fat buck which furnished this venison had been running on foot within the week."

The hermit was somewhat discountenanced by this observation; and, moreover, he had made but a poor figure while gazing on the diminution of the pasty, on which his guest was making desperate inroads; a warfare in which his previous profession of abstinence left him no pretext for joining.

"I have been in Palestine, Sir Clerk," said the knight, stopping short of a sudden, "and I bethink me it is a custom there that every host who entertains a guest shall assure him of the wholesomeness of his food, by partaking of it along with him. Far be it from me to suspect so holy a man of aught inhospitable, nevertheless I will be highly bound to you would you comply with this Eastern custom."

"To ease your unnecessary scruples, Sir Knight, I will for once depart from my rule," replied the hermit. And as there were no forks in those days, his clutches were instantly in the bowels of the pasty.

The ice of ceremony being once broken, it seemed matter of rivalry between the guest and the entertainer which should display the best appetite; and although the former had probably fasted longest, yet the hermit fairly surpassed him.

"Holy Clerk," said the knight, when his hunger was appeased, "I would gage my good horse yonder against a zeechin, that that same honest keeper to whom we are obliged for the venison has left thee a stoup of wine, or a runlet of canary, or some such trifle, by way of ally to this noble pasty. This would be a circumstance, doubtless, totally unworthy to dwell in the memory of so rigid an anchorite; yet, I think, were you to search yonder crypt once more, you would find that I am right in my conjecture."

The hermit replied by a grin: and returning to the hutch, he produced a leathern bottle, which might contain about four quarts. He also brought forth two large drinking cups, made out of the horn of the urus, and hooped with silver. Having made this goodly provision for washing down the supper, he seemed to think no farther ceremonious scruple necessary on his part; but filling both cups, and saying, in the Saxon fashion, "*Waes hael*, Sir Sluggish Knight!" he emptied his own at a draught.

"*Drink hael*, Holy Clerk of Copmanhurst!" answered the warrior, and did his host reason in a similar brimmer.

"Holy Clerk," said the stranger, after the first cup was thus swallowed, "I cannot but marvel that a man possessed of such thews and sinews as thine, and who therewithal shews the talent of so goodly a trencher-man, should think of abiding by himself in this wilderness. In my judgment, you are fitter to keep a castle or a fort, eating of the fat and drinking of the strong, than to live here upon pulse and water, or even upon the charity of the keeper. At least, were I as thou, I should find myself both disport and plenty out of the king's deer. There is many a goodly herd in these forests, and a buck will never be missed that goes to the use of Saint Dunstan's Chaplain."

"Sir Sluggish Knight", replied the Clerk, "these are dangerous

words, and I pray you to forbear them. I am true hermit to the king and law, and were I to spoil my liege's game, I should be sure of the prison, and, an my gown saved me not, were in some peril of hanging."

"Nevertheless, were I as thou," said the knight, "I would take my walk by moonlight, when foresters and keepers were warm in bed, and ever and anon, — as I pattered my prayers, — I would let fly a shaft among the herds of dun deer that feed in the glades — Resolve me, Holy Clerk, hast thou never practised such a pastime?"

"Friend Sluggard," answered the hermit, "thou hast seen all that can concern thee of my housekeeping, and something more than he deserves who takes up his quarters by violence. Credit me, it is better to enjoy the good which God sends thee, than to be impertinently curious how it comes. Fill thy cup, and welcome; and do not, I pray thee, by farther impertinent inquiries, put me to shew that thou couldst hardly have made good thy lodging had I been earnest to oppose thee."

"By my faith," said the knight, "thou makest me more curious than ever! Thou art the most mysterious hermit I ever met; and I will know more of thee ere we part. As for thy threats, know, holy man, thou speakest to one whose trade it is to find out danger wherever it is to be met with."

"Sir Sluggish Knight, I drink to thee," said the hermit; "respecting thy valour much, but deeming wondrous slightly of thy discretion. If thou wilt take equal arms with me, I will give thee, in all friendship and brotherly love, such sufficing penance and complete absolution, that thou shalt not for the next twelve months sin the sin of excess and curiosity."

The knight pledged him, and desired him to name his weapons.

"There is none," replied the hermit, "from the scissors of Delilah, and the tenpenny nail of Jael, to the scimitar of Goliath, at which I am not a match for thee — But, if I am to make the election, what sayst thou, good friend, to these trinkets?"

Thus speaking, he opened another hutch, and took out from it a couple of broadswords and bucklers, such as were used by the yeomanry of the period. The knight, who watched his motions, observed that this second place of concealment was furnished with two or three good long-bows, a cross-bow, a bundle of bolts for the latter, and half-a-dozen sheaves of arrows for the former. A harp, and other matters of very uncanonical appearance, were also visible when this dark recess was opened.

"I promise thee, brother Clerk," said he, "I will ask thee no more offensive questions. The contents of that cupboard are an answer to all my inquiries; and I see a weapon there" (here he stooped and took out the harp) "on which I would more gladly prove my skill with thee, than at the sword and buckler."

"I hope, Sir Knight," said the hermit, "thou hast given no good reason for thy surname of the Sluggard. I do promise thee I suspect thee grievously. Nevertheless, thou art my guest, and I will not put thy manhood to the proof without thine own free will. Sit thee down, then, and fill thy cup; let us drink, sing, and be merry. If thou knowest ever a good lay, thou shalt be welcome to a nook of pasty at Copmanhurst so long as I serve the chapel of St. Dunstan, which, please God, shall be till I change my gray

covering for one of green turf. But come, fill a flagon, for it will crave some time to tune the harp; and nought pitches the voice and sharpens the ear like a cup of wine. For my part, I love to feel the grape at my very finger-ends before they make the harp-strings tinkle."

Notwithstanding the prescription of the genial hermit, with which his guest willingly complied, he found it no easy matter to bring the harp to harmony.

"Methinks, holy father," said he, "the instrument wants one string, and the rest have been somewhat misused."

"Ay, mark'st thou that?" replied the hermit; "that shews thee a master of the craft. Wine and wassail," he added, gravely casting up his eyes — "all the fault of wine and wassail! — I told Allan-a-Dale, the northern minstrel, that he would damage the harp if he touched it after the seventh cup, but he would not be controlled — Friend, I drink to thy successful performance."

So saying, he took off his cup with much gravity, at the same time shaking his head at the intemperance of the Scottish harper.

The knight, in the meantime, had brought the strings into some order, and, after a short prelude, asked his host whether he would choose a *sirvente* in the language of *oc*, or a *lai* in the language of *oui*, or a *virelai*, or a ballad in the vulgar English.

"A ballad, a ballad," said the hermit, "against all the *ocs* and *ouis* of France. Downright English am I, Sir Knight, and downright English was my patron St. Dunstan, and scorned *oc* and *oui*, as he would have scorned the parings of the devil's hoof — downright English alone shall be sung in this cell."

"I will assay, then," said the knight, "a ballad composed by a Saxon gleeman, whom I know in Holy Land."

It speedily appeared, that if the knight was not a complete master of the minstrel art, his taste for it had at least been cultivated under the best instructors. Art had taught him to soften the faults of a voice which had little compass, and was naturally rough rather than mellow, and, in short, had done all that culture can do in supplying natural deficiencies. His performance, therefore, might have been termed very respectable by abler judges than the hermit, especially as the knight threw into the notes now a degree of spirit, and now of plaintive enthusiasm, which gave force and energy to the verses which he sung.

During this performance, the hermit demeaned himself much like a first-rate critic of the present day at a new opera. He reclined back upon his seat, with his eyes half shut; now, folding his hands and twisting his thumbs, he seemed absorbed in attention, and anon, balancing his expanded palms, he gently flourished them in time to the music. At one or two favourite cadences, he threw in a little assistance of his own, where the knight's voice seemed unable to carry the air so high as his worshipful taste approved. When the song was ended, the anchorite emphatically declared it a good one, and well sung.

"And yet," said he, "I think my Saxon countrymen had herded long enough with the Normans, to fall into the tone of their melancholy*ditties. What took the honest knight from home? or what could he expect but to find his mistress agreeably engaged with a

rival on his return, and his serenade, as they call it, as little regarded as the caterwauling of a cat in the gutter? Nevertheless, Sir Knight, I drink this cup to thee, to the success of all true lovers — I fear you are none," he added, on observing that the knight (whose brain began to be heated with these repeated draughts) qualified his flagon with the water pitcher.

"Why," said the knight, "did you not tell me that this water was from the well of your blessed patron, St Dunstan?"

"Ay, truly," said the hermit, "and many a hundred of pagans did he baptize there, but I never heard that he drank any of it. Every thing should be put to its proper use in this world. St Dunstan knew, as well as any one, the prerogatives of a jovial friar."

And so saying, he reached the harp, and entertained his guest with a characteristic song, to a sort of derry-down chorus, appropriate to an old English ditty.

"By my troth," said the knight, "thou hast sung well and lustily, and in high praise of thine order. And, talking of the devil, Holy Clerk, are you not afraid he may pay you a visit during some of your uncanonical pastimes?"

"I uncanonical!" answered the hermit; "I scorn the charge — I scorn it with my heels! — I serve the duty of my chapel duly and truly — Two masses daily, morning and evening, primes, noons, and vespers, *aves*, *credos*, *paters* — —"

"Excepting moonlight nights, when the venison in is season," said his guest.

"*Exceptis excipiendis*," replied the hermit, "as our old abbot taught me to say, when impertinent laymen should ask me if I kept every punctilio of mine order,"

"True, holy father," said the knight; "but the devil is apt to keep an eye on such exceptions: he goes about, thou knowest, like a roaring lion."

"Let him roar here if he dares," said the friar; "a touch of my cord will make him roar as loud as the tongs of St. Dunstan himself did. I never feared man, and I as little fear the devil and his imps. Saint Dunstan, Saint Dubric, Saint Winibald, Saint Winifred, Saint Swibert, Saint Willick, not forgetting Saint Thomas a Kent, and my own poor merits to speed, I defy every devil of them, come out and long tail. — But to let you into a secret, I never speak upon such subjects, my friend, until after morning vespers."

He changed the conversation; fast and furious grew the mirth of the parties, and many a song was exchanged betwixt them, when their revels were interrupted by a loud knocking at the door of the hermitage.

How Rebecca was led to execution and how Ivanhoe fought Brian de Bois-Gilbert the Proud Templar.

At length the drawbridge fell, the gates opened and a knight, bearing the great standard of the Order, sallied from the castle, preceded by six trumpets, and followed by the Knights Preceptors two and two, the Grand Master coming last, mounted on a stately horse, whose furniture was of the simplest kind. Behind him came

Brian-de-Bois Guilbert, armed cap-a-pie in bright armour, but without his lance, shield, and sword, which were borne by his two esquires behind him. His face, though partly hidden by a long plume which floated down from his barret-cap, bore a strong and mingled expression of passion, in which pride seemed to contend with irresolution. He looked ghastly pale, as if he had not slept for several nights, yet reined his pawing war-horse with the habitual ease and grace proper to the best lance of the Order of the Temple. His general appearance was grand and commanding; but, looking at him with attention, men read that in his dark features, from which they willingly withdrew their eyes.

On either side rode Conrado of Mont-Fitchet, and Albert de Malvoisin, who acted as godfathers to the champion. They were in their robes of peace, the white dress of the Order. Behind them followed other Companions of the Temple, with a long train of esquires and pages clad in black, aspirants to the honour of being one day Knights of the Order. After these neophytes came a guard of warders on foot, in the same sable livery, amidst whose partisans might be seen the pale form of the accused, moving with a slow but undismayed step towards the scene of her fate. She was stript of all her ornaments, lest perchance there should be among them some of those amulets which Satan was supposed to bestow upon his victims, to deprive them of the power of confession even when under the torture. A coarse white dress, of the simplest form, had been substituted for her Oriental garments; yet there was such an exquisite mixture of courage and resignation in her look, that even in this garb, and with no other ornament than her long black tresses, each eye wept that looked upon her, and the most hardened bigot regretted the fate that had converted a creature so goodly into a vessel of wrath, and a waged slave of the devil.

A crowd of inferior personages belonging to the Preceptory followed the victim, all moving with the utmost order, with arms folded, and looks bent upon the ground.

This slow procession moved up the gentle eminence, on the summit of which was the tilt-yard, and, entering the lists, marched once around them from right to left, and when they had completed the circle, made a halt. There was then a momentary bustle, while the Grand Master and all his attendants, excepting the champion and his godfathers, dismounted from their horses, which were immediately removed out of the lists by the esquires, who were in attendance for that purpose.

The unfortunate Rebecca was conducted to the black chair placed near the pile. On her first glance at the terrible spot where preparations were making for a death alike dismaying to the mind and painful to the body, she was observed to shudder and shut her eyes, praying internally doubtless, for her lips moved though no speech was heard. In the space of a minute she opened her eyes, looked fixedly on the pile as if to familiarize her mind with the object, and then slowly and naturally turned away her head.

Meanwhile, the Grand Master had assumed his seat; and when the chivalry of his order was placed around and behind him, each in his due rank, a loud and long flourish of the trumpets announced that the Court were seated for judgment. Malvoisin, then, acting

as godfather of the champion, stepped forward, and laid the glove of the Jewess, which was the pledge of battle, at the feet of the Grand Master.

"Valorous Lord, and reverend Father," said he, "here standeth the good Knight, Brian de Bois-Guilbert, Knight Preceptor of the Order of the Temple, who, by accepting the pledge of battle which I now lay at your reverence's feet, hath become bound to do his devoir in combat this day, to maintain that this Jewish maiden, by name Rebecca, hath justly deserved the doom passed upon her in a Chapter of this most Holy Order of the Temple of Zion, condemning her to die as a sorceress; — here, I say, he standeth, such battle to do, knightly and honourable, if such be your noble and sanctified pleasure."

"Hath he made oath," said the Grand Master, "that his quarrel is just and honourable? Bring forward the Crucifix and the *Te igitur*."

"Sir, and most reverend father," answered Malvoisin, readily, "our brother here present hath already sworn to the truth of his accusation in the hand of the good Knight Conrade de Mont-Fitchet; and otherwise he ought not to be sworn, seeing that his adversary is an unbeliever, and may take no oath."

This explanation was satisfactory, to Albert's great joy; for the wily knight had foreseen the great difficulty, or rather impossibility, of prevailing upon Brian de Bois-Guilbert to take such an oath before the assembly, and had invented this excuse to escape the necessity of his doing so.

The Grand Master, having allowed the apology of Albert Malvoisin, commanded the herald to stand forth and do his devoir. The trumpets then again flourished, and a herald, stepping forward, proclaimed aloud, — "Oyez, oyez, oyez. — Here standeth the good Knight, Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, ready to do battle with any knight of free blood, who will sustain the quarrel allowed and allotted to the Jewess Rebecca, to try by champion, in respect of lawful essoine of her own body; and to such champion the reverend and valorous Grand Master here present allows a fair field, and equal partition of sun and wind, and whatever else appertains to a fair combat." The trumpets again sounded, and there was a dead pause of many minutes.

"No champion appears for the appellant," said the Grand Master. "Go, herald, and ask her whether she expects any one to do battle for her in this her cause." The herald went to the chair in which Rebecca was seated, and Bois-Guilbert suddenly turning his horse's head toward that end of the lists, in spite of hints on either side from Malvoisin and Mont-Fitchet, was by the side of Rebecca's chair as soon as the herald.

"Is this regular, and according to the law of combat?" said Malvoisin, looking to the Grand Master.

"Albert de Malvoisin, it is," answered Beaumond; "for in this appeal to the judgment of God, we may not prohibit parties from having that communication with each other, which may best tend to bring forth the truth of the quarrel."

In the meantime, the herald spoke to Rebecca in these terms: "Damsel, the Honourable and Reverend the Grand Master demands of thee, if thou art prepared with a champion to do battle this

day in thy behalf, or if thou dost yield thee as one justly condemned to a deserved doom?"

"Say to the Grand Master," replied Rebecca, "that I maintain my innocence and do not yield me as justly condemned, lest I become guilty of mine own blood. Say to him, that I challenge such delay as his forms will permit, to see if God, whose opportunity is in man's extremity, will raise me up a deliverer; and when such uttermost space is passed, may His holy will be done!" The herald retired to carry this answer to the Grand Master.

"God forbid," said Lucas Beaumanoir, "that Jew or Pagan should impeach us of injustice — Until the shadows be cast from the west to the eastward, will we wait to see if a champion shall appear for this unfortunate woman. When the day is so far passed, let her prepare for death."

The herald communicated the words of the Grand Master to Rebecca, who bowed her head submissively, folded her arms, and, looking up towards heaven, seemed to expect, that aid from above which she could scarce promise herself from man. During this awful pause, the voice of Bois-Guilbert broke upon her ear — it was but a whisper, yet it startled her more than the summons of the herald had appeared to do.

"Rebecca," said the Templar, "dost thou hear me?"

"I have no portion in thee, cruel, hard-hearted man," said the unfortunate maiden.

"Ay, but dost thou understand my words?" said the Templar; "for the sound of my voice is frightful in mine own ears. I scarce know on what ground we stand, or for what purpose they have brought us hither. — This listed space — that chair — these fagots — I know their purpose, and yet it appears to me like something unreal — the fearful picture of a vision, which appals my sense with hideous fantasies, but convinces not my reason."

"My mind and senses keep touch and time," answered Rebecca, "and tell me alike that these fagots are destined to consume my earthly body, and open a painful but a brief passage to a better world."

"Dreams, Rebecca, — dreams," answered the Templar; "idle visions, rejected by the wisdom of your own wiser Sadducees. Hear me, Rebecca," he said, proceeding with animation; "a better chance hast thou for life and liberty than yonder knaves and dotard dream of. Mount thee behind me on my steed — on Zamor, the gallant horse that never failed his rider. I won him in single fight from the Soldan of Trebizond — mount, I say, behind me — in one short hour is pursuit and inquiry far behind — a new world of pleasure opens to thee — to me a new career of fame. Let them speak the doom which I depise, and erase the name of Bois-Guilbert from their list of monastic slaves! I will wash out with blood whatever blot they may dare to cast on my scutcheon."

"Tempter," said Rebecca, "begone! — Not in this last extremity canst thou move me one hair's-breadth from my resting-place — surrounded as I am by foes. I hold thee as my worst and most deadly enemy — avoid thee, in the name of God!"

Albert Malvoisin, alarmed and impatient at the duration of their conference, now advanced to interrupt it.

"Hath the maiden acknowledged her guilt?" he demanded of Bois-Guilbert; "or is she resolute in her denial!"

"She is indeed *resolute*," said Bois-Guilbert.

"Then," said Malvoisin, "must thou, noble brother, resume thy place to attend the issue — The shades are changing on the circle of the dial — Come, brave Bois-Guilbert — come, thou hope of our holy Order, and soon to be its head"

As he spoke in this soothing tone, he laid his hand on the knight's bridle, as if to lead him back to his station.

"False villain! what meanest thou by thy hand on my rein?" said Sir Brian, angrily. And shaking off his companion's grasp, he rode back to the upper end of the lists.

"There is yet spirit in him," said Malvoisin apart to Mont-Fitchet, "were it well directed — but, like the Greek fire, it burns whatever approaches it."

The Judges had now been two hours in the lists, awaiting in vain the appearance of a champion.

"And reason good," said Friar Tuck, "seeing she is a Jewess — and yet, by mine Order, it is hard that so young and beautiful a creature should perish without one blow being struck in her behalf! Were she ten times a witch, provided she were but the least bit of a Christian, my quarter-staff should ring noon on the steel cap of yonder fierce Templar, ere he carried the matter off thus."

It was, however, the general belief that no one could or would appear for a Jewess, accused of sorcery; and the knights, instigated by Malvoisin, whispered to each other, that it was time to declare the pledge of Rebecca forfeited. At this instant a knight, urging his horse to speed, appeared on the plain advancing, towards the lists. A hundred voices exclaimed, "A champion! a champion!" And despite the prepossessions and prejudices of the multitude, they shouted unanimously as the knight rode into the tilt-yard. The second glance, however, served to destroy the hope that his timely arrival had excited. His horse, urged for many miles to its utmost speed, appeared to reel from fatigue, and the rider, however undauntedly he presented himself in the lists, either from weakness weariness, or both, seemed scarce able to support himself in the saddle.

To the summons of the herald, who demanded his rank, his name, and purpose, the stranger knight answered readily and boldly, "I am a good knight and noble, come hither to sustain with lance and sword the just and lawful quarrel of this damsel, Rebecca, daughter of Isaac of York; to uphold the doom pronounced against her to be false and truthless, and to defy Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, as a traitor, murderer, and liar; as I will prove in this field with my body against his, by the aid of God, of Our Lady, and of Monseigneur Saint George, the good knight."

"The stranger must first shew," said Malvoisin, "that he is good knight, and of honourable lineage. The Temple sendeth not forth her champions against nameless men."

"My name," said the Knight, raising his helmet, "is better known, my lineage more pure, Malvoisin, than thine own. I am Wilfred of Ivanhoe."

"I will not fight with thee at present," said the Templar, in a changed and hollow voice. "Get thy wounds healed, purvey thee a better horse, and it may be I will hold it worth my while to scourge out of thee this boyish spirit of bravado."

"Ha! proud Templar," said Ivanhoe, "hast thou forgotten that twice didst thou fall before this lance? Remember the lists at Acre — remember the Passage of Arms at Ashby — remember thy proud vaunt in the halls of Rotherwood, and the gage of your gold chain against my reliquary; that thou wouldst do battle with Wilfred of Ivanhoe, and recover the honour thou hadst lost! By that reliquary, and the holy relic it contains, I will proclaim thee, Templar, a coward in every Preceptory of thine Order — unless thou do battle without farther delay."

Bois-Guilbert turned his countenance irresolutely towards Rebecca, and then exclaimed, looking fiercely at Ivanhoe, "Dog of a Saxon! take thy lance, and prepare for the death thou hast drawn upon thee!"

"Does the Grand Master allow me the combat?" said Ivanhoe.

"I may not deny what thou hast challenged," said the Grand Master, "provided the maiden accepts thee as her champion. Yet I would thou wert in better plight to do battle. An enemy of our Order hast thou ever been, yet would I have thee honourably met with."

"Thus — thus as I am, and not otherwise," said Ivanhoe; "it is the judgment of God — to his keeping I commend myself. — Rebecca," said he, riding up to the fatal chair, "dost thou accept of me for thy champion?"

"I do," she said — "I do," fluttered by an emotion which the fear of death had been unable to produce, "I do accept thee as the champion whom Heaven hath sent me. Yet, no — no — thy wounds are uncured — Meet not that proud man — why shouldst thou perish also?"

But Ivanhoe was already at his post, and had closed his visor, and assumed his lance. Bois-Guilbert did the same; and his esquire remarked, as he clasped his visor, that his face, which had, notwithstanding the variety of emotions by which he had been agitated, continued during the whole morning of an ashy paleness, was now become suddenly very much flushed.

The herald, then, seeing each champion in his place, uplifted his voice, repeating thrice — "*Faites vos devoirs, preux chevaliers!*" After the third cry, he withdrew to one side of the lists, and again proclaimed that none, on peril of instant death, should dare, by word, cry, or action, to interfere with or disturb this fair field of combat. The Grand Master, who held in his hand the gage of battle, Rebecca's glove, now threw it into the lists, and pronounced the fatal signal words, *Laissez aller*.

The trumpets sounded, and the knights charged each other in full career. The wearied horse of Ivanhoe, and its no less exhausted rider, went down, as all had expected, before the well aimed lance and vigorous steed of the Templar. This issue of the combat all had foreseen; but although the spear of Ivanhoe did but, in comparison, touch the shield of Bois-Guilbert, that champion, to the astonishment of all who beheld it, reeled in his saddle, lost his stirrups, and fell in the lists.

Ivanhoe, extricating himself from his fallen horse, was soon on foot, hastening to mend his fortune with his sword; but his antagonist arose not. Wilfred, placing his foot on his breast, and the sword's point to his throat, commanded him to yield him, or die on the spot. Bois-Guilbert returned no answer.

"Slay him not, Sir Knight," cried the Grand Master, "unshriven and unabsolved — kill not body and soul! We allow him vanquished."

He descended into the lists, and commanded them to unhelm the conquered champion. His eyes were closed — the dark red flush was still on his brow. As they looked on him in astonishment, the eyes opened — but they were fixed and glazed. The flush passed from his brow, and gave way to the pallid hue of death. Unscathed by the lance of his enemy, he had died a victim to the violence of his own contending passions.

"This is indeed the judgment of God," said the Grand Master, looking upwards — "*Fiat voluntas tua!*"

Marmion. ¹⁾

CANTO FIRST. ²⁾

THE CASTLE.

I.

Day set on Norham's castled steep,
And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,
And Cheviot's mountains lone:
The battled towers, the donjon keep,
The loophole grates, where captives weep, 5
The flanking walls that round it sweep,
In yellow lustre shone.

1. *Norham's castled steep*, situated on the south bank of the Tweed. It was taken and retaken many times during the Border wars. After having belonged to the see of Durham for nearly 500 years, Bishop Matthew devised it to the crown in 1603.

4. *Donjon keep*, the tower which commanded the rest of the castle, from low *l. dongeo, domnio, dominio*.

¹⁾ The poem of *Marmion* was written chiefly at Ashestiel, Scott's residence on the Tweed, upon the outskirts of Ettrick Forest, in Selkirkshire. *Marmion* was published in 1808. The scene is laid in August and September 1513, in the reign of Henry VIII. James IV. of Scotland, in alliance with Louis XII. of France, invaded England with an army of 50,000 men, while Henry was away in France. The Earl of Surrey mustered an army of 26,000 men to meet the invader, and an obstinate battle was fought at Flodden, near the Till, in Northumberland, September 9th. The Scots were defeated, and James was slain.

²⁾ The scene opens at sunset. Marmion, with his retinue, arrives at Norham Castle on the Tweed, of which fortress Sir Hugh Heron is captain. After some conversation, he explains the object of his journey. He is on a message from Henry VIII. to the Scottish court, to learn why James IV. is mustering troops for war, and he asks for a trusty guide, some herald, priest, or pilgrim, to conduct him safely to his destination. Sir Hugh tells him he has no herald or priest to spare; but his nephew, young Selby, announces that a holy Palmer, who had come to Norham only the night before, would be the very man for Marmion, who at once closes with the offer. It is arranged that they shall start early in the morning, and at dawn the train leaves the castle.

The warriors on the turrets high,
Moving athwart the evening sky,
Seem'd forms of giant height: 10
Their armour, as it caught the rays,
Flashed back again the western blaze,
In lines of dazzling light.

II.

Saint George's banner, broad and gay,
Now faded, as the fading ray 15
Less bright, and less, was flung;
The evening gale had scarce the power
To wave it on the Donjon Tower,
So heavily it hung.
The scouts had parted on their search, 20
The Castle gates were barr'd;
Above the gloomy portal arch,
Timing his footsteps to a march,
The Warder kept his guard;
Low humming, as he paced along, 25
Some ancient Border gathering song.

III.

A distant trampling sound he hears;
He looks abroad, and soon appears,
O'er Horncliff-hill a plump of spears, 30
Beneath a pennon gay;
A horseman, darting from the crowd,
Like lightning from a summer cloud,
Spurs on his mettled courser proud,
Before the dark array.
Beneath the sable palisade, 35
That closed the Castle barricade,
His bugle horn he blew;
The warder hasted from the wall,
And warned the Captain in the hall,
For well the blast he knew; 40
And joyfully that knight did call,
To sewer, squire, and seneschal.

14. *Saint George's banner*, the standard of England, St. George being the patron saint of England, and one of the Seven Champions of Christendom.

29. *Horncliff-hill*, north-east of Norham, down the Tweed. — *Plump*, a knot or cluster, properly applies to a flight of waterfowl; but is applied, by analogy, to a body of horse.

30. *Pennon*, the same as *pendant*, or hanging flag.

35. *Sable-palisade*, the black barred gate at the entrance to the draw-bridge.

42. *Sewer*, one who sets on the dishes, from Fr. *asseoir*, to set on. — *Squire*, an armour-bearer or attendant on a knight, one next below a knight in rank, from Fr. *écuyer*, or *escuyer*, from Lat. *scutum*, a shield. — *Seneschal*, the senior or eldest of the servants, a steward, from low Lat. *siniscalcus* — Goth. *sini-sta*, oldest, and *skalks*, a servant.

IV.

'Now broach ye a pipe of Malvoisie,
 Bring pasties of the doe,
 And quickly make the entrance free, 45
 And bid my heralds ready be,
 And every minstrel sound his glee,
 And all our trumpets blow;
 And, from the platform, spare ye not
 To fire a noble salvo-shot; 50
 Lord MARMION waits below!'
 Then to the Castle's lower ward
 Sped forty yeomen tall,
 The iron-studded gates unbarr'd,
 Raised the portcullis' ponderous guard, 55
 The lofty palisade unsparr'd,
 And let the drawbridge fall.

V.

Along the bridge Lord Marmion rode,
 Proudly his red-roan charger trode,
 His helm hung at the saddlebow; 60
 Well by his visage you might know
 He was a stalworth knight, and keen,
 And had in many a battle been;
 The scar on his brown cheek revealed
 A token true of Bosworth field; 65
 His eyebrow dark, and eye of fire,
 Shew'd spirit proud, and prompt to ire;
 Yet lines of thought upon his cheek
 Did deep design and counsel speak.
 His forehead, by his casque worn bare, 70
 His thick mustache, and curly hair,
 Coal-black, and grizzled here and there,
 But more through toil than age;
 His square-turned joints, and strength of limb,
 Shewed him no carpet knight so trim, 75

43. *Malvoisie*, or Malmsey, a wine from Napoli di Malvasia, on the east side of the Morea.

50. *Salvo-shot*, welcome-shot. from *salve*, hail!

55. *Portcullis*, a *sliding-door* of cross timbers pointed 'with iron, hung over a gateway, so as to be let down in a moment to keep out an enemy.

56. *Unsparred*, unbarred.

57. The defences of an ancient castle were—1. A moat, or ditch, filled with water; 2. a drawbridge over the moat, which could be hoisted or lowered; 3. a palisade guarding the approach to the drawbridge from without; 4. a portcullis in the castle wall at the opposite end of the drawbridge to the palisade.

60. *Saddlebow*, the front of the saddle.

62. *Stalworth*, steel-worthy, brave.

63. *Bosworth field*, in Leicestershire. At Bosworth, in 1485, Henry VII. defeated Richard III, who was slain in battle.

70. *Casque*, helmet.

75. *Carpet knight*, a knight not dubbed on the field of battle, but in time of peace, kneeling on a carpet.

But in close fight a champion grim,
In camps a leader sage.

VI.

Well was he armed from head to heel,
In mail and plate of Milan steel;
But his strong helm, of mighty cost, 80
Was all with burnished gold embossed;
Amid the plumage of the crest,
A falcon hover'd on her nest,
With wings outspread, and forward breast;
E'en such a falcon, on his shield, 85
Soar'd sable in an azure field:
The golden legend bore aright,
WHO CHECKS AT ME, TO DEATH IS DIGHT.
Blue was the charger's brodered rein;
Blue ribbons deck'd his arching mane; 90
The knightly housing's ample fold
Was velvet blue, and trapp'd with gold.

VII.

Behind him rode two gallant squires,
Of noble name, and knightly sires;
They burn'd the gilded spurs to claim; 95
For well could each a war-horse tame,
Could draw the bow, the sword could sway,
And lightly bear the ring away;
Nor less with courteous precepts stored,
Could dance in hall, and carve at board, 100
And frame love-ditties passing rare,
And sing them to a lady fair.

VIII.

Four men-at-arms came at their backs,
With halbert, bill, and battle-axe:
They bore Lord Marmion's lance so strong, 105
And led his sumpter-mules along,
And ambling palfrey, when at need
Him listed ease his battle-steed.
The last and trustiest of the four,
On high his forky pennon bore; 110

79. *Milan steel*. 'The artists of Milan were famous in the middle ages for their skill in armoury.'

88. *Checks at*, tries to stop. — *Dight*, doomed.

95. *Gilded spurs to claim*. to be made knights and wear gilt spurs.

93. *Bear the ring away*. In tilting at the ring, the object of the horse-man was to bear off, at full gallop, a small ring hung at about the level of his eye.

104. *Halbert*, a pole-axe, a spear with an axe at the end of it.

106. *Sumpter-mules*, pack-mules.

107. *Palfrey*, riding-horse, from Fr. *palefroi* = *par le frein*, guided by rein.

108. *Him listed*, it pleased him.

Like swallow's tail, in shape and hue,
 Flutter'd the streamer glossy blue,
 Where, blazon'd sable, as before,
 The towering falcon seem'd to soar.
 Last, twenty yeomen, two and two, 115
 In hosen black, and jerkins blue,
 With falcons broider'd on each breast,
 Attended on their lord's behest.
 Each, chosen for an archer good,
 Knew hunting-craft by lake or wood; 120
 Each one a six-foot bow could bend,
 And far a cloth-yard shaft could send;
 Each held a boar-spear tough and strong,
 And at their belts their quivers rung.
 Their dusty palfreys, and array, 125
 Shewed they had marched a weary way.

IX.

'Tis meet that I should tell you now,
 How fairly arm'd, and order'd how,
 The soldiers of the guard,
 With musket, pike, and morion, 130
 To welcome noble Marmion,
 Stood in the Castle-yard;
 Minstrels and trumpeters were there,
 The gunner held his linstock yare,
 For welcome-shot prepared: 135
 Enter'd the train, and such a clang,
 As then through all his turrets rang,
 Old Norham never heard.

X.

The guards their morrice-pikes advanced,
 The trumpets flourish'd brave, 140
 The cannon from the ramparts glanced,
 And thundering welcome gave,
 A blithe salute, in martial sort,
 The minstrels well might sound,
 For, as Lord Marmion cross'd the court, 145
 He scatter'd angels round.
 'Welcome to Norham, Marmion!
 Stout heart, and open hand!
 Well dost thou brook thy gallant roan,
 Thou flower of English land!' 150

122. *Cloth-yard*, an ell, or five quarters.

130. *Morion*, an open helmet, without a visor.

134. *Linstock*, a wooden fork, to hold a lighted match, for firing cannon. — *Yare*, ready.

139. *Morrice-pikes*, Moorish pikes. Compare *morris-dancers*.

146. *Angels*, coins worth 10s., bearing the figure of an angel stamped on one side.

149. *Brook*, bear, manage.

XI.

Two pursuivants, whom tabarts deck,
 With silver scutcheon round their neck,
 Stood on the steps of stone,
 By which you reach the donjon gate,
 And there, with herald pomp and state, 155
 They hail'd Lord Marmion:
 They hail'd him Lord of Fontenaye,
 Of Lutterward, and Scrivelbaye,
 Of Tamworth tower and town;
 And he, their courtesy to requite, 160
 Gave them a chain of twelve marks' weight,
 All as he lighted down.
 'Now, largesse, largesse, Lord Marmion,
 Knight of the crest of gold!
 A blazon'd shield, in battle won, 165
 Ne'er guarded heart so bold.'

XII.

They marshall'd him to the Castle-hall,
 Where the guests stood all aside,
 And loudly flourished the trumpet-call,
 And the heralds loudly cried — 170
 'Room, lordings, room for Lord Marmion,
 With the crest and helm of gold!
 Full well we know the trophies won
 In the lists at Cottiswold:
 There, vainly Ralph de Wilton strove 175
 'Gainst Marmion's force to stand;
 To him he lost his lady-love,
 And to the King his land.
 Ourselves beheld the listed field,
 A sight both sad and fair; 180
 We saw Lord Marmion pierce his shield,
 And saw his saddle bare;

151. *Pursuivants*, attendants on heralds, from Fr. *poursuivre*, to follow. — *Tabarts*, short coats without sleeves, worn by heralds.

152. *Scutcheon*, shield emblazoned with coat of arms.

157. *Fontenaye*, in Normandy.

158. *Lutterward*, Lutterworth, in Leicestershire. — *Scrivelbaye*, or Scrivelby, in Lincolnshire.

159. *Tamworth*, on the Tame, in Staffordshire. Marmion is quite a fictitious character. The family of Robert de Marmion, a distinguished follower of the Conqueror, became extinct in the person of Philip de Marmion, who died in 1292, without male issue.

161. *Twelve marks' weight*. A mark, as a coin, was worth 13s. 4d. Here it is used as a weight.

163. *Largesse*; liberality, from Lat. *largitio*. 'It was a cry which greeted the distribution of money among heralds.'

174. *Cottiswold*, the wold, or hill of sheepcotes. There is no such place as Cottiswold. The Cotswold Hills are in the county of Gloucester, bounded by the Severn Valley on one side, as by the Malvern Hills on the other.

179. *Listed field*, where a tournament was held. The *lists* are the space enclosed for a contest.

We saw the victor win the crest
 He wears with worthy pride;
 And on the gibbet-tree, reversed, 185
 His foeman's scutcheon tied.
 Place, nobles, for the Falcon-Knight!
 Room, room, ye gentles gay,
 For him who conquered in the right,
 Marmion of Fontenaye! 190

XIII.

Then stepp'd to meet that noble Lord,
 Sir Hugh the Heron bold,
 Baron of Twisell, and of Ford,
 And Captain of the Hold.
 He led Lord Marmion to the deas, 195
 Raised o'er the pavement high,
 And placed him in the upper place—
 They feasted full and high:
 The whiles a Northern harper rude
 Chanted a rhyme of deadly feud, 200
 'How the fierce Thirwalls, and Riddleys all,
 Stout Willimondswick,
 And Hardriding Dick,
 And Hughie of Hawdon, and Will o' the Wall,
 Hare set on Sir Albany Featherstonhaugh, 205
 And taken his life at the Deadman's-shaw.'
 Scantily Lord Marmion's ear could brook
 The harper's barbarous lay;
 Yet much he praised the pains he took,
 And well those pains did pay: 210
 For lady's suit, and minstrel's strain,
 By knight should ne'er be heard in vain.

XIV.

'Now, good Lord Marmion,' Heron says,
 'Of your fair courtesey,

186. The vanquished champion in a trial by combat had his shield fastened upside down on a gibbet.

192. *Sir Hugh the Heron*, a fictitious character. 'It was William Heron whose wife captivated James IV. Moreover, this William was, at this time, a prisoner in Scotland, having been surrendered by Henry VIII. on account of his share in the slaughter of Sir Robert Kern of Cessford. His wife, who is represented in the poem as residing at the court of Scotland, was, in fact, living in her own castle at Ford.' -- SCOTT.

195. *Deas*, or *dais*, a raised floor at the upper end of a dining-hall.
 201. This and the five next lines are from a ballad written by Mr Robert Surtees of Mainsforth, author of the *History of Antiquities of the County Palatine of Durham*. Mr. Surtees gave it to Scott as an old Northumbrian ballad, taken down from the recitation of an old woman, mother of one of the miners of Alston Moor, by an agent for the lead-mines there. *Thirwalls*, named from a thirl or breath in the Roman wall.

202. *Stout Willimondswick*, means a Ridley of that place, situated about two miles above the confluence of the Allen and Tyne.

203. *Hardriding Dick*, Richard Ridley of Hardriding, another seat of the Ridley family.

206. *Deadman's-shaw*. *Shaw* means wood, as in Stagshaw, Earnshaw, Penshaw, Ushaw.

I pray you bide some little space 215
 In this poor tower with me.
 Here may you keep your arms from rust,
 May breathe your war-horse well;
 Seldom hath passed a week but giust
 Or feat of arms befell: 220
 The Scots can rein a mettled steed;
 And love to couch a spear; —
 Saint George! a stirring life they lead,
 That have such neighbours near.
 Then stay with us a little space, 225
 Our nothern wars to learn;
 I pray you, for your lady's grace!
 Lord Marmion's brow grew stern.

XV.

The Captain mark'd his alter'd look,
 And gave a squire the sign; 230
 A mighty wassail-bowl he took,
 And crown'd it high in wine.
 'Now pledge me here, Lord Marmion:
 But first I pray thee fair,
 Where hast thou left that page of thine, 235
 That used to serve thy cup of wine,
 Whose beauty was so rare?
 When last in Raby towers we met,
 The boy I closely eyed,
 And often marked his cheeks were wet, 240
 With tears he fain would hide:
 His was no rugged horse-boy's hand,
 To burnish shield or sharpen brand,
 Or saddle battle-steed;
 But meeter seem'd for lady fair, 245
 To fan her cheek, or curl her hair,
 Or through embroidery, rich and rare,
 The slender silk to lead:
 His skin was fair, his ringlets gold,
 His bosom — when he sigh'd, 250
 The russet doublet's rugged fold
 Could scarce repel its pride!
 Say, hast thou given that lovely youth
 To serve in lady's bower?
 Or was the gentle page, in sooth, 255
 A gentle paramour?

219. *Giust* or *joust*, a mock-fight on horseback, from old Fr. *juste*, from Lat *juxta*, together—a jostling together.

231. *Wassail-bowl*, a large bowl out of which the Saxons used to pledge one another at their feasts, from A.S. *was-hael* = be thou in health.

238. *Raby* Castle, near the Tees, was formerly the seat of the Nevilles, Earls of Westmoreland.

256. The gentle page was Constance de Beverley, of whom more in the next canto. •

XVI.

Lord Marmion ill could brook such jest;
 He roll'd his kindling eye,
 With pain his rising wrath suppress'd,
 Yet made a calm reply: 260
 'That boy thou thought'st so goodly fair,
 He might not brook the northern air.
 More of his fate if thou wouldst learn,
 I left him sick in Lindisfarn:
 Enough of him. — But, Heron, say, 265
 Why does thy lovely lady gay
 Disdain to grace the hall to-day?
 Or has that dame, so fair and sage,
 Gone on some pious pilgrimage?' —
 He spoke in covert scorn, for fame 270
 Whisper'd light tales of Heron's dame.

XVII.

Unmark'd, at least unreck'd, the taunt,
 Careless the Knight replied,
 'No bird, whose feathers gaily flaunt,
 Delights in cage to bide: 275
 Norham is grim and grated close,
 Hemm'd in by battlement and fosse,
 And many a darksome tower;
 And better loves my lady bright
 To sit in liberty and light, 280
 In fair Queen Margaret's bower.
 We hold our greyhound in our hand,
 Our falcon on our glove;
 But where shall we find leash or band,
 For dame that loves to rove? 285
 Let the wild falcon soar her wing,
 She'll stoop when she has tired her wing.'

XVIII.

'Nay, if with Royal James's bride
 The lovely Lady Heron bide,
 Behold me here a messenger,
 Your tender greetings prompt to bear;
 For, to the Scottish court address'd,
 I journey at our King's behest,
 And pray you, of your grace provide
 For me, and mine, a trusty guide. 295
 I have not ridden in Scotland since
 James back'd the cause of that mock prince,

264. *Lindisfarn* an island off the coast of Northumberland.

281. *Queen Margaret*, daughter of Henry VII, and consort of James IV of Scotland.

Warbeck, that Flemish counterfeit,
 Who on the gibbet paid the cheat.
 Then did I march with Surrey's power, 300
 What time we razed old Ayton tower.' —

XIX.

'For such-like need, my lord, I trow,
 Norham can find you guides enow;
 For here be some have prick'd as far,
 On Scottish ground, as to Dunbar; 305
 Have drunk the monks of St. Bothan's ale,
 And driven the beeves of Lauderdale;
 Harried the wives of Greenlaw's goods,
 And given them light to set their hoods.' —

XX.

'Now, in good sooth,' Lord Marmion cried, 310
 'Were I in warlike wise to ride,
 A better guard I would not lack,
 Than your stout forayers at my back;
 But, as in form of peace I go,
 A friendly messenger, to know, 315
 Why through all Scotland, near and far,
 Their King is mustering troops for war,
 The sight of plundering Border spears
 Might justify suspicious fears,
 And deadly feud, or thirst of spoil, 320
 Break out in some unseemly broil:
 A herald were my fitting guide;
 Or friar, sworn in peace to bide;
 Or pardoner, or travelling priest,
 Or strolling pilgrim, at the least.' 325

298. Perkin Warbeck, or Peter Osbec, was a Fleming, who pretended to be Richard, Duke of York, the young prince who was murdered in the Tower with Edward V. In 1496, he was welcomed in Scotland by James IV., who gave him in marriage his own relation, the Lady Catherine Gordon, and made war on England in behalf of his pretensions. To retaliate for his invasion of England, the Earl of Surrey advanced into Berwickshire at the head of considerable forces, but retreated after taking the fortress of Ayton.

301. *Ayton tower*, in Berwickshire, near the coast.

305. *Dunbar*, a town on the coast, in Haddingtonshire. Cromwell gained a victory over the Scotch there, 1650.

306. *St. Bothan's*, a convent of Cistercian nuns in Berwickshire. There were no monks there.

307. *Lauderdale*, the western part of Berwickshire.

308. *Greenlaw*, the chief town in Berwickshire.

308. *Light to set their hoods*, a phrase by which the Borderers jocularly intimated the burning of a house.

313. *Forayers*, plunderers, *foragers*, from *fodder*.

324. *Pardoner*, one who sold the pope's indulgences, or pardons for sins. A pardoner is one of the characters in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*.

XXI.

The Captain mused a little space,
 And pass'd his hand across his face.
 —'Fain would I find the guide you want,
 But ill may spare a pursuivant,
 The only men that safe can ride 330
 Mine errands on the Scottish side:
 And though a bishop built this fort,
 Few holy brethren here resort;
 Even our good chaplain, as I ween,
 Since our last siege, we have not seen: 335
 The mass he might not sing or say,
 Upon one stinted meal a-day;
 So, safe he sat in Durham aisle,
 And pray'd for our success the while.
 Our Norham vicar, woe betide, 340
 Is all too well in case to ride;
 The priest of Shoreswood—he could rein
 The wildest war-horse in your train;
 But then, no spearman in the hall
 Will sooner swear, or stab, or brawl. 345
 Friar John of Tillmouth were the man:
 A blithesome brother at the can,
 A welcome guest in hall and bower,
 He knows each castle, town, and tower,
 In which the wine and ale is good, 350
 'Twixt Newcastle and Holy-Rood.
 But that good man, as ill befalls,
 Hath seldom left our castle walls,
 Since, on the vigil of St. Bede,
 In evil hour, he cross'd the Tweed, 355
 To teach Dame Alison her creed.
 Old Bughtrig found him with his wife;
 And John, an enemy to strife,
 Sans frock and hood, fled for his life.
 The jealous churl hath deeply swore, 360
 That, if again he venture o'er,
 He shall shrieve penitent no more.

332. Hugh Pudsey was the bishop.

335. *Last siege*, in 1498, when James IV. besieged Norham.

340. *Vicar*, one who acts in place of another, from Lat. *vicarius*. The vicar of a parish is one who acts in place of a rector, where the tithes are appropriated.

342. *Shoreswood*, a township east of Norham.

346. *Tillmouth*, at the mouth of the Till, where it joins the Tweed.

351. *Holy-Rood*, the palace of Scottish kings at Edinburgh, so called from the chapel being dedicated to the Holy Rood or Cross.

354. *The vigil of St Bede*, May 26. St Bede was a monk of Jarrow-on-Tyne, who lived 673–735 A. D., and was the earliest English church historian. He was called Venerable from the inscription on his tomb in the Galilee or chapel at the west end of Durham Cathedral: *Hæc sunt in fossa Bedæ venerabilis ossa.*

357. *Bughtrig*, so called from the ridge where the bught or sheepfold is.

359. Sans = without.

362. *Shrieve*, to receive confession and grant absolution of sins.

Little he loves such risks, I know ;
Yet, in your guard, perchance will go'.

XXII.

Young Selby, at the fair hall-board, 365
Carved to his uncle and that lord,
And reverently took up the word.
'Kind uncle, woe were we each one,
If harm should hap to brother John.
He is a man of mirthful speech, 370
Can many a game and gambol teach :
Full well at tables can he play,
And sweep at bowls the stake away.
None can a lustier carol bawl,
The needfullest among us all, 375
When time hangs heavy in the hall,
And snow comes thick at Christmas tide,
And we can neither hunt, nor ride
A foray on the Scottish side.
The vow'd revenge of Bughtrig rude, 380
May end in worse than loss of hood.
Let Friar John, in safety, still
In chimney-corner snore his fill,
Roast hissing crabs, or flagons swill :
Last night, to Norham there came one, 385
Will better guide Lord Marmion.' —
'Nephew,' quoth Heron, 'by my fay,
Well hast thou spoke; say forth thy say.' —

XXIII.

'Here is a holy Palmer come,
From Salem first, and last from Rome; 390
One, that hath kissed the blessed tomb,
And visited each holy shrine,
In Araby and Palestine;
On hills of Armenie hath been,
Where Noah's ark may yet be seen; 395
By that Red Sea, too, hath he trod,
Which parted at the prophet's rod;
In Sinai's wilderness he saw
The Mount, where Israel heard the law,
'Mid thunder-dint, and flashing levin, 400
And shadows, mists, and darkness, given.

265. *Selby*. The Selbys of Biddleston, an old Northumberland family, have intermarried with the Herons.

372. *Tables*, a game like backgammon.

387. *By my fay*, by my faith.

389. *Palmer*, a pilgrim bearing a palm-branch, as a sign that he had been to the Holy Land.

390. *Salem*, Jerusalem.

391. *The blessed tomb*, Christ's tomb at Jerusalem.

395. That is, on Mount Ararat.

He shews Saint James's cockle-shell,
 Of fair Montserrat, too, can tell;
 And of that Grot where Olives nod,
 Where, darling of each heart and eye, 405
 From all the youth of Sicily,
 Saint Rosalie retired to God.

XXIV.

'To stout Saint George of Norwich merry,
 Saint Thomas, too, of Canterbury,
 Cuthbert of Durham and Saint Bede, 410
 For his sins' pardon hath he pray'd.
 He knows the passes of the North,
 And seeks far shrines beyond the Forth;
 Little he eats, and long will wake,
 And drinks but of the stream or lake. 415
 This were a guide o'er moor and dale;
 But, when our John hath quaff'd his ale,
 As little as the wind that blows,
 And warms itself against his nose,
 Kens ho, or cares, which way he goes.' — 420

XXV.

'Gramercy!' quoth Lord Marmion,
 'Full loth were I, that Friar John,
 That venerable man, for me,
 Were placed in fear or jeopardy.
 If this same Palmer will me lead 425
 From hence to Holy-Rood,
 Like his good saint, I'll pay his meed,
 Instead of cockle shell, or bead,
 With angels fair and good.
 I love such holy rambles; still 430
 They know to charm a weary hill,
 With song, romance, or lay:
 Some jovial tale, or glee, or jest,
 Some lying legend, at the least,
 They bring to cheer the way.' — 435

402. *Saint James's cockle-shell*, a sign that he had visited the shrine of St James of Compostella, in Galicia, in Spain. St James was the patron saint of Spain, and one of the Seven Champions of Christendom. A scallop or cockle shell was sacred to the saint, because numbers of these shells were found near his shrine.

403. *Montserrat*, a mountain in the north-west of Spain; whereon there was a shrine of the virgin.

407. *Saint Rosalie*, a maid of Palermo, in Sicily, who lived in a grotto amongst olive trees on an almost inaccessible mountain.

408. *Saint George of Norwich merry*. In 1385, a fraternity was formed at Norwich in honour of St. George. The association received a charter from Henry V., and appears to have been closely connected with the corporation of the city of Norwich. *Merry*, ornative epithet.

409. Thomas à Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, the great opponent of Henry II.

421. *Gramercy* = *grand merci*, great thanks.

424. *Jeopardy*, danger; from, *jeu perdu* = lost game.

XXVI.

'Ah! noble sir,' young Selby said,
 And finger on his lip he laid,
 'This man knows much, perchance e'en more
 Than he could learn by holy lore.
 Still to himself he's muttering, 440
 And shrinks as at some unseen thing.
 Last night we listen'd at his cell;
 Strange sounds we heard, and, sooth to tell,
 He murmur'd on till morn, howe'er
 No living mortal could be near. 445
 Sometimes I thought I heard it plain,
 As other voices spoke again.
 I cannot tell — I like it not —
 Friar John hath told us it is wrote,
 No conscience clear, and void of wrong, 450
 Can rest awake, and pray so long.
 Himself still sleeps before his beads
 Have mark'd ten aves, and two creeds.' —

XXVII.

'Let pass,' quoth Marmion; 'by my fay,
 This man shall guide me on my way, 455
 Although the great arch-fiend and he
 Had sworn themselves of company.
 So please you, gentle youth, to call
 This Palmer to the Castle-hall.'
 The summon'd Palmer came in place: 460
 His sable cowl o'erhung his face;
 In his black mantle was he clad,
 With Peter's keys, in cloth of red,
 On his broad shoulders wrought;
 The scallop shell his cap did deck; 465
 The crucifix around his neck
 Was from Loretto brought;
 His sandals were with travel tore,
 Staff, budget, bottle, scrip, he wore;
 The faded palm-branch in his hand 470
 Shew'd pilgrim from the Holy Land.

447. *As* = as if.

453. *Aves*, prayers to the Virgin, beginning. '*Ave, Maria*,' Hail, Mary.—*Creeds*, derived from *credo*, the first word of the Creed, 'I believe.'

456. *Arch-fiend*, the devil. *Fiend*, from Ger. *feind*, the enemy of mankind.

461. *Cowl*, a monk's hood, from Lat. *cucullus*.

463. *St. Peter's keys*, figuratively given him by Christ.

465. *Scallop shell*, a sign that he had been to *Palestine*, where these shells abound.

467. *Lorretto*, a town on the east coast of Italy, near Ancona, famous for a shrine of the Virgin Mary.

469. *Budget*, a bundle.—*Scrip*, a bag or wallet.

XXVIII.

When as the Palmer came in hall,
 Nor lord, nor knight, was there more tall,
 Or had a statelier step withal,
 Or look'd more high and kèen; 475
 For no saluting did he wait,
 But strode across the hall of state,
 And fronted Marmion where he sate,
 As he his peer had been.
 But his gaunt frame was worn with toil; 480
 His cheek was sunk, alas the while!
 And when he struggled at a smile,
 His eye look'd haggard wild:
 Poor wretch! the mother that him bare,
 If she had been in presence there, 485
 In his wan face, and sun-burn'd hair,
 She had not known her child.
 Danger, long travel, want, or woe,
 Soon change the form that best we know —
 For deadly fear can time outgo, 490
 And blanch at once the hair;
 Hard toil can roughen form and face,
 And want can quench the eye's bright grace,
 Nor does old age a wrinkle trace
 More deeply than despair. 495
 Happy whom none of these befall,
 But this poor Palmer knew them all.

XXIX.

Lord Marmion then his boon did ask;
 The Palmer took on him the task,
 So he would march with morning tide, 500
 To Scottish court to be his guide.
 'But I have solemn vows to pay,
 And may not linger by the way,
 To fair St. Andrew's bound,
 Within the ocean-cave to pray, 505
 Where good Saint Rule his holy lay,
 From midnight to the dawn of day,
 Sung to the billows' sound;
 Thence to Saint Fillan's blessed well,
 Whose spring can frenzied dreams dispel, 510

479. *Peer*, equal, from Lat. *par*.

481. *While*, time, circumstance.

483. *Haggard*, wild, As a noun, it means a wild, untrained hawk.

504. *St. Andrews*, a town on the east coast of Fifeshire, famous for its university. Its ancient name was *Kilrule* (= *Cella Reguli*), named after Rule, or Reulus, a monk of Patre in Achaia, who was said to have come here with the bones of St. Andrew, and to have introduced Christianity into Scotland.

506. There is a cave in the rocks overhanging the sea at St. Andrews, where St. Rule lived as a hermit.

509. *Saint Fillan*, Abbot of Pittenweem in Fifeshire. He had a church at the east end of Loch Earn, in Perthshire, where his well was long believed to have supernatural powers of healing.

And the crazed brain restore :
 Saint Mary grant, that cave or spring
 Could back to peace my bosom bring,
 Or bid it throb no more !'

XXX.

And now the midnight draught of sleep, 515
 Where wine and spices richly steep,
 In massive bowl of silver deep,
 The page presents on knee.
 Lord Marmion drank a fair good rest,
 The Captain pledged his noble guest, 520
 The cup went through among the rest,
 Who drain'd it merrily;
 Alone the Palmer pass'd it by,
 Though Selby pressed him courteously.
 This was the sign the feast was o'er; 525
 It hush'd the merry wassel roar,
 The minstrels ceased to sound.
 Soon in the castle nought was heard,
 But the slow footstep of the guard,
 Pacing his sober round. 530

XXXI.

With early dawn Lord Marmion rose :
 And first the chapel doors unclose ;
 Then, after morning rites were done,
 (A hasty mass from Friar John),
 And knight and squire had broke their fast, 535
 On rich substantial repast,
 Lord Marmion's bugles blew to horse :
 Then came the stirrup-cup in course :
 Between the Baron and his host,
 No point of courtesy was lost; 540
 High thanks were by Lord Marmion paid,
 Solemn excuse the Captain made,
 Till, filing from the gate, had pass'd
 That noble train, their Lord the last.
 Then loudly rung the trumpet call; 545
 Thunder'd the cannon from the wall,
 And shook the Scottish shore ;
 Around the castle eddied slow,
 Volumes of smoke as white as snow,
 And hid its turrets hoar; 550
 Till they roll'd forth upon the air,
 And met the river breezes there,
 Which gave again the prospect fair.

534. *A hasty mass* such as was usual, in a corrupt state of the church, when it was desirable to shorten the period of devotion, as when a hunt was going forward. *Mass* means the celebration of the Lord's Supper, so called from the last words of the service — *Missa est concio*, 'the congregation is dismissed.'

538. *Stirrup-cup*, given to a guest after he had mounted his horse for departure.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

POET LAUREATE.

The most popular poet of this day — Alfred Tennyson — was born in the parsonage of Somersby, near Spilsby, in 1809. He entered Trinity College Cambridge, and at the age of nineteen first distinguished himself in a university prize poem. In 1842, despite much discouragement, he published a large collection of poems containing among others those universal favourites: *The May Queen*, *Dora*, *The Miller's Daughter*, *Locksley Hall*, and *The Lotos-Eaters*. Tennyson's next work was *The Princess, a Medley*, a poem on a novel plan, being substantially an epic narrated in a series of lyrics.

The premature death of a college companion, Mr. Arthur Hallam, a son of Hallam the historian, who was affianced to Mr. Tennyson's sister gave occasion for the *In Memoriam* „one of the most remarkable poems of the century”; ¹⁾ — a volume of short poems divided into sections. A companion poem to *Locksley Hall* is *Maud*; and a poem bearing still more the stamp of the 19th century is *Enoch Arden*.

In 1859 appeared the first four of the *Idylls of the King*, being not the epic of the Round Table narrated as a whole, but the romance of Camelot and the passionate deeds of its nobles, reproduced in a series of exquisite pictures, each complete in itself; they were partly written in honour of Prince Albert „as much a knight as king Arthur himself.”

The *Coming of Arthur* stands as the prologue to the epic, in the body of which is found the idylls of *Enid*, the „chaste Griseld” of Camelot; *Elaine*, a tragic tale of unrequited love; *The Quest of The Holy Grail*, *Pelleas and Ettarre*, and *Guinevere*. *The Passing of Arthur* forms the epilogue to this tragedy.

After many contributions to periodicals of all kinds, the Poet published another Idyll of the King, *The Last Tournament* which appeared in „The Contemporary Review” for Dec. 1871 and is to be placed between „Pelleas” and „Guinevere.”

Gareth and Lynette, appeared in 1872; *Queen Mary*, in 1875; *Harold*, in 1877; *The Lover's Tale*, in 1879; *Ballads*, in 1880; *The Cup* and *The Falcon*, and *Becket* in 1884.

Tennyson has been raised to the peerage, and sits in the House of Lords as Lord Tennyson. The latest works of the poet published in 1886 show no falling off in vigour of style and thought.

Enoch Arden.

Long lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm;
And in the chasm are foam and yellow sands;
Beyond, red roofs about a narrow wharf
In cluster; then a moulder'd church; and higher,
A long street climbs to one tall-tower'd mill;
And high in heaven behind it a gray down
With Danish barrows; and a hazel wood,
By autumn nutters haunted, flourishes
Green in a cuplike hollow of the down.

¹⁾ Spalding.

Here on this beach a hundred years ago,
 Three children of three houses, Annie Lee,
 The prettiest little damsel in the port,
 And Philip Ray, the miller's only son,
 And Enoch Arden, a rough sailor's lad
 Made orphan by a winter shipwreck, play'd
 Among the waste and lumber of the shore,
 Hard coils of cordage, swarthy fishing-nets,
 Anchors of rusty fluke, and boats updrawn;
 And built their castles of dissolving sand
 To watch them overflow'd, or following up
 And flying the white breaker, daily left
 The little footprint daily wash'd away.

A narrow cave ran in beneath the cliff:
 In this the children play'd at keeping house.
 Enoch was host one day, Philip the next,
 While Annie still was mistress; but at times
 Enoch would hold possession for a week:
 „This is my house and this my little wife.”
 „Mine too” said Philip „turn and turn about:”
 When, if they quarrell'd, Enoch stronger-made
 Was master: then would Philip, his blue eyes
 All flooded with the helpless wrath of tears,
 Shriek out „I hate you, Enoch,” and at this
 The little wife would weep for company,
 And pray them not to quarrel for her sake,
 And say she would be little wife to both.

But when the dawn of rosy childhood past,
 And the new warmth of life's ascending sun
 Was felt by either, either fixt his heart
 On that one girl; and Enoch spoke his love,
 But Philip loved in silence; and the girl
 Seem'd kinder unto Philip than to him;
 But she loved Enoch, tho' she knew it not,
 And would if ask'd deny it. Enoch set
 A purpose evermore before his eyes,
 To hoard all savings to the uttermost,
 To purchase his own boat, and make a home
 For Annie: and so prosper'd that at last
 A luckier or a bolder fisherman,
 A carefuller in peril, did not breathe
 For leagues along that breaker-beaten coast
 Than Enoch. Likewise had he served a year
 On board a merchantman, and made himself
 Full sailor; and he thrice had pluck'd a life
 From the dread sweep of the down-streaming seas:
 And all men look'd upon him favourably:
 And ere he touch'd his one-and-twentieth May
 He purchased his own boat, and made a home
 For Annie, neat and nestlike, halfway up
 The narrow street that clamber'd toward the mill.

Then, on a golden autumn eventide,
 The younger people making holiday,
 With bag and sack and basket, great and small,
 Went nutting to the hazels. Philip stay'd
 (His father lying sick and needing him)
 An hour behind; but as he climb'd the hill,
 Just where the prone edge of the wood began
 To feather toward the hollow, saw the pair,
 Enoch and Annie, sitting hand-in-hand,
 His large gray eyes and weather beaten face
 All-kindled by a still and sacred fire,
 That burn'd as on an altar. Philip look'd,
 And in their eyes and faces read his doom;
 Then, as their faces drew together, groan'd,
 And slipt aside, and like a wounded life
 Crept down into the hollows of the wood;
 There, while the rest were loud in merrymaking.
 Had is dark hour unseen, and rose and past
 Bearing a liefelong hunger in his heart.

So these were wed, and merrily rang the bells,
 And merrily ran the years, seven happy years,
 Seven happy years of health and competence,
 And mutual love and honourable toil;
 With children; first a daughter. In him woke,
 With his first babe's first cry, the noble wish
 To save all earnings to the uttermost,
 And give his child a better bringing-up
 Than his had been, or hers; a wish renew'd,
 When two years after came a boy to be
 The rosy idol of her solitudes,
 While Enoch was abroad on wrathful seas,
 Or often journeying landward; for in truth
 Enoch's white horse, and Enoch's ocean-spoil
 In ocean-smelling osier, and his face,
 Rough-redden'd with a thousand winter gales,
 Not only to the market-cross were known,
 But in the leafy lanes behind the down,
 Far as the portal-warding lion-whelp,
 And peacock-yewtree of the lonely Hall,
 Whose Friday fare was Enoch's ministering.

Then came a change, as all things human change.
 Ten miles to northward of the narrow port
 Open'd a larger haven: thither used
 Enoch at times to go by land or sea:
 And once when there, and clambering on a mast
 In harbour, by mischance he slipt and fell:
 A limb was broken when they lifted him;
 And while he lay recovering there, his wife
 Bore him another son, a sickly one:
 Another hand crept too across his trade
 Taking her bread and theirs; and on him fell,
 Altho' a grave and staid God-fearing man,

Yet lying thus inactive, doubt and gloom.
 He seem'd, as in a nightmare of the night,
 To see his children leading evermore
 Low miserable lives of hand-to-mouth,
 And her, he loved, a beggar: then he pray'd
 „Save them from this, whatever comes to me.”
 Ant while he pray'd, the master of that ship
 Enoch had served in, hearing his mischance,
 Came, for he knew the man and valued him,
 Reporting of his vessel China-bound,
 And wanting yet a boatswain. Would he go?
 There yet were many weeks before she sail'd,
 Sail'd from this port. Would Enoch have the place?
 And Enoch all at once assented to it,
 Rejoicing at that answer to his prayer.

So now that shadow of mischance appear'd
 No graver than as when some little cloud
 Cuts off the fiery highway of the sun,
 And isles a light in the offing: yet the wife —
 When he was gone — the children — what to do?
 Then Enoch lay long-pondering on his plans;
 To sell the boat — and yet he loved her well —
 How many a rough sea had he weather'd in her!
 He knew her, as a horseman knows his horse —
 And yet to sell her — then with what she brought
 Buy goods and stores — set Annie forth in trade
 With all that seamen needed or their wives —
 So might she keep the house while he was gone.
 Should he not trade himself out yonder? go
 This voyage more than once? yea twice or thrice —
 As oft as needed — last, returning rich,
 Become the master of a larger craft,
 With fuller profits lead an easier life,
 Have all his pretty young ones educated,
 And pass his days in peace among his own.

Thus Enoch in his heart determined all:
 Then moving homeward came on Annie pale,
 Nursing the sickly babe, her latest-born.
 Forward, she started with a happy cry,
 And laid the feeble infant in his arms;
 Whom Enoch took, and handled all his limbs,
 Appraised his weight and fondled fatherlike,
 But had no heart to break his purposes
 To Annie, till the morrow, when he spoke.

Then first, since Enoch's golden ring had girt
 Her finger, Annie fought against his will:
 Yet not with brawling opposition she,
 But manifold entreaties, many a tear,
 Many a sad kiss by day by night renew'd
 (Sure that all evil would come out of it)

Besought him, supplicating, if he cared
 For her or his dear children, not to go.
 He not for his own self caring but her,
 Her and her children, let her plead in vain;
 So grieving held his will, and bore it thro'.

For Enoch parted with his old sea-friend,
 Bought Annie goods and stores, and set his hand
 To fit their little streetward sitting-room
 With shelf and corner for the goods and stores.
 So all day long till Enoch's last at home,
 Shaking their pretty cabin, hammer and axe,
 Auger and saw, while Annie seem'd to hear
 Her own death-scaffold raising, shrill'd and rang,
 Till this was ended, and his careful hand, —
 The space was narrow, — having order'd all
 Almost as neat and close as Nature packs
 Her blossom or her seedling, paused; and he,
 Who needs would work for Annie to the last,
 Ascending tired, heavily slept till morn.

And Enoch faced this morning of farewell
 Brightly and boldly. All his Annie's fears,
 Save, as his Annie's, were a laughter to him.
 Yet Enoch as a brave God-fearing man
 Bow'd himself down, and in that mystery
 Where God-in-man is one with man-in-God,
 Pray'd for a blessing on his wife and babes
 Whatever came to him: and then he said
 „Annie, this voyage by the grace of God
 Will bring fair weather yet to all of us.
 Keep a clean hearth and a clear fire for me,
 For I'll be back, my girl, before you know it.”
 Then lightly rocking baby's cradle „and he,
 This pretty, puny, weakly little one, —
 Nay — for I love him all the better for it —
 God bless him, he shall sit upon my knees
 And I will tell him tales of foreign parts,
 And make him merry, when I come home again.
 Come Annie, come, cheer up before I go.”

Him running on thus hopefully she heard,
 And almost hoped herself; but when he turn'd
 The current of his talk to graver things
 In sailor fashion roughly sermonizing
 On providence and trust in Heaven, she heard,
 Heard and not heard him; as the village girl,
 Who sets her pitcher underneath the spring,
 Musing on him that used to fill it for her,
 Hears and not hears, and lets it overflow.

At length she spoke „O Enoch, you are wise;
 And yet for all your wisdom well know I
 That I shall look upon your face no more.”

"Well then," said Enoch, "I shall look on yours. Annie, the ship I sail in passes here (He named the day) get you a seaman's glass, Spy out my face, and laugh at all your fears."

But when the last of those last moments came,
 "Annie, my girl, cheer up, be comforted,
 Look to the babes, and till I come again,
 Keep everything shipshape, for I must go.
 And fear no more for me; or if you fear
 Cast all your cares on God; that anchor holds.
 Is He not yonder in those uttermost
 Parts of the morning? if I flee to these
 Can I go from Him? and the sea is His,
 The sea is His: He made it."

Enoch rose,
 Cast his strong arms about his drooping wife,
 And kiss'd his wonder-stricken little ones;
 But for the third, the sickly one, who slept
 After a night of feverous wakefulness,
 When Annie would have raised him Enoch said
 "Wake him not; let him sleep; how should the child
 Remember this?" and kiss'd him in his cot.
 But Annie from her baby's forehead clipt
 A tiny curl, and gave it: this he kept
 Thro' all his future; but now hastily caught
 His bundle, waved his hand, and went his way.

She when the day, that Enoch mention'd, came,
 Borrow'd a glass, but all in vain: perhaps
 She could not fix the glass to suit her eye;
 Perhaps her eye was dim, hand tremulous;
 She saw him not: and while he stood on deck
 Waving, the moment and the vessel past.

Ev'n to the last dip of the vanishing sail
 She watch'd it, and departed weeping for him;
 Then, tho' she mourn'd his absence as his grave,
 Set her sad will no less to chime with his,
 But throve not in her trade, not being bred
 To barter, nor compensating the want
 By shrewdness, neither capable of lies,
 Nor asking overmuch and taking less,
 And still foreboding "what would Enoch say?"
 For more than once, in days of difficulty
 And pressure, had she sold her wares for less
 Than what she gave in buying what she sold:
 She fail'd and sadden'd knowing it; and thus,
 Expectant of that news which never came,
 Gain'd for her own a scanty sustenance,
 And lived a life of silent melancholy.

Now the third child was sickly-born and grew
 Yet sicklier, tho' the mother cared for it

With all a mother's care: nevertheless,
 Whether her business often call'd her from it,
 Or thro' the want of what it needed most,
 Or means to pay the voice who best could tell
 What most it needed — howsoe'er it was,
 After a lingering, — ere she was aware, —
 Like the caged bird escaping suddenly,
 The little innocent soul flitted away.

In that same week when Annie buried it,
 Philip's true heart, which hunger'd for her peace
 (Since Enoch left he had not look'd upon her),
 Smote him, as having kept aloof so long.
 „Surely” said Philip „I may see her now,
 May be some little comfort;” therefore went,
 Past thro' the solitary room in front,
 Paused for a moment at an inner door,
 Then struck it thrice, and, no one opening,
 Enter'd; but Annie, seated with her grief,
 Fresh from the burial of her little one,
 Cared not to look on any human face,
 But turn'd her own toward the wall and wept.
 Then Philip standing up said falteringly
 „Annie, I came to ask a favour of you.”

He spoke; the passion in her moan'd reply
 „Favour from one so sad and so forlorn
 As I am!” half abash'd him; yet unask'd,
 His bashfulness and tenderness at war,
 He set himself beside her, saying to her:

„I came to speak to you of what he wish'd,
 Enoch, your husband: I have ever said
 You chose the best among us — a strong man:
 For where he fixt his heart he set his hand
 To do the thing he will'd, and bore it thro'.
 And wherefore did he go this weary way,
 And leave you lonely? not to see the world —
 For pleasure? nay, but for the wherewithal
 To give his babes a better bringing-up
 Than his had been, or yours: that was his wish.
 And if he come again, vexed will he be
 To find the precious morning hours were lost.
 And it would vex him even in his grave.
 If he could know his babes were running wild
 Like colts about the waste. So, Annie, now —
 Have we not known each other all our lives?
 I do beseech you by the love you bear
 Him and his children not to say me nay —
 For, if you will, when Enoch comes again
 Why then he shall repay me — if you will;
 Annie — for I am rich and well-to-do.
 Now let me put the boy and girl to school:
 This is the favour that I came to ask.”

Then Annie with her brows against the wall
 Answer'd „I cannot look you in the face;
 I seem so foolish and so broken down.
 When you came in my sorrow broke me down;
 And now I think your kindness breaks me down;
 But Enoch lives; that is borne in on me:
 He will repay you: money can be repaid;
 Not kindness such as yours.”

And Philip ask'd
 „Then you will let me, Annie?”

There she turn'd,
 She rose, and fixt her swimmig eyes upon him,
 And dwelt a moment on his kindly face,
 Then calling down a blessing on his head
 Caught at his hand, and wrung it passionately,
 And past into the little garth beyond.
 So lifted up in spirit he moved away.

Then Philip put the boy and girl to school,
 And bought them needful books, and every way,
 Like one who does his duty by his own,
 Made himself theirs; and tho' for Annie's sake,
 Fearing the lazy gossip of the port,
 He oft denied his heart his dearest wish,
 And seldom crost her threshold, yet he sent
 Gifts by the children, garden-herbs and fruit,
 The late and early roses from his wall,
 Or conies from the down, and now and then,
 With some pretext of fineness in the meal
 To save the offence of charitable, flour
 From his tall mill that whistled on the waste.

But Philip did not fathom Annie's mind:
 Scarce could the woman when he came upon her,
 Out of full heart and boundless gratitude
 Light on a broken word to thank him with.
 But Philip was her children's all-in-all;
 From distant corners of the street they ran
 To greet his hearty welcome heartily;
 Lords of his house and of his mill were they;
 Worried his passive ear with petty wrongs
 Or pleasures, hung upon him, play'd with him
 And call'd him Father Philip. Philip gain'd
 As Enoch lost; for Enoch seem'd to them
 Uncertain as a vision or a dream,
 Faint as a figure seen in early dawn
 Down at the far end of an avenue,
 Going we know not where: and so ten years,
 Since Enoch left his hearth and native land,
 Fled forward, and no news of Enoch came.

• It chanced one evening Annie's children long'd
 To go with others, nutting to the wood,

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And Annie would go with them; then they begg'd
 For Father Philip (as they call'd him) too:
 Him, like the working bee in blossom-dust,
 Blanch'd with his mill, they found; and saying to him
 „Come with us Father Philip” he denied;
 But when the children pluck'd at him to go,
 He laugh'd, and yielded readily to their wish,
 For was not Annie with them? and they went.

But after scaling half the weary down,
 Just where the prone edge of the wood began
 To feather toward the hollow, all her force
 Fail'd her; and sighing „let me rest” she said:
 So Philip rested with her well-content;
 While all the younger ones with jubilant cries
 Broke from their elders, and tumultuously
 Down thro' the whitening hazels made a plunge
 To the bottom, and dispersed, and bent or broke
 The lithe reluctant boughs to tear away
 Their tawny clusters, crying to each other
 And calling, here and there, about the wood.

But Philip sitting at her side forgot
 Her presence, and remember'd one dark hour
 Here in this wood, when like a wounded life
 He crept into the shadow; at last he said
 Lifting his honest forehead „Listen, Annie,
 How merry they are down yonder in the wood.”
 „Tired, Annie?” for she did not speak a word.
 „Tired?” but her face had fall'n upon her hands:
 At which, as with a kind of anger in him.
 „The ship was lost” he said „the ship was lost!
 No more of that! why should you kill yourself
 And make them orphans quite?” And Annie said
 „I thought not of it: but — I know not why —
 Their voices make me feel so solitary.”

Then Philip coming somewhat closer spoke.
 „Annie, there is a thing upon my mind,
 And it has been upon my mind so long,
 That tho' I know not when it first came there,
 I know that it will out at last. O Annie,
 It is beyond all hope, against all chance,
 That he who left you ten long years ago
 Should still be living; well then — let me speak:
 I grieve to see you poor and wanting help:
 I cannot help you as I wish to do
 Unless — they say that women are so quick —
 Perhaps you know what I would have you know —
 I wish you for my wife. I fain would prove
 A father to your children: I do think
 They love me as a father: I am sure
 That I love them as if they were mine own;

And I believe, if you were fast my wife,
 That after all these sad uncertain years,
 We might be still as happy as God grants
 To any of His creatures. Think upon it:
 For I am well-to-do — no kin, no care,
 No burthen, save my care for you and yours:
 And we have known each other all our lives,
 And I have loved you longer than you know."

Then answer'd Annie; tenderly she spoke:
 „You have been as God's good angel in our house.
 God bless you for it, God reward you for it,
 Philip, with something happier than myself.
 Can one love twice? can you be ever loved
 As Enoch was? what is it that you ask?"
 „I am content" he answer'd „to be loved
 A little after Enoch." „Oh" she cried
 Scared as it were „dear Philip, wait a while:
 If Enoch comes — but Enoch will not come —
 Yet wait a year, a year is not so long:
 Surely I shall be wiser in a year:
 O wait a little!" Philip sadly said
 „Annie, as I have waited all my life
 I well may wait a little." „Nay" she cried
 „I am bound: you have my promise — in a year:
 Will you not bide your year as I bide mine?"
 And Philip answer'd „I will bide my year."

Here both were mute, till Philip glancing up
 Beheld the dead flame of the fallen day
 Pass from the Danish barrow overhead;
 Then fearing night and chill for Annie rose,
 And sent his voice beneath him thro' the wood.
 Up came the children laden with their spoil;
 Then all descended to the port, and there
 At Annie's door he paused and gave his hand,
 Saying gently „Annie, when I spoke to you,
 That was your hour of weakness. I was wrong
 I am always bound to you, but you are free."
 Then Annie weeping answer'd „I am bound."

She spoke; and in one moment as it were,
 While yet she went about her household ways,
 Ev'n as she dwelt upon his latest words,
 That he had loved her longer than she knew,
 That autumn into autumn flash'd again,
 And there he stood once more before her face,
 Claiming her promise. „Is it a year?" she ask'd.
 „Yes, if the nuts" he said „be ripe again:
 Come out and see." But she — she put him off —
 So much to look to — such a change — a month —
 Give her a month — she knew that she was bound —
 A month — no more. Then Philip with his eyes

Full of that lifelong hunger, and his voice
 Shaking a little like a drunkard's hand,
 „Take your own time, Annie, take your own time.”
 And Annie could have wept for pity of him;
 And yet she held him on delayingly
 With many a scarce-believable excuse,
 Trying his truth and his long-sufferance,
 Till half-another year had slipt away.

By this the lazy gossips of the port,
 Abhorrent of a calculation crost,
 Began to chafe as at a personal wrong.
 Some thought Philip did but trifle with her
 Some that she but held off to draw him on:
 And others laugh'd at her and Philip too,
 As simple folk that knew not their own minds;
 And one, in whom all evil fancies elung
 Like serpent eggs together, laughingly
 Would hint at worse in either. Her own son
 Was silent, tho' he often look'd his wish;
 But evermore the daughter prest upon her
 To wed the man so dear to all of them
 And lift the household out of poverty;
 And Philip's rosy face contracting grew
 Careworn and wan; and all these things fell on her
 Sharp as reproach.

At last one night it chanced
 That Annie could not sleep, but earnestly
 Pray'd for a sign „my Enoch is he gone?”
 Then compass'd round by the blind wall of night
 Brook'd not the expectant terror of her heart,
 Started from bed, and struck herself a light,
 Then desperately seized the holy Book,
 Suddenly set it wide to find a sign,
 Suddenly put her finger on the text,
 „Under a palmtree.” That was nothing to her:
 No meaning there: she closed the Book and slept:
 When lo! her Enoch sitting on a height,
 Under a palmtree, over him the Sun:
 „He is gone” she thought „he is happy, he is singing
 Hosanna in the highest: yonder shines
 The Sun of Righteousness, and these be palms”
 Whereof the happy people strowing cried
 ‘Hosanna in the highest!’” Here she woke,
 Resolved, sent for him and said wildly to him
 „There is no reason why we should not wed.”
 „Then for God's sake,” he answer'd, „both our sakes
 So you will wed me, let it be at once.”

So these were wed and merrily rang the bells,
 Merrily rang the bells and they were wed.
 But never merrily beat Annie's heart.
 A footstep seem'd to fall beside her path,
 She knew not whence; a whisper on her ear,

She knew not what; nor loved she to be left
 Alone at home, nor ventured out alone.
 What ail'd her then, that ere she enter'd, often
 Her hand dwelt lingeringly on the latch,
 Fearing to enter: Philip thought he knew:
 Such doubts and fears were common to her state,
 Being with child: but when her child was born,
 Then her new child was as herself renew'd,
 Then the new mother came about her heart,
 Then her good Philip was her all-in-all,
 And that mysterious instinct wholly died.

And where was Enoch? prosperously sail'd
 The ship „Good Fortune,” tho' at setting forth
 The Biscay, roughly ridging eastward, shook
 And almost overwhelm'd her, yet unvext
 She slipt across the summer of the world,
 Then after a long tumble about the Cape
 And frequent interchange of foul and fair,
 She passing thro' the summer world again,
 The breath of heaven came continually
 And sent her sweetly by the golden isles,
 Till silent in her oriental haven.

There Enoch traded for himself, and bought
 Quaint monsters for the market of those times,
 A gilded dragon, also, for the babes.

Less lucky her home-voyage: at first indeed
 Thro' many a fair sea-circle, day by day,
 Scarce-rocking, her full-busted figure-head
 Stared o'er the ripple feathering from her bows:
 Then follow'd calms, and then winds variable,
 Then baffling, a long course of them; and last
 Storm, such as drove her under moonless heavens
 Till hard upon the cry of „breakers” came
 The crash of ruin, and the loss of all
 But Enoch and two others. Half the night,
 Buoy'd upon floating tackle and broken spars,
 These drifted, stranding on an isle at morn
 Rich, but the loneliest in a lonely sea.

No want was there of human sustenance,
 Soft fruitage, mighty nuts, and nourishing roots;
 Nor save for pity was it hard to take
 The helpless life so wild that it was tame.
 There in a seaward-gazing mountain-gorge
 They built, and thatch'd with leaves of palm, a hut,
 Half hut, half native cavern. So the three,
 Set in this Eden of all plenteousness,
 Dwelt with eternal summer, ill-content.

For one, the youngest, hardly more than boy,
 Hurt in that night of sudden ruin and wreck,

Lay lingering out a three-years' death-in-life.
 They could not leave him. After he was gone,
 The two remaining found a fallen stem;
 And Enoch's comrade, careless of himself,
 Fire-hollowing this in Indian fashion, fell
 Sun-stricken, and that other lived alone.
 In those two deaths he read God's warning „wait.”

The mountain wooded to the peak, the lawns
 And winding glades high up like ways to Heaven,
 The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes,
 The lightning flash of insect and of bird,
 The lustre of the long convolvulus
 That coil'd around the stately stems, and ran
 Ev'n to the limit of the land, the glows
 And glories of the broad belt of the world,
 All these he saw; but what he fain had seen
 He could not see, the kindly human face,
 Nor ever hear a kindly voice, but heard
 The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-fowl,
 The league-long roller thundering on the reef,
 The moving whisper of huge trees that branch'd
 And blossom'd in the zenith, or the sweep
 Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave,
 As down the shore he ranged, or all day long
 Sat often in the seaward-gazing gorge.
 A shipwreck'd sailor, waiting for a sail:
 No sail from day to day, but every day,
 The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts
 Among the palms and ferns and precipices;
 The blaze upon the waters to the east;
 The blaze upon his island overhead;
 The blaze upon the waters to the west;
 Then the great stars that globed themselves in Heaven,
 The hollow-bellowing ocean, and again
 The scarlet shafts of sunrise — but no sail.

There often as he watch'd or seem'd to watch,
 So still, the golden lizard on him paused.
 A phantom made of many phantoms moved
 Before him haunting him; or he himself
 Moved haunting people, things and places known
 Far in a darker isle beyond the line;
 The babes, their babble, Annie, the small house,
 The climbing street, the mill, the leafy lanes,
 The peacock-yewtree and the lonely Hall,
 The horse he drove, the boat he sold, the chill
 November dawns and dewy-glooming downs,
 The gentle shower, the smell of dying leaves,
 And the low moan of leaden-colour'd seas.

Once likewise, in the ringing of his ears,
 Tho' faintly, merrily — far and far away —

He heard the pealing of his parish bells;
 Then, tho' he knew not wherefore, started up
 Shuddering, and when the beauteous hateful isle
 Return'd upon him, had not his poor heart
 Spoken with That, which being everywhere
 Lets none, who speaks with Him, seem all alone,
 Surely the man had died of solitude.

Thus over Enoch's early-silvering head
 The sunny and rainy seasons came and went
 Year after year. His hopes to see his own,
 And pace the sacred old familiar fields,
 Not yet had perish'd, when his lonely doom
 Came suddenly to an end. Another ship
 (She wanted water) blown by baffling winds,
 Like the Good Fortune, from her destined course,
 Stay'd by this isle, not knowing where she lay:
 For since the mate had seen at early dawn
 Across a break on the mist-wreathen isle
 The silent water slipping from the hills,
 They sent a crew that landing burst away
 In search of stream or fount, and fill'd the shores
 With clamour. Downward from his mountain gorge
 Stept the long-hair'd long-bearded solitary,
 Brown, looking hardly human, strangely clad,
 Muttering and mumbling, idiotlike it seem'd,
 With inarticulate rage, and making signs
 They knew not what: and yet he led the way
 To where the rivulets of sweet water ran;
 And ever as he mingled with the crew,
 And heard them talking, his long-bounden tongue
 Was loosen'd, till he made them understand;
 Whom, when their casks were fill'd they took aboard
 And there the tale he utter'd brokenly,
 Scarce credited at first but more and more,
 Amazed and melted all who listen'd to it:
 And clothes they gave him and free passage home;
 But oft he work'd among the rest and shook
 His isolation from him. None of these
 Came from his county, or could answer him,
 If question'd, aught of what he cared to know.
 And dull the voyage was with long delays,
 The vessel scarce sea-worthy; but evermore
 His fancy fled before the lazy wind
 Returning, till beneath a clouded moon
 He like a lover down thro' all his blood
 Drew in the dewy meadowy morning breath
 O England, blown across her ghostly wall:
 And that same morning officers and men
 Levied a kindly tax upon themselves,
 Pitying the lonely man, and gave him it:
 Then moving up the coast they landed him,
 Ev'n in that harbour whence he sail'd before.

There Enoch spoke no word to anyone,
 But homeward — home — what home? had he a home?
 His home, he walk'd. Bright was that afternoon,
 Sunny but chill; till drawn thro' either chasm,
 Where either haven open'd on the deeps,
 Roll'd a sea-haze and whelm'd the world in gray;
 Cut off the length of highway on before,
 And left but narrow breadth to left and right
 Of wither'd holt or tilth or pasturage.
 On the nigh-naked tree the Robin piped
 Disconsolate, and thro' the dripping haze
 The dead weight of the dead leaf bore it down:
 Thicker the drizzle grew, deeper the gloom;
 Last, as it seem'd, a great mist-blotted light
 Flared on him, and he came upon the place.

Then down the long street having slowly stolen,
 His heart foreshadowing all calamity,
 His eyes upon the stones, he reach'd the home
 Where Annie lived and loved him, and his babes
 In those far-off seven happy years were born;
 But finding neither light nor murmur there
 (A bill of sale gleam'd thro' the drizzle) crept
 Still downward thinking „dead or dead to me!”

Down to the pool and narrow wharf he went,
 Seeking a tavern which of old he knew,
 A front of timber-crost antiquity,
 So propt, worm-eaten, ruinously old,
 He thought it must have gone; but he was gone
 Who kept it; and his widow, Miriam Lane,
 With daily-dwindling profits held the house;
 A haunt of brawling seamen once, but now
 Still, with yet a bed for wandering men.
 There Enoch rested silent many days.

But Miriam Lane was good and garrulous,
 Nor let him be, but often breaking in,
 Told him, with other annals of the port,
 Not knowing — Enoch was so brown, so bow'd,
 So broken — all the story of his house.
 His baby's death, her growing poverty,
 How Philip put her little ones to school,
 And kept them in it, his long wooing her,
 Her slow consent, and marriage, and the birth
 Of Philip's child: and o'er his countenance
 No shadow past, nor motion: anyone,
 Regarding, well had deem'd he felt the tale
 Less than the teller: only when she closed
 „Enoch, poor man, was cast away and lost”
 He, shaking his gray head pathetically,
 Repeated muttering „cast away and lost;”
 Again in deeper inward whispers „lost!”

But Enoch yearn'd to see her face again;
 "If I might look on her sweet face again
 And know that she is happy." So the thought
 Haunted and harass'd him, and drove him forth,
 At evening when the dull November day
 Was growing duller twilight, to the hill.
 There he sat down gazing on all below,
 There did a thousand memories roll upon him,
 Unspeakable for sadness. By and by
 The ruddy square of comfortable light,
 Far-blazing from the rear of Philip's house,
 Allured him, as the beacon-blaze allures
 The bird of passage, till he madly strikes
 Against it, and beats out his weary life.

For Philip's dwelling fronted on the street,
 The latest house to landward; but behind,
 With one small gate that open'd on the waste,
 Flourish'd a little garden square and wall'd:
 And in it throve an ancient evergreen,
 A yewtree, and all round it ran a walk
 Of shingle, and a walk divided it.
 But Enoch shunn'd the middle walk and stole
 Up by the wall, behind the yew; and thence
 That which he better might have shunn'd, if griefs
 Like his have worse or better, Enoch saw.

For cups and silver on the burnish'd board
 Sparkled and shone; so genial was the hearth
 And on the right hand of the hearth he saw
 Philip, the slighted suitor of old times,
 Stout, rosy, with his babe across his knees:
 And o'er her second father stoopt a girl,
 A later but a loftier Annie Lee,
 Fair-hair'd and tall, and from her lifted hand
 Dangled a length of ribbon and a ring
 To tempt the babe, who rear'd his creasy arms,
 Caught at and ever miss'd it, and they laugh'd:
 And on the left hand of the hearth he saw
 The mother glancing often toward her babe,
 But turning now and then to speak with him,
 Her son, who stood beside her tall and strong,
 And saying that which pleased him, for he smiled.

Now when the dead man come to life beheld
 His wife his wife no more, and saw the babe
 Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee,
 And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness,
 And his own children tall and beautiful,
 And him, that other, reigning in his place,
 Lord of his rights and of his children's love —
 Then he, tho' Miriam Lane had told him all,
 Because things seen are mightier than things heard,

Stagger'd and shook, holding the branch, and fear'd
 To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry.
 Which in one moment, like the blast of doom,
 Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth.

He therefore turning softly like a thief,
 Lest the harsh shingle should grate underfoot,
 And feeling all along the garden-wall,
 Lest he should swoon and tumble and be found,
 Crept to the gate, and open'd it, and closed,
 As lightly as a sick man's chamber-door,
 Behind him, and came out upon the waste.

And there he would have knelt, but that his knees
 Were feeble, so that falling prone he dug
 His fingers into the wet earth, and pray'd.

"Too hard to bear! why did they take me thence?
 O God Almighty, blessed Saviour, Thou
 That did'st uphold me on my lonely isle,
 Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness
 A little longer! aid me, give me strength
 Not to tell her, never to let her know.
 Help me not to break in upon her peace.
 My children too! must I not speak to these?
 They know me not. I should betray myself.
 Never: no father's kiss for me — the girl
 So like her mother, and the boy, my son."

There speech and thought and nature fail'd a little,
 And he lay tranced; but when he rose and paced
 Back toward his solitary home again,
 All down the long and narrow street he went
 Beating it in upon his weary brain,
 As tho' it were the burthen of a song,
 "Not to tell her, never to let her know."

He was not all unhappy. His resolve
 Upbore him, and firm faith, and evermore
 Prayer from a living source within the will,
 And beating up thro' all the bitter world,
 Like fountains of sweet water in the sea,
 Kept him a living soul. "This miller's wife"
 He said to Miriam "that you told me of,
 Has she no fear that her first husband lives?"
 "Ay, ay, poor soul" said Miriam, "fear enow!
 If you could tell her you had seen him dead,
 Why, that would be her comfort;" and he thought
 "After the Lord has call'd me she shall know,
 I wait His time" and Enoch set himself,
 Scorning an alms, to work whereby to live.
 Almost to all things could he turn his hand.
 Cooper he was and carpenter, and wrought

To make the boatmen fishing-nets, or help'd
 At lading and unlading the tall barks,
 That brought the stinted commerce of those days;
 Thus earn'd a scanty living for himself:
 Yet since he did but labour for himself,
 Work without hope, there was not life in it
 Whereby the man could live: and as the year
 Roll'd itself round again to meet the day
 When Enoch had return'd, a languor came
 Upon him, gentle sickness, gradually
 Weakening the man, till he could do no more,
 But kept the house, his chair, and last his bed.
 And Enoch bore his weakness cheerfully.
 For sure no gladlier does the stranded wreck
 See thro' the gray skirts of a lifting squall
 The boat that bears the hope of life approach
 To save the life despair'd of, than he saw
 Death dawning on him, and the close of all.

For thro' that dawning gleam'd a kindlier hope
 On Enoch thinking „after I am gone,
 Then may she learn I loved her to the last.”
 He call'd aloud for Miriam Lane and said
 „Woman, I have a secret — only swear,
 Before I tell you — swear upon the book
 Not to reveal it, till you see me dead.”
 „Dead” clamour'd the good woman „hear him talk!
 I warrant, man, that we shall bring you round.”
 „Swear” added Enoch sternly „on the book.”
 And on the book, half-frighted, Miriam swore.
 Then Enoch rolling his gray eyes upon her,
 „Did you know Enoch Arden of this town?”
 „Know him?” she said „I knew him far away.
 Ay, ay, I mind him coming down the street;
 Held his head high, and cared for no man, he.”
 Slowly and sadly Enoch answer'd her;
 „His head is low, and no man cares for him.
 I think I have not three days more to live;
 I am the man.” At which the woman gave
 A half-incredulous, half-hysterical cry.
 „You Arden, you! nay, — sure he was a foot
 Higher than you be.” Enoch said again
 „My God has bow'd me down to what I am;
 My grief and solitude have broken me;
 Nevertheless, know you that I am he
 Who married — but that name has twice been changed —
 I married her who married Philip Ray.
 Sit, listen.” Then he told her of his voyage,
 His wreck, his lonely life, his coming back,
 His gazing in on Annie, his resolve,
 And how he kept it. As the woman heard,
 Fast flow'd the current of her easy tears,
 While in her heart she yearn'd incessantly
 To rush abroad all round the little haven,

Proclaiming Enoch Arden and his woes;
 But awed and promise-bounded she forbore,
 Saying only „See your bairns before you go!
 Eh, let me fetch 'em, Arden,” and arose
 Eager to bring them down, for Enoch hung
 A moment on her words, but then replied.
 „Woman, disturb me not now at the last,
 But let me hold my purpose till I die.
 Sit down again; mark me and understand,
 While I have power to speak. I charge you now,
 When you shall see her, tell her that I died
 Blessing her, praying for her, loving her;
 Save for the bar between us, loving her
 As when she laid her head beside my own.
 And tell my daughter Annie, whom I saw
 So like her mother, that my latest breath
 Was spent in blessing her and praying for her.
 And tell my son that I died blessing him.
 And say to Philip that I blest him too;
 He never meant us any thing but good.
 But if my children care to see me dead,
 Who hardly knew me living, let them come,
 I am their father; but she must not come,
 For my dead face would vex her after-life.
 And now there is but one of all my blood,
 Who will embrace me in the world-to-be;
 This hair is his: she cut it off and gave it,
 And I have borne it with me all these years,
 And thought to bear it with me to my grave;
 But now my mind is changed, for I shall see him,
 My babe in bliss: wherefore when I am gone,
 Take, give her this, for it may comfort her:
 It will moreover be a token to her,
 That I am he.”

He ceased: and Miriam Lane
 Made such a voluble answer promising all,
 That once again he roll'd his eyes upon her
 Repeating all he wish'd, and once again
 She promised.

Then the third night after this,
 While Enoch slumber'd motionless and pale,
 And Miriam watch'd and dozed at intervals,
 There came so loud a calling of the sea,
 That all the houses in the haven rang.
 He woke, he rose, he spread his arms abroad
 Crying with a loud voice „a sail! a sail!
 I am saved;” and so fell back and spoke no more.

So past the strong heroic soul away.
 And when they buried him the little port
 Had seldom seen a costlier funeral.

WILLIAM MACEPEACE THACKERAY.

1811—1863.

Thackeray is unquestionably one of the greatest of more modern novelists. He was born at Calcutta and educated at the Charter-house. He went to Cambridge which he left without taking a degree, and for four or five years studied in France, Italy and Germany, his desire being to become an artist. At Weimar he was introduced to Goethe, who examined some of the young artist's sketches. On returning to London, Thackeray having lost a considerable fortune, became a contributor to *Fraser*, writing poems, criticism and tales, and illustrating the latter by his own pencil.

His *Paris Sketch Book* and *Irish Sketch Book* together with a great many other original pieces, all full of humour and incident, he wrote for *Punch* (commenced in 1841). *The Snob Papers*, and *Jeames's Diary* were very successful.

His best work and the one that rendered him famous, is *Vanity Fair* which appeared in 1856 and the two following years. It has been named a „Novel without a Hero”, however it has two heroines. Rebecca Sharp and Amelia Sedley. His smaller writings collected in four volumes of *Miscellanies* published in 1857 may here be passed over in silence. We only mention the most admired of his works. *Pendennis* was the immediate successor of *Vanity Fair*, and is the life of a Tom Jones of the present age. As *Vanity Fair* gives us Thackeray's knowledge of life in the present day, so *Esmond* exhibits his intimate acquaintance with the society of the reign of Queen Anne. It is without a plot, and gives in an autobiographical form the life of Colonel Henry Esmond. The style of some hundred and fifty years ago is reproduced with marvellous fidelity.

The Virginians is the history of the grandsons of Esmond — in the reign of George II — it was not published till 1857 but it is next mentioned as related to *Esmond* in history. In 1853 was completed the most popular and best liked of Thackeray's novels *The Newcomes*. „The leading idea or moral of the story, is the misery occasioned by forced and ill-assorted marriages.” *The Adventures of Philip* and *Lovel the Widower* appeared in the Cornhill.

The two courses of lectures on *The English Humourists* and *The Four Georges*, are models of style and criticism. The latter is a clever sketch of the home and court-life of the first Hanoverian Sovereigns of England

From: VANITY FAIR.

(Vol. I Ch. II).

The story being too intricate to give an analysis, I prefer reading this chapter, the more so as it treats of the heroines. In Chap. I Miss Sharp left Miss Barbara Pinkerton's Institution at Chiswick together with Miss Sedley, and threw Johnson's Dictionary, Miss Pinkerton's parting-gift, out of the window.

When Miss Sharp had performed the heroical act mentioned in the last chapter, and had seen the Dixonary, flying over the pave-

ment of the little garden, fall at length at the feet of the astonished Miss Jemima. (*Miss Pinkerton's Sister*) the young lady's countenance, which had before worn an almost livid look of hatred, assumed a smile that perhaps was scarcely more agreeable, and she sank back in the carriage in an easy frame of mind, saying, — "So much for the Dixonary; and, thank God, I'm out of Chiswick."

Miss Sedley was almost as flurried at the act of defiance as Miss Jemima had been; for, consider, it was but one minute that she had left school, and the impression of six years are not got over in that space of time. Nay, with some persons those awes and terrors of youth last for ever and ever. I know, for instance, an old gentleman of sixty-eight, who said to me one morning at breakfast, with a very agitated countenance, "I dreamed last night that I was flogged by Dr. Raine." Fancy had carried him back five and fifty years in the course of that evening. Dr. Raine and his rod were just as awful to him in his heart, then, at sixty-eight, as they had been at thirteen. If the Doctor, with a large birch, had appeared bodily to him, even at the age of threescore and eight, and had said in an awful voice, "Boy, take down your pants?" — Well, well, Miss Sedley was exceedingly alarmed at this act of insubordination.

"How could you do so, Rebecca?" at last she said, after a pause.

"Why, do you think Miss Pinkerton will come out and order me back to the black-hole?" said Rebecca, laughing.

"No; but —"

"I hate the whole house," continued Miss Sharp, in a fury. "I hope I may never set eyes on it again. I wish it were in the bottom of the Thames, I do; and if Miss Pinkerton were there, I wouldn't pick her out, that I wouldn't. O how I should like to see her floating in the water yonder, turban and all, with her train streaming after her, and her nose like the beak of a wherry."

"Hush!" cried Miss Sedley.

"Why, will the black footmann tell tales?" cried Miss Rebecca, laughing. "He may go back and tell Miss Pinkerton that I hate her with all my soul; and I wish he would; and I wish I had a means of proving it, too. For two years I have only had insults and outrage from her. I have been treated worse than any servant in the kitchen. I have never had a friend or a kind word, except from you. I have been made to tend the little girls in the lower schoolroom, and to talk French to the Misses, until I grew sick of my mother-tongue. But that talking French to Miss Pinkerton was capital fun, wasn't it? She doesn't know a word of French, and was too proud to confess it. I believe it was that which made her part with me; and so thank Heaven for French. *Vive la France! Vive l'Empereur! Vive Bonaparte!*"

"O Rebecca, Rebecca, for shame!" cried Miss Sedley; for this was the greatest blasphemy Rebecca had as yet uttered; and in those days in England, to say "Long live Bonaparte!" was as much to say "Long live Lucifer!" "How can you — how dare you have such wicked, revengeful thoughts?"

"Revenge may be wicked, but it's natural," answered Miss Rebecca. "I'm no angel." And, to say the truth, she certainly was not.

For it may be remarked in the course of this little conversation

(which took place as the coach rolled along lazily by the river side) that though Miss Rebecca Sharp has twice had occasion to thank Heaven, it has been, in the first place, for ridding her of some person whom she hated, and secondly, for enabling her to bring her enemies to some sort of perplexity or confusion; neither of which are very amiable motives for religious gratitude, or such as would be put forward by persons of a kind and placable disposition. Miss Rebecca was not, then, in the least kind or placable. All the world used her ill, said this young misanthropist (or misogynist, for of the world of men she can be pronounced as yet to have had but little experience), and we may be pretty certain that the persons of either sex whom all the world treats ill, deserve entirely the treatment they get. The world is a looking-glass, and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face. Frown at it, and it will in turn look sourly upon you: laugh at it and with it, and it is a jolly kind companion; and so let all young persons take their choice. This is certain, that if the world neglected Miss Sharp, she never was known to have done a good action in behalf of anybody; nor can it be expected that twenty-four young ladies should all be as amiable as the heroine of this work, Miss Sedley (whom we have selected for the very reason that she was the best natured of all, otherwise what on earth was to have prevented us from putting up Miss Swartz, or Miss Hopkins, (*Miss Pinkerton's Pupils*) as heroine in her place?) it could not be expected that every one should be of the humble and gentle temper of Miss Amelia Sedley; should take every opportunity to vanquish Rebecca's hard-heartedness and ill-humour; and, by a thousand kind words and offices, overcome, for once at least, her hostility to her kind.

Miss Sharp's father was an artist, and in that quality had given lessons of drawing at Miss Pinkerton's school. He was a clever man; a pleasant companion; a careless student; with a great propensity for running into debt, and a partiality for the tavern. When he was drunk, he used to beat his wife and daughter; and the next morning, with a headache, he used to rail at the world for its neglect of his genius, and abuse, with a good deal of cleverness, and sometimes with perfect reason, the fools, his brother painters. As it was with the utmost difficulty that he could keep himself, and as he owed money for a mile round Soho, where he lived, he thought to better his circumstances by marrying a young woman of the French nation, who was by profession an opera-girl. The humble calling of her female parent, Miss Sharp never alluded to, but used to state subsequently that the Entrechats were a noble family of Gascony, and took great pride in her descent from them. And curious it is, that as she advanced in life this young lady's ancestors increased in rank and splendour.

Rebecca's mother had had some education somewhere, and her daughter spoke French with purity and a Parisian accent. It was in those days rather a rare accomplishment, and led to her engagement with the orthodox Miss Pinkerton. For her mother being dead, her father, finding himself not likely to recover, after his third attack of *delirium tremens*, wrote a manly and pathetic letter to Miss Pinkerton, recommending the orphan child to her protection, and so descended to the grave, after two bailiffs had quarrelled

over his corpse. Rebecca was seventeen when she came to Chiswick, and was bound over as an articulated pupil: her duties being to talk French, as we have seen, and her privileges to live cost free, and, with a few guineas a year, to gather scraps of knowledge from the professors who attended the school.

She was small and slight in person; pale, sandy-haired, and with eyes habitually cast down: when they looked up they were very large, odd, and attractive; so attractive, that the Reverend Mr. Crisp, fresh from Oxford, and curate to the Vicar of Chiswick, the Reverend Mr. Flowerdew, fell in love with Miss Sharp; being shot dead by a glance of her eyes which was fired all the way across Chiswick Church from the school pew to the reading-desk. This infatuated young man used sometimes to take tea with Miss Pinkerton, to whom he had been presented by his mamma, and actually proposed something like marriage in an intercepted note, which the one-eyed apple-woman was charged to deliver. Mrs. Crisp was summoned from Buxton, and abruptly carried off her darling boy; but the idea, even, of such an eagle in the Chiswick dovecot caused a great flutter in the breast of Miss Pinkerton, who would have sent away Miss Sharp, but that she was bound to her under a forfeit, and who never could thoroughly believe the young lady's protestations that she had never exchanged a single word with Mr. Crisp, except under her own eyes on the two occasions when she had met him at tea.

By the side of many tall and bouncing young ladies in the establishment, Rebecca Sharp looked like a child. But she had the dismal precocity of poverty. Many a dun had she talked to, and turned away from her father's door; many a tradesman had she coaxed and wheedled into good-humour, and into the granting of one meal more. She sate commonly with her father, who was very proud of her wit, and heard the talk of many of his wild companions — often but ill suited for a girl to hear. But she never had been a girl, she said; she had been a woman since she was eight years old. O why did Miss Pinkerton let such a dangerous bird into her cage?

The fact is, the old lady thought Rebecca to be the meekest creature in the world, so admirably, on the occasions when her father brought her to Chiswick, used Rebecca to perform the part of the *ingénue*. She thought her a modest and innocent little child; and only a year before the arrangement by which Rebecca had been admitted into her house, and when Rebecca was sixteen years old, Miss Pinkerton majestically, and with a little speech, made her a present of a doll — which was, by the way, the confiscated property of Miss Swindle, discovered surreptitiously nursing it in school-hours. How the father and daughter laughed as they trudged home together after the evening party (it was on the occasion of the speeches, when all the professors were invited), and how Miss Pinkerton would have raged had she seen the caricature of herself which the little mimic, Rebecca, managed to make out of her doll! She used to go through dialogues with it; it formed the delight of Newman Street, Gerard Street, and the artists' quarter: and the young painters, when they came to take their gin-and-water with their lazy, dissolute, clever, jovial senior, used regularly to ask Rebecca if Miss Pinkerton was at home: she was as well

known to them, poor soul! as Mr. Lawrence or President West. Once she had the honour to pass a few days at Chiswick; after which she brought back *Jemima*, and erected another doll as *Miss Jemmy*; for though that honest creature had made and given her jelly and cake enough for three children, and a seven-shilling piece at parting, the girl's sense of ridicule was far stronger than her gratitude, and she sacrificed *Miss Jemmy* quite as pitilessly as her sister.

The catastrophe came, and she was brought to the Mall (*The Schoolhouse*) as to her home. The rigid formality of the place suffocated her: the prayers and the meals, the lessons and the walks, which were arranged with a conventual regularity, oppressed her almost beyond endurance: and she looked back to the freedom and the beggary of the old studio in Soho with so much regret, that everybody, herself included, fancied she was consumed with grief for her father. She had a little room in the garret, where the maids heard her walking and sobbing at night; but it was with rage, and not with grief. She had not been much of a dissembler, until now her loneliness taught her to feign. She had never mingled in the society of women: her father, reprobate as he was, was a man of talent; his conversation was a thousand times more agreeable to her than the talk of such of her own sex as she now encountered. The pompous vanity of the old schoolmistress, the foolish good-humour of her sister, the silly chat and scandal of the elder girls, and the frigid correctness of the governesses equally annoyed her; and she had no soft maternal heart, this unlucky girl, otherwise the prattle and talk of the younger children, with whose care she was chiefly intrusted, might have soothed and interested her; but she lived among them two years, and not one was sorry that she went away. The gentle tender-hearted *Amelia Sedley* was the only person to whom she could attach herself in the least; and who could help attaching herself to *Amelia*?

The happiness — the superior advantages of the young women round about her, gave *Rebecca* inexpressible pangs of envy. "What airs that girl gives herself, because she is an Earl's grand-daughter," she said of one. "How they cringe and bow to that Creole, because of her hundred thousand pounds! I am a thousand times cleverer and more charming than that creature, for all her wealth. I am as well bred as the Earl's grand-daughter, for all her fine pedigree; and yet every one passes me by here. And yet, when I was at my father's, did not the men give up their gayest balls and parties in order to pass the evening with me?" She determined at any rate to get free from the prison in which she found herself, and now began to act for herself, and for the first time to make connected plans for the future.

She took advantage, therefore, of the means of study the place offered her; and as she was already a musician and a good linguist, she speedily went through the little course of study which was considered necessary for ladies in those days. Her music she practised incessantly, and one day, when the girls were out, and she had remained at home, she was overheard to play a piece so well, that *Minerva (Miss Pinkerton)* thought wisely she could spare herself the expense of a master for the juniors, and intimated to *Miss Sharp* that she was to instruct them in music for the future.

The girl refused; and for the first time, and to the astonishment of the majestic mistress of the school. "I am here to speak French with the children," Rebecca said abruptly, "not to teach them music, and save money for you. Give me money, and I will teach them."

Minerva was obliged to yield, and, of course, disliked her from that day. "For five-and-thirty years," she said, and with great justice, "I never have seen the individual who has dared in my own house to question my authority. I have nourished a viper in my bosom."

"A viper — a fiddlestick," said Miss Sharp to the old lady, almost fainting with astonishment. "You took me because I was useful. There is no question of gratitude between us. I hate this place, and want to leave it. I will do nothing here, but what I am obliged to do."

It was in vain that the old lady asked her if she was aware she was speaking to Miss Pinkerton? Rebecca laughed in her face, with a horrid sarcastic demoniacal laughter, that almost sent the schoolmistress into fits. "Give me a sum of money," said the girl, "and get rid of me — or, if you like better, get me a good place as governess in a nobleman's family — you can do so if you please." And in their further disputes she always returned to this point, "Get me a situation — we hate each other, and I am ready to go."

Worthy Miss Pinkerton, although she had a Roman nose and a turban, and was as tall as a grenadier, and had been up to this time an irresistible princess, had no will or strength like that of her little apprentice, and in vain did battle against her, and tried to overawe her. Attempting once to scold her in public, Rebecca hit upon the before-mentioned plan of answering her in French, which quite routed the old woman. In order to maintain authority in her school, it became necessary to remove this rebel, this monster, this serpent, this firebrand; and hearing about this time that Sir Pitt Crawley's family was in want of a governess, she actually recommended Miss Sharp for the situation, firebrand and serpent as she was. "I cannot, certainly," she said, "find fault with Miss Sharp's conduct, except to myself; and must allow that her talents and accomplishments are of a high order. As far as the head goes, at least, she does credit to the educational system pursued at my establishment."

And so the schoolmistress reconciled the recommendation to her conscience, and the indentures were cancelled, and the apprentice was free. The battle here described in a few lines, of course, lasted for some months. And as Miss Sedley, being now seventeen years of age, was about to leave school, and had a friendship for Miss Sharp ("t'is the only point in Amelia's behaviour," said Minerva, "which has not been satisfactory to her mistress,") Miss Sharp was invited by her friend to pass a week with her at home, before she entered upon her duties as governess in a private family.

Thus the world began for these two young ladies. For Amelia it was quite a new, fresh, brilliant world, with all the bloom upon it. It was not quite a new one for Rebecca — (indeed if the truth must be told with respect to the Crisp affair, the tart-woman hinted to somebody, who took an affidavit of the fact to somebody else, that there was a great deal more than was made public regarding

Mr. Crisp and Miss Sharp, and that his letter was *in answer* to another letter). But who can tell you the real truth of the matter? At all events, if Rebecca was not beginning the world, she was beginning it over again.

By the time the young ladies reached Kensington turnpike, Amelia had not forgotten her companions, but had dried her tears, and had blushed very much and been delighted at a young officer of the Life Guards, who spied her as he was riding by, and said, "A dem fine gal, egad!" and before the carriage arrived in Russell Square, a great deal of conversation had taken place about the drawing-room, and whether or not young ladies wore powder as well as hoops when presented, and whether she was to have that honour: to the Lord Mayor's ball she knew she was to go. And when at length home was reached, Miss Amelia Sedley skipped out on Sambo's arm, as happy and as handsome a girl as any in the whole big city of London. Both he and coachman agreed on this point, and so did her father and mother, and so did every one of the servants in the house, as they stood bobbing, and curtsying, and smiling, in the hall, to welcome their young mistress.

You may be sure that she showed Rebecca over every room of the house, and everything in every one of her drawers; and her books, and her piano, and her dresses, and all her necklaces, brooches, laces, and gimeracks. She insisted upon Rebecca accepting the white cornelian and the turquoise rings, and a sweet sprigged muslin, which was too small for her now, though it would fit her friend to a nicety; and she determined in her heart to ask her mother's permission to present her white Cashmere shawl to her friend. Could she not spare it? and had not her brother Joseph just brought her two from India?

When Rebecca saw the two magnificent Cashmere shawls which Joseph Sedley had brought home to his sister, she said, with perfect truth, "that it must be delightful to have a brother," and easily got the pity of the tender-hearted Amelia, for being alone in the world, an orphan without friends or kindred.

"Not alone," said Amelia, "you know, Rebecca, I shall always be your friend, and love you as a sister — indeed I will."

"Ah, but to have parents, as you have — kind, rich, affectionate parents, who give you everything you ask for; and their love, which is more precious than all! My poor papa could give me nothing, and I had but two frocks in all the world! And then, to have a brother, a dear brother! Oh how you must love him!"

Amelia laughed.

"What! *don't* you love him? you, who say you love everybody?"

"Yes, of course, I do — only —"

"Only what?"

"Only Joseph doesn't seem to care much whether I love him or not. He gave me two fingers to shake when he arrived after ten years' absence! He is very kind and good, but he scarcely ever speaks to me; I think he loves his pipe a great deal better than his" *** but here Amelia checked herself, for why should she speak ill of her brother? "He was very kind to me as a child," she added; "I was but five years old when he went away."

"Isn't he very rich?" said Rebecca. "They say all Indian nabobs are enormously rich."

"I believe he has a very large income."

"And is your sister-in-law a nice pretty woman?"

"La! Joseph is not married," said Amelia, laughing again.

Perhaps she had mentioned the fact already to Rebecca, but that young lady did not appear to have remembered it; indeed, vowed and protested that she expected to see a number of Amelia's nephews and nieces. She was quite disappointed that Mr. Sedley was not married; she was sure Amelia had said he was, and she doted so on little children.

"I think you must have had enough of them at Chiswick," said Amelia, rather wondering at the sudden tenderness on her friend's part; and indeed in later days Miss Sharp would never have committed herself so far as to advance opinions, the untruth of which would have been so easily detected. But we must remember that she is but nineteen as yet, unused to the art of deceiving, poor innocent creature! and making her own experience in her own person. The meaning of the above series of queries, as translated in the heart of this ingenious young woman, was simply this: — "If Mr. Joseph Sedley is rich and unmarried, why should I not marry him? I have only a fortnight, to be sure, but there is no harm in trying." And she determined within herself to make this laudable attempt. She redoubled her caresses to Amelia; she kissed the white cornelian necklace as she put it on; and vowed she would never, never part with it. When the dinner-bell rang she went down stairs with her arm round her friend's waist, as is the habit of young ladies. She was so agitated at the drawing-room door, that she could hardly find courage to enter. "Feel my heart, how it beats, dear!" said she to her friend.

"No, it doesn't," said Amelia. "Come in, don't be frightened. Papa won't do you any harm."

From HENRY ESMOND.

(Vol. II. Book II. Ch. XI.)

The famous Mr. Joseph Addison.

The gentlemen ushers had a table at Kensington, and the guard a very splendid dinner daily at St. James's at either of which ordinaries Esmond was free to dine. Dick Steele liked the guard-table better than his own at the gentleman usher's, where there was less wine and more ceremony; and Esmond had many a jolly afternoon in company of his friend, and a hundred times at least saw Dick into his chair. If there is verity in wine, according to the old adage, what an amiable-natured character Dick's must have been! In proportion as he took in wine he overflowed with kindness. His talk was not witty so much as charming. He never said a word that could anger anybody, and only became the more benevolent the more tipsy he grew. Many of the wags derided the poor fellow in his cups, and chose him as a butt for their satire; but there was a kindness about him, and a sweet playful fancy, that seemed to Esmond far more charming than the pointed talk of the brightest wits, with their elaborate repartees and affected severities. I think Steele shone rather than sparkled. Those famous *beaux-esprits* of

the coffee-houses (Mr. William Congreve), for instance, when his gout and his grandeur permitted him to come among us) would make many brilliant hits — half a dozen in a night sometimes — but, like sharp shooters, when they had fired their shot, they were obliged to retire under cover, till their pieces were loaded again, and wait till they got another chance at their enemy; whereas Dick never thought that his bottle-companion was a butt to aim at — only a friend to shake by the hand. The poor fellow had half the town in his confidence; everybody knew everything about his loves and his debts, his creditors or his mistress's obduracy. When Esmond first came on to the town, honest Dick was all flames and raptures for a young lady, a West India fortune, whom he married. In a couple of years the lady was dead, the fortune was all but spent, and the honest widower was as eager in pursuit of a new paragon of beauty as if he had never courted and married and buried the last one.

Quitting the Guard-table on one sunny afternoon, when by chance Dick had a sober fit upon him, he and his friend were making their way down Germain Street, and Dick all of a sudden left his companion's arm, and ran after a gentleman who was poring over a folio volume at the book-shop near to St. James's Church. He was a fair, tall man, in a snuff-coloured suit, with a plain sword, very sober, and almost shabby in appearance, — at least, when compared to Captain Steele, who loved to adorn his jolly round person with the finest of clothes, and shone in scarlet and gold lace. The Captain rushed up, then, to the student of the book-stall, took him in his arms, hugged him, and would have kissed him, — for Dick was always hugging and bussing his friends, — but the other stepped back with a flush on his pale face, seeming to decline this public manifestation of Steele's regard.

"My dearest Joe, where hast thou hidden thyself this age?" cries the Captain, still holding both his friend's hand; "I have been languishing for thee this fortnight."

"A fortnight is not an age, Dick," says the other, very good-humouredly. (He had light blue eyes, extraordinary bright, and a face perfectly regular and handsome, like a tinted statue). "And I have been hiding myself, where do you think?"

"What! not across the water, my dear Joe?" says Steele, with a look of great alarm: "thou knewest I have always —"

"No," says his friend, interrupting him with a smile: "we are not come to such straits as that, Dick. I have been hiding, Sir, at a place where people never think of finding you, — at my own lodgings, whither I am going to smoke a pipe now and drink a glass of sack: will your honour come?"

"Harry Esmond, come hither," cries out Dick. "Thou hast heard me talk over and over again of my dearest Joe, my guardian-angel."

"Indeed," says Mr. Esmond, with a bow, "it is not from you only that I have learnt to admire Mr. Addison. We loved good poetry at Cambridge as well as at Oxford; and I have some of yours by heart, though I have put on a red-coat. . . 'O, qui canoro blandius Orpheo vocale ducis carmen;' shall I go on, Sir?" says Mr. Esmond, who, indeed had read and loved the charming Latin poems of Mr. Addison, as every scholar of that time knew and admired them.

"This is Captain Esmond, who was at Blenheim," says Steele.
 "Lieutenant Esmond," says the other, with a low bow; "at Mr. Addison's service."

"I have heard of you," says Mr. Addison, with a smile; as, indeed, everybody about town had heard that unlucky story about Esmond's dowager aunt and the Duchess.

"We were going to the "George", to take a bottle before the play," says Steele; "wilt thou be one, Joo?"

Mr. Addison said his own lodgings were hard by, where he was still rich enough to give a good bottle of wine to his friends; and invited the two gentlemen to his apartment in the Haymarket, whither we accordingly went.

"I shall get credit with my landlady," says he, with a smile, "when she sees two such fine gentlemen as you come up my stair." And he politely made his visitors welcome to his apartment, which was indeed but a shabby one, though no grandee of the land could receive his guests with a more perfect and courtly grace than this gentleman. A frugal dinner, consisting of a slice of meat and a penny loaf, was awaiting the owner of the lodgings. "My wine is better than my meat," says Mr. Addison; "my Lord Halifax sent me the Burgundy." And he set a bottle and glasses before his friends, and eat his simple dinner in a very few minutes; after which the three fell to, and began to drink. "You see," says Mr. Addison, pointing to his writing-table, whereon was a map of the action at Hochstedt, and several other gazettes and pamphlets relating to the battle, "that I, too, am busy about your affairs, captain. I am engaged as a poetical gazetteer, to say truth, and am writing a poem on the campaign."

So Esmond, at the request of his host, told him what he knew about the famous battle, drew the river on the table, *aliquo mero*, and with the aid of some bits of tobacco-pipe, showed the advance of the left wing, where he had been engaged.

A sheet or two of the verses lay already on the table beside our bottles and glasses, and Dick having plentifully refreshed himself from the latter, took up the pages of manuscript, writ out with scarce a blot or correction, in the author's slim, neat handwriting, and began to read therefrom with great emphasis and volubility. At pauses of the verse, the enthusiastic reader stopped and fired off a great salvo of applause.

Esmond smiled at the enthusiasm of Addison's friend. "You are like the German *Bürger*s," says he, "and the Princes on the Moselle; when our army came to a halt, they always sent a deputation to compliment the chief, and fired a salute with all their artillery from their walls."

"And drunk the great chief's health afterward, did not they?" says Captain Steele, gaily filling up a bumper; — he never was tardy at that sort of acknowledgment of a friend's merit.

"And the Duke, since you will have me act his Grace's part," says Mr. Addison, with a smile and something of a blush, "pledged his friends in return. Most Serene Elector of Covent Garden I drink to your Highness's health," and he filled himself a glass. Joseph required scarce more pressing than Dick to that sort of amusement; but the wine never seemed at all to fluster Mr. Addison's brains; it only unloosed his tongue: whereas Captain

Steele's head and speech were quite overcome by a single bottle.

No matter what the verses were, and, to say truth, Mr. Esmond found some of them more than indifferent, Dick's enthusiasm for his chief never faltered, and in every line from Addison's pen, Steele found a masterstroke. By the time Dick had come to that part of the poem, wherein the bard describes as blandly as though he were recording a dance at the opera, or a harmless bout of bucolic cudgelling at a village fair, that bloody and ruthless part of our campaign, with the remembrance whereof, every soldier who bore a part in it must sicken with shame, — when we were ordered to ravage and lay waste the Elector's country; and with fire and murder, slaughter and crime, a great part of his dominions was overrun; — when Dick came to the lines: —

„In vengeance roused the soldier fills his hand
With sword and fire, and ravages the land :
In crackling flames a thousand harvest burn,
A thousand villages to ashes turn.
To the thick woods the woolly flocks retreat,
And mixed with bellowing herds confusedly bleat.
Their trembling lords the common shade partake,
And cries of infants sound in every brake.
The listening soldier fixed in sorrow stands,
Loth to obey his leader's just commands.
The leader grieves, by generous pity swayed
To see his just commands so well obeyed;”

by this time wine and friendship had brought poor Dick to a perfectly maudlin state, and he hiccupped out the last line with a tenderness that set one of his auditors a-laughing.

„I admire the licence of you poets,” says Esmond to Mr. Addison. (Dick, after reading of the verses, was fain to go off, insisting on kissing his two dear friends before his departure, and reeling away with his periwig over his eyes.) „I admire your art: the murder of the campaign is done to military music, like a battle at the opera, and the virgins shriek in harmony, as our victorious grenadiers march into in their villages. Do you know what a scene it was?” (By this time, perhaps, the wine had warmed Mr. Esmond's head too) „what a triumph you are celebrating? what scenes of shame and horror were enacted, over which the commander's genius presided, as calm as though he didn't belong to our sphere? You talk of the 'listening soldier fixed in sorrow,' the leader's grief swayed by generous pity;” to my belief the leader cared no more for bleating flocks than he did for infants' cries, and many of our ruffians butchered one or the other with equal alacrity. I was ashamed of my trade when I saw those horrors perpetrated, which came under every man's eyes. You hew out of your polished verses a stately image of smiling victory; I tell you 'tis an uncouth, distorted, savage idol; hideous, bloody, and barbarous. The rites performed before it are shocking to think of. You great poets should show it as it is — ugly and horrible, not beautiful and serene. O, Sir, had you made the campaign, believe me, you never would have sung it so.”

During this little outbreak, Mr. Addison was listening, smoking out of his long pipe, and smiling very placidly. „What would you

have?" says he. "In our polished days, and according to the rules of art, 'tis impossible that the Muse should depict tortures or begrime her hands with the horrors of war. These are indicated rather than described; as in the Greek tragedies, that, I daresay, you have read; (and sure there can be no more elegant specimens of composition;) Agamemnon is slain, or Medea's children destroyed, away from the scene; — the chorus occupying the stage and singing of the action to pathetic music. Something of this I attempt, my dear Sir, in my humble way: 'tis a panegyric I mean to write, and not a satire. Were I to sing as you would have me, the town would tear the poet in pieces, and burn his book by the hands of the common hangman. Do you not use tobacco? Of all the weeds grown on earth, sure the nicotian is the most soothing and salutary. We must paint our great Duke," Mr. Addison went on, "not as a man, which no doubt he is, with weaknesses like the rest of us, but as a hero. 'Tis in a triumph, not a battle, that your humble servant is riding his sleek Pegasus. We college-poets trot, you know, on very easy nags; it hath been time out of mind, part of the poet's profession to celebrate the actions of heroes in verse, and to sing the deeds which you men of war perform. I must follow the rules of my art, and the composition of such a strain as this must be harmonious and majestic, not familiar, or too near the vulgar truth. *Si parva licet*; if Virgil could invoke the divine Augustus, a humbler poet from the banks of the Isis may celebrate a victory and a conqueror of our own nation, in whose triumphs every Briton has a share, and whose glory and genius contributes to every citizen's individual honour. When hath there been, since our Henrys, and, Edwards days, such a great feat of arms as that from which you yourself have brought away marks of distinction. If 'tis in my power to sing that song worthily, I will do so, and be thankful to my Muse. If I fail as a poet, as a Briton at least I will show my loyalty, and fling up my cap and huzzah for the conqueror:

— "Rheni pacator et Istri
Omnis is hoc uno variis discordia cessit
Ordinibus; lætatur eques, plauditque senator,
Votaque patricio certant plebeia favori."

"There were as brave men on that field," says Mr. Esmond (who never could be made to love the Duke of Marlborough, nor to forget those stories which he used to hear in his youth regarding that great chief's selfishness and treachery), "there were men at Blenheim as good as the leader, whom neither knights nor senators applauded, nor voices plebeian or patrician favoured, and who lie there forgotten, under the clods. What poet is there to sing them?"

"To sing the gallant souls of heroes sent to Hades!" says Mr. Addison, with a smile; "Would you celebrate them all? If I may venture to question anything in such an admirable work, the catalogue of the ships in Homer hath always appeared to me as somewhat wearisome; what had the poem been, supposing the writer had chronicled the names of captains, lieutenants, rank and file? One of the greatest of a great man's qualities is success; 'tis the result of all the others; 'tis a latent power in him which compels the favour of the gods, and subjugates fortune. Of all his gifts I

admire that one in the great Marlborough. To be brave? every man is brave. But in being victorious, as he is, I fancy there is something divine. In presence of the occasion, the great soul of the leader shines out, and the god is confessed. Death itself respects him, and passes by him to lay others low. War and carnage flee before him to ravage other parts of the field, as Hector from before the divine Achilles. You say he hath no pity; no more have the gods, who are above it, and super-human. The fainting battle gathers strength at his aspect; and wherever he rides, victory charges with him."

A couple of days after, when Mr. Esmond revisited his poetic friend, he found this thought, struck out in the fervour of conversation improved and shaped into those famous lines, which are in truth the noblest in the poem of the "Campaign." As the two gentlemen sat engaged in talk, Mr. Addison solacing himself with his customary pipe: the little maid-servant that waited on his lodging came up, preceding a gentleman in fine laced clothes, that had evidently been figuring at Court or a great man's levee. The courtier coughed a little at the smoke of the pipe, and looked round the room curiously, which was shabby enough, as was the owner in his worn snuff-coloured suit and plain tie-wig.

"How goes on the *magnum opus*, Mr. Addison?" says the Court gentleman on looking down at the papers that were on the table.

"We were but now over it," says Addison (the greatest courtier in the land could not have a more splendid politeness, or greater dignity of manner); "Here is the plan," says he, "on the table: *hac ibat Simois*, here ran the little river Nebel, *hic est Sigeia tellus*, here are Tallard's quarters, at the bowl of this pipe, at the attack of which Captain Esmond was present. I have the honour to introduce him to Mr. Boyle; and Mr. Esmond was but now depicting *aliquo praelia mixta mero* when you came in." In truth the two gentlemen had been so engaged when the visitor arrived, and Addison in his smiling way, speaking of Mr. Webb, Colonel of Esmond's regiment (who commanded a brigade in the action, and greatly distinguished himself there), was lamenting that he could find never a suitable rhyme for Webb, otherwise the brigadier should have had a place in the poet's verses. "And for you, you are but a lieutenant," says Addison, "and the Muse can't occupy herself with any gentleman under the rank of a field-officer."

Mr. Boyle was all impatient to hear, saying that my Lord Treasurer and my Lord Halifax were equally anxious; and Addison, blushing, began reading of his verses, and, I suspect, knew their weak parts as well as the most critical hearer. When he came to the lines describing the angel, that

"Inspired repulsed battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage."

he read with great animation, looking at Esmond, as much as to say, "You know where that simile came from -- from our talk, and our bottle of Burgundy, the other day."

The poet's two hearers were caught with enthusiasm, and applauded the verses with all their might. The gentleman of the Court sprang up in great delight. "Not a word more, my dear Sir," says he.

„Trust me with the papers — I'll defend them with my life. Let me read them over to my Lord Treasurer, whom I am appointed to see in half an hour. I venture to promise, the verses shall lose nothing by my reading, and then, Sir, we shall see whether Lord Halifax has a right to complain that his friend's pension is no longer paid." And without more ado, the courtier in lace seized the manuscript pages, placed them in his breast with his ruffled hand over his heart, executed a most gracious wave of the hat with the disengaged hand, and smiled and bowed out of the room, leaving an odour of pomander behind him.

„Does not the chamber look quite dark?" says Addison, surveying it, „after the glorious appearance and disappearance of that gracious messenger? Why, he illuminated the whole room. Your scarlet, Mr. Esmond, will bear any light; but this threadbare old coat of mine, how very worn it looked under the glare of that splendour! I wonder whether they will do anything for me," he continued. „When I came out of Oxford into the world, my patrons promised me great things; and you see where their promises have landed me, in a lodging up two pair of stairs, with a sixpenny dinner from the cook's shop. Well, I suppose this promise will go after the others, and fortune will jilt me, as the jade has been doing any time these seven years. 'I puff the prostitute away,' " says he, smiling, and blowing a cloud out of his pipe. „There is no hardship in poverty, Esmond, that is not bearable; no hardship even in honest dependence that an honest man may not put up with. I came out of the lap of Alma-Mater, puffed up with her praises of me, and thinking to make a figure in the world with the parts and learning which had got me no small name in our college. The world is the ocean, and Isis and Charwell are but little drops, of which the sea takes no account. My reputation ended a mile beyond Maudlin Tower; no one took note of me; and I learned this, at least, to bear up against evil fortune with a cheerful heart. Friend Dick hath made a figure in the race long ago. What matters a little fortune? There is no fortune that a philosopher cannot endure. I have been not unknown as a scholar, and yet forced to live by turning bear-leader, and teaching a boy to spell. What then? The life was not pleasant, but possible — the bear was bearable. Should this venture fail, I will go back to Oxford; and some day, when you are a general, you shall find me a curate in a cassock and bands, and I shall welcome your honour to my cottage in the country, and to a mug of penny ale. 'Tis not poverty that's the hardest to bear, or the least happy lot in life," says Mr. Addison, shaking the ash out of his pipe. „See, my pipe is smoked out. Shall we have another bottle? I have still a couple in the cupboard, and of the right sort. No more? — let us go abroad and take a turn on the Mall, or look in at the theatre and see Dick's comedy. 'Tis not a master-piece of wit; but Dick is a good fellow, though he doth not set the Thames on fire."

Within a month after this day, Mr. Addison's ticket had come up a prodigious prize in the lottery of life. All the town was in an uproar of admiration of his poem, the „Campaign," which Dick Steele was spouting at every coffee-house in Whitehall and Covent Garden. The wits on the other side of Temple Bar saluted him

at once as the greatest poet the world had seen for ages; the people huzza'd for Marlborough and for Addison, and, more than this, the party in power provided for the meritorious poet, and Mr. Addison got the appointment of Commissioner of Excise, which the famous Mr. Locke vacated, and rose from this place to other dignities and honours; his prosperity from henceforth to the end of his life being scarce ever interrupted. But I doubt whether he was not happier in his garret in the Haymarket, than ever he was in his splendid palace at Kensington; and I believe the fortune that came to him in the shape of the countess his wife, was no better than a shrew and a vixen.

CHARLES DICKENS.

1812—1870.

Dickens one of the most successful of modern novelists was born at Landport, Portsmouth where his father held a post in the Navy Pay Department. The future novelist was consecutively an assistant in a blacking warehouse, clerk in an attorney's office, and a newspaper reporter. His first engagement was in the office of the „Sun”, and his next in that of the „Morning Chronicle”, in the evening edition of which paper first appeared his „Sketches of Life and Character.” These were subsequently collected and given to the world under the title of *Sketches by Boz* (pr. Booz' i.e. Moses — his youngest brother's name). Their success induced an enterprising publisher to engage Mr. Dickens and Mr. Seymour, the comic draughtsman „the one to write, and the other to illustrate, a book which should exhibit the adventures of a party of cockney sportsmen.” The result was the *Pickwick Papers*, a performance which at once placed Dickens in the foremost rank as a popular writer of fiction.

After these came: —

Nicholas Nickleby, exposing the monstrous neglect of education in England.

Oliver Twist, the abuses of the poor law and workhouse system.

The Old Curiosity Shop, originally published in *Master Humphrey's Clock*.

Barnaby Rudge, an historical novel, based upon the Lord George Gordon, or London Protestant. riots of 1780.

This novel was intended to inculcate the duty of tolerance, and argued against capital punishment. —

All these works are teeming with original wit, humour and sentiment.

In 1841 Dickens paid a visit to America, where his fame had preceded him, and where he received a hearty welcome. On his return he published a work recording the impressions made on him by this visit. In 1845 he was appointed principal editor of the *Daily News*, a paper advocating Liberal politics; but he did not long hold this position. To its columns he contributed *Pictures from Italy*. On his retirement from that paper he resumed the pen of fiction, and produced *Dombey and Son*:

David Copperfield (D. C. i.e. C. D. reversed). In several important respects the story was judged autobiographic, the hero like the author, was employed in a lawyer's office, then turned parliamentary reporter, and finally became a successful novelist. That the painful struggles and experiences of Copperfield's boyhood were a mere transcript of the writers own sufferings and feelings, was not fully known till the publication of Forster's „*Life of Dickens.*”

Bleak House, aimed at the vexatious delays of the Court of Chancery; and the enormous expense of prosecuting suits therein. Several Christmas tales (*the Chimes, Cricket on the Hearth, Christmas Carol*) and the *Child's History of England* were written.

Little Dorrit written with the object of exposing the vexatious procrastination, the indirectness and the ineptitude of governmental routine in the transaction of the public business; of calling attention to the evil effects of imprisonment for debt in some cases; and of holding up to ridicule the snobbery which delights to pay homage to mere wealth.

Till 1859 he conducted the periodical called *Household Words* and was a constant contributor to it. In that same year he relinquished his connection with that serial, to establish another on a similar plan, and entitled, *All the Year Round*. In 1867—68 he visited the United States for the purpose of giving readings in the principal towns; and, on his return from America, commenced a series of farewell readings in the principal towns of the United Kingdom, which were completed in 1869. In the following year he commenced in monthly parts his last work *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*. Of this he lived to complete but one half, and like Thackeray's „*Denis Duval*,” the last production of the master novelist of England, remains a fragment.

His works which have not been named above are: —

Our Mutual Friend; *Hard Times*, A SATIRE AGAINST THOSE WHO SEE FIGURES AND AVERAGES, AND NOTHING ELSE.

Great Expectations: A Tale of Two Cities; *The Uncommercial Traveller*, for the great house of Human Interest, Brothers.

Martin Chuzzlewit showing how selfishness propagates itself, and to what a grim giant it may grow from small beginnings. Another object was to call attention to the want of sanitary improvements in the neglected dwellings of the poor.

Dickens died at his residence, Gads Hill House, Kent June 9th, 1870, and was buried privately in Westminster Abbey, June 14th.

From OLIVER TWIST. ¹⁾

Bill Sikes.

„Bill Sikes is a brutal thief and house-breaker, with no gleam of light in all the blackness of his character. He first appears on the scene during a squabble between Fagin and the Artful Dodger, in which Fagin throws a pot of beer at Charley Bates. The pot misses its mark; and the contents are sprinkled over the face of Sikes, who just then opens the door.”

¹⁾ From The Dickens Dictionary.

"Why! what the blazes is in the wind now?" growled a deep voice. "Who pitched that're at me? It's well it's the beer, and not the pot, as hit me, or I'd have settled somebody. . . . Wot's it all about, Fagin? D—me, if my neck-handkercher ain't lined with beer! — Come in, you sneaking warmint: wot are you stopping outside for, as if you was ashamed of your master? Come in!"

The man who growled out these words was a stoutly-built fellow of about five and thirty, in a black velveteen coat, very soiled drab breeches, lace-up half-boots, and gray cotton stockings, which enclosed a very bulky pair of legs, with large swelling calves, — the kind of legs which in such costume always look in an unfinished and incomplete state without a set of fetters to garnish them. He had a brown hat on his head, and a dirty belcher handkerchief round his neck, with the long frayed ends of which he smeared the beer from his face as he spoke, disclosing, when he had done so, a broad heavy countenance with a beard of three days growth, and two scowling eyes, one of which displayed various party-symptoms of having been recently damaged by a blow.

"Come in, d'ye hear?" growled this engaging-looking ruffian. A white shaggy dog, with his face scratched and torn in twenty different places, skulked into the room.

"Why didn't you come in afore?" said the man. "You're getting too proud to own me afore company; are you? Lie down!"

This command was accompanied with a kick which sent the animal to the other end of the room. He appeared well used to it, however; for he coiled himself up in a corner very quietly, without uttering a sound, and, winking his very ill-looking eyes about twenty times in a minute, appeared to occupy himself in taking a survey of the apartment.

"What are you up to? Ill-treating the boys, you covetous avaricious, in-sa-ti-a-ble old fence?" said the man, seating himself deliberately. "I wonder they don't murder you: I would if I was them. If I'd been your, 'prentice', I'd have done it long ago; and — no, I couldn't have sold you arterwards, though; for you're fit for nothing but keeping as a curiosity of ugliness in a glass bottle; and I suppose they don't blow them large enough."

"Hush, hush! Mr. Sikes," said the Jew, trembling. "Don't speak so loud."

"None of your mistering," replied the ruffian: "you always mean mischief when you come that. You know my name: out with it. I shan't disgrace it when the times comes."

"Well, well, then — Bill Sikes," said the Jew with abject humility. "You seem out of humour, Bill."

"Perhaps I am," replied Sikes. "I should think *you* were rather out of sorts too, unless you mean as little harm when you throw pewter pots about, as you do when you blab and" —

"Are you mad?" said the Jew, catching the man by the sleeve and pointing towards the boys.

Mr. Sikes contented himself with tying an imaginary knot under his left ear, and jerking his head over on the right shoulder; a piece of dumb show which the Jew appeared to understand perfectly. He then in cant terms, with which his whole conversation was plentifully besprinkled, but which would be quite unintelligible if they were recorded here, demanded a glass of liquor.

„And mind you don't poison it," said Mr. Sikes, laying his hat upon the table.

This was said in jest; but, if the speaker could have seen the evil leer with which the Jew bit his pale lip as he turned round to the cupboard, he might have thought the caution not wholly unnecessary, or the wish, at all events, to improve upon the distiller's ingenuity, not very far from the old gentleman's merry heart.

After swallowing two or three glasses of spirits, Mr. Sikes condescended to take some notice of the young gentlemen; which gracious act led to a conversation, in which the cause and manner of Oliver's capture were circumstantially detailed, with such alterations, and improvements on the truth, as to the Dodger appeared most advisable under the circumstances.

„I'm afraid," said the Jew, „that he may say something which will get us into trouble."

„That's very likely," returned Sikes with a malicious grin. „You are blowed upon, Fagin."

„And I'm afraid, you see," added the Jew, speaking as if he had not noticed the interruption, and regarding the other closely as he did so. — „I'm afraid, that, if the game was up with us, it might be up with a good many more; and that it would come out rather worse for you than it would for me, my dear."

The man started, and turned fiercely round upon the Jew; but the old gentleman's shoulders were shrugged up to his ears, and his eyes were vacantly staring on the opposite wall.

There was a long pause. Every member of the respectable coterie appeared plunged in his own reflections, not excepting the dog, who, by a certain malicious licking of his lips, seemed to be meditating an attack upon the legs of the first gentleman or lady he might encounter in the street when he went out.

„Somebody must find out wot's been done at the office," said Mr. Sikes in a much lower tone than he had taken since he came in.

The Jew nodded assent.

„If he hasn't peached, and is committed, there's no fear till he comes out again," said Mr. Sikes; „and then he must be taken care on. You must get hold of him somehow."

Again the Jew nodded.

The prudence of this line of action, indeed, was obvious: but, unfortunately, there was one very strong objection to its being adopted; and this was, that the Dodger, and Charley Bates, and Fagin, and Mr. William Sikes, happened, one and all to entertain a most violent and deeply-rooted antipathy to going near a police-office on any ground or pretext whatever.

How long they might have sat and looked at each other, in a state of uncertainty not the most pleasant of its kind, it is difficult to say. It's not necessary to make any guesses on the subject, however; for the sudden entrance of the two young ladies whom Oliver had seen on a former occasion caused the conversation to flow afresh.

„The very thing!" said the Jew. „Bet will go; won't you, my dear?"

„Wheres?" inquired the young lady.

„Only just up to the office, my dear," said the Jew coaxingly.

It is due to the young lady to say that she did not positively affirm that she would not, but that she merely expressed an emphatic

and earnest desire to be „jiggered” if she would, — a polite and delicate evasion of the request, which shows the young lady to have been possessed of that natural good-breeding that cannot bear to inflict upon a fellow-creature, the pain of a direct and pointed refusal.

The Jew’s countenance fell; and he turned from this young lady, who was gaily, not to say gorgeously attired, in a red gown, green boots, and yellow curl-papers, to the other female.

„Nancy, my dear,” said the Jew in a soothing manner, „what do *you* say?”

„That it won’t do: so it’s no use a-trying it on, Fagin,” replied Nancy.

„What do you mean by that?” said Mr. Sikes, looking up in a surly manner.

„What I say, Bill,” replied the lady collectedly.

„Why, you’re just the very person for it,” reasoned Mr. Sikes: „nobody about here knows any thing of you.”

„And as I don’t want ’em to, neither,” replied Miss Nancy in the same composed manner, „it’s rather more no than yes with me, Bill.”

„She’ll go, Fagin,” said Sikes.

„No, she won’t, Fagin,” bawled Nancy.

„Yes, she will; Fagin,” said Sikes.

„And Mr. Sikes was right. By dint of alternate threats, promises, and bribes, the engaging female in question was ultimately prevailed upon to undertake the commission. She was not indeed withheld by the same considerations as her agreeable friend: for, having very recently removed into the neighborhood of Field Lane from the remote but genteel suburb of Ratcliffe, she was not under the same apprehension of being recognised by any of her numerous acquaintance.

Accordingly, with a clean white apron tied over the red gown, and the yellow curl-papers tucked up under a straw bonnet, — both articles of dress being provided from the Jew’s inexhaustible stock, — Miss Nancy prepared to issue forth on her errand.

„Stop a minute, my dear,” said the Jew, producing a little covered basket. „Carry that in one hand: it looks more respectable, my dear.”

„Give her a door-key to carry in her t’other one, Fagin,” said Sikes: „it looks real and genivine like.”

„Yes, yes, my dear: so it does,” said the Jew, hanging the large street-door-key on the forefinger of the young lady’s right hand. „There; very good, — very good indeed, my dear,” said the Jew, rubbing his hands.

„Oh, my brother! my poor, dear, sweet, innocent little brother!” exclaimed Miss Nancy, bursting into tears, and wringing the little basket and the street-door key in an agony of distress. „What has become of him? Where have they taken him to? Oh! do have pity, and tell me what’s been done with the dear boy, gentlemen: do, gentlemen; if you please, gentlemen.”

Having uttered these words in a most lamentable and heart-broken tone, to the immeasurable delight of her hearers, Miss Nancy paused, winked to the company, nodded smilingly round, and disappeared.

She finally discovers Oliver on the street, bent upon executing

a commission, „with which Mr. Brownlow has intrusted him.”

He was walking along, thinking how happy and contented he ought to feel, and how much he would give for only one look at poor little Dick, who, starved and beaten, might be lying dead at that very moment, when he was startled by a young woman screaming out very loud. „Oh, my dear brother!” and he had hardly looked up to see what the matter was, when he was stopped by having a pair of arms thrown tight round his neck.

„Don't!” cried Oliver, struggling. „Let go of me! Who is it? What are you stopping me for?”

The only reply to this was a great number of loud lamentations from the young woman who had embraced him, and who had got a little basket and a street-door key in her hand.

„Oh, my gracious!” said the young woman, „I've found him! Oh! Oliver, Oliver! Oh, you naughty boy, to make me suffer such distress on your account! Come home, dear, come. Oh, I've found him! Thank gracious goodness heavins, I've found him!” With these incoherent exclamations the young woman burst into another fit of crying, and got so deadfully hysterical, that a couple of women who came up at the moment asked a butcher's boy, with a shiny head of hair anointed with suet, who was also looking on, whether he didn't think he had better run for the doctor. To which the butcher's boy, who appeared of a lounging, not to say indolent disposition: replied, that he thought not.

„Oh, no, no! never mind,” said the young woman, grasping Oliver's hand: „I'm better now. Come home directly, you cruel boy, come!”

„What's the matter, ma'am?” inquired one of the women.

„Oh! ma'am!” replied the young woman, „he ran away near a month ago from his parents, who are hard-working and respectable people, and joined a set of thieves and bad characters; and almost broke his mother's heart.”

„Young wretch!” said one woman.

„Go home, do, you little brute!” said the other.

„I'm not,” replied Oliver, greatly alarmed. „I don't know her. I haven't got any sister, or father and mother, either. I'm an orphan: I live at Pentonville.”

„Oh, only hear him! how he braves it out!” cried the young woman.

„Why, it's Nancy!” exclaimed Oliver, who now saw her face for the first time; and started back in irrepressible astonishment.

„You see he knows me,” cried Nancy, appealing to the by-standers. „He can't help himself. Make him come home, there's good people, or he'll kill his dear mother and father, and break my heart!”

„What the devil's this?” said a man bursting out of a beer-shop, with a white dog at his heels; „Young Oliver, come home to your poor mother, you young dog! Come home directly.”

„I don't belong to them; I don't know them. Help! help!” cried Oliver, struggling in the man's powerful grasp.

„Help!” repeated the man. „Yes; I'll help you, you young rascal! What books are these? You've been a-stealing 'em: have you? Give 'em here!” With these words the man tore the volumes from his grasp, and struck him violently on the head.

"That's right!" cried a looker-on, from a garret-window. "That's the only way of bringing him to his senses!"

"To be sure!" cried a sleepy-faced carpenter, casting an approving look at the garret-window.

"It'll do him good!" said the two women.

"And he shall have it too!" rejoined the man, administering another blow, and seizing Oliver by the collar. "Come on, you young villain! Here, Bull's-eye, mind him, boy! mind him!"

Weak with recent illness; stupefied by the blows and the suddenness of the attack, terrified by the fierce growling of the dog and the brutality of the man, and overpowered by the conviction of the by-standers that he was really the hardened little wretch he was described to be; what could one poor child do? Darkness had set in; it was a low neighborhood; no help was near; resistance was useless. In another moment he was dragged into a labyrinth of dark, narrow courts, and forced along them at a pace which rendered the few cries he dared give utterance to, wholly unintelligible. It was of little moment, indeed, whether they were intelligible or not; for there was nobody to care for them had they been ever so plain.

— After taking the boy back to the Jew's den, Nancy, struck with his pale face and great grief, tries to shield him from violence. Oliver, determined to escape, watches for an opportunity, and, when the door is opened for a moment, he darts through it, followed by the Jew and his two pupils. Sikes's dog is also about to dash after him, when Nancy springs to the door, and closes it, crying — "Keep back the dog, Bill, keep back the dog! He'll tear the child to pieces."

"Serve him right!" cried Sikes, struggling to disengage himself from the girl's grasp. "Stand off from me, or I'll split your skull against the wall!"

"I don't care for that, Bill; I don't care for that!" screamed the girl, struggling violently with the man. "The child shan't be torn down by the dog unless you kill me first."

"Shan't he!" said Sikes, setting his teeth fiercely. "I'll soon do that, if you don't keep off."

The housebreaker flung the girl from him to the farther end of the room, just as the Jew and the boys returned, dragging Oliver among them.

"What's the matter here?" said the Jew, looking round.

"The girl's gone mad, I think," replied Sikes savagely.

"No, she hasn't!" said Nancy, pale and breathless from the scuffle: "no, she hasn't, Fagin! don't think it."

"Then keep quiet, will you?" said the Jew with a threatening look.

"No: I won't do that, either," replied Nancy, speaking very loud. "Come, what do you think of that?"

Mr. Fagin was sufficiently well acquainted with the manners and customs of that particular species of humanity to which Miss Nancy belonged, to feel tolerably certain that it would be rather unsafe to prolong any conversation with her at present. With the view of diverting the attention of the company, he turned to Oliver.

"So, you wanted to get away, my dear, did you?" said the Jew, taking up a jagged and knotted club which lay in a corner of the fireplace; "eh!"

Oliver made no reply; but he watched the Jew's motions, and breathed quickly.

"Wanted to get assistance; called for the police; did you?" sneered the Jew, catching the boy by the arm. "We'll cure you of that, my dear!"

The Jew inflicted a smart blow on Oliver's shoulders with the club, and was raising it for a second, when the girl, rushing forward, wrested it from his hand, and flung it into the fire with a force that brought some of the glowing coals whirling out into the room.

"I won't stand by and see it done, Fagin!" cried the girl. "You've got the boy; and what more would you have? Let him be, let him be, or I shall put the mark on some of you that will bring me to the gallows before my time!"

The girl stamped her foot violently on the floor as she vented this threat; and with her lips compressed, and her hands clenched, looked alternately at the Jew and the other robber: her face quite colorless from the passion of rage into which she had gradually worked herself.

"Why, Nancy!" said the Jew in a soothing tone, after a pause, during which he and Mr. Sikes had stared at one another in a disconcerted manner, "you — you're more clever than ever to-night. Ha, ha! my dear, you are acting beautifully."

"Am I?" said the girl. "Take care I don't overdo it; you will be the worse for it, Fagin, if I do: and so I tell you in good time to keep clear of me."

There is something about a roused woman: especially if she add to all her other strong passions the fierce impulses of recklessness and despair: which few men like to provoke. The Jew saw that it would be hopeless to affect any further mistake regarding the reality of Miss Nancy's rage; and, shrinking involuntarily back a few paces, cast a glance, half-imploring and half-cowardly, at Sikes, as if to hint that he was the fittest person to pursue the dialogue.

Mr. Sikes, thus mutely appealed to, and possibly feeling his personal pride and influence interested in the immediate reduction of Miss Nancy to reason, gave utterance to about a couple of score of, curses and threats, the rapid delivery of which reflected great credit on the fertility of his invention. As they produced no visible effect on the object against whom they were discharged, however, he resorted to more tangible arguments.

"What do you mean by this?" said Sikes, backing the inquiry with a very common imprecation concerning the most beautiful of human features, which, if it were heard above only once out of every fifty thousand times it is uttered below, would render blindness as common a disorder as measles: — "what do you mean by it? Burn my body! Do you know who you are, and what you are?"

"Oh, yes! I know all about it," replied the girl, laughing hysterically, and shaking her head from side to side with a poor assumption of indifference.

"Well, then, keep quiet," rejoined Sikes, with a growl like that he was accustomed to use when addressing his dog, "or I'll quiet you for a good long time to come."

The girl laughed again: even less composedly than before; and, darting a hasty look at Sikes, turned her face aside, and bit her lip till the blood came.

"You're a nice one," added Sikes, as he surveyed her with a contemptuous air, "to take up the humane and genteel side! A pretty subject for the child, as you call him, to make a friend of!"

"God Almighty help me, I am!" cried the girl passionately; "and I wish I had been struck dead in the street, or changed places with them we passed so near to-night, before I had lent a hand in bringing him here. He's a thief, a liar, a devil, all that's bad, from this night forth: isn't that enough for the old wretch without blows?"

"Come, come, Sikes," said the Jew, appealing to him in a remonstratory tone, and motioning towards the boys, who were eagerly attentive to all that passed: "we must have civil words, civil words, Bill!"

"Civil words!" cried the girl, whose passion was frightful to see. — "Civil words, you villain! Yes, you deserve 'em from me! I thieved for you when I was a child not half as old as this (pointing to Oliver). I have been in the same trade and the same service for twelve years since; don't you know it? Speak out! don't you know it?"

"Well, well!" replied the Jew with an attempt at pacification; "and, if you have, it's your living."

"Ah, it is!" returned the girl, not speaking, but pouring out the words in one continuous and vehement scream. "It is my living; and the cold, wet, dirty streets are my home; and you're the wretch that drove me to them long ago, and that'll keep me there day and night, day and night, till I die!"

"I shall do you a mischief!" interposed the Jew, goaded by these reproaches, — "a mischief worse than that, if you say much more."

The girl said nothing more; but, tearing her hair and dress in a transport of frenzy, made such a rush at the Jew as would probably have left signal marks of her revenge upon him, had not her wrists been seized by Sikes at the right moment; upon which she made a few ineffectual struggles, and fainted.

— — Discovering a dark plot against Oliver, and hearing the name of Miss Maylie connected with that of the boy, Nancy determines to seek out the lady, and warn her. She does so, and, disclosing what a life she leads, is entreated by Rose to quit it. —

"Why will you go back to companions you paint in such terrible colors?"

"I wish to go back," said the girl, — "I wish to go back, because — how can I tell such things to an innocent lady like you? — because, among the men I have told you of, there is one, the most desperate of them all, that I can't leave; no, not even to be saved from the life I am leading now."

"Your having interfered in this dear boy's behalf before," said Rose; "your coming here, at so great a risk, to tell me what you have heard; your manner, which convinces me of the truth of what you say; your evident contrition and sense of shame, — all lead me to believe that you might yet be reclaimed. Oh!" said the earnest girl, folding her hands as the tears coursed down her face, "do not turn a deaf ear to the entreaties of one of your own sex;

the first — the first, I do believe — who ever appealed to you in the voice of pity and compassion. Do hear my words, and let me save you yet for better things."

"Lady!" cried the girl, sinking on her knees, "dear, sweet, angel lady, you are the first that ever blessed me with such words as these; and, if I had heard them years ago, they might have turned me from a life of sin and sorrow; but it is too late; it is too late!"

"It is never too late," said Rose, "for penitence and atonement."

"It is," cried the girl, writhing in the agony of her mind. "I cannot leave him now: I could not be his death."

"Why should you be?" asked Rose.

"Nothing could save him," cried the girl. "If I told others what I have told you, and led to their being taken, he would be sure to die. He is the boldest, and has been so cruel!"

"Is it possible," cried Rose, "that, for such a man as this, you can resign every future hope and the certainty of immediate rescue? It is madness!"

"I don't know what it is," answered the girl: "I only know that it is so; and not with me alone, but with hundreds of others as bad and as wretched as myself. I must go back. Whether it is God's wrath for the wrong I have done I do not know: but I am drawn back to him through every suffering and ill-usage, and should be, I believe, if I knew that I was to die by his hand at last."

— — Wishing to impart further information she obtains it, Nancy makes an appointment to walk on London Bridge every Sunday night from eleven till twelve o'clock, where Miss Maylie agrees to meet her, accompanied only by Mr. Brownlow. Discovering something strange in the girl's appearance, Fagin causes her to be watched; and the disclosures she makes are overheard and conveyed to him by the spy he employs. Furious with rage, the Jew imparts to Sikes the fact of Nancy's informing upon them. Flinging the old man from him, Sikes rushes furiously from the room, and dashes into the silent streets. —

Without one pause or moment's consideration, without once turning his head to the right or left, or raising his eyes to the sky, or lowering them to the ground, but looking straight before him with savage resolution, his teeth so tightly compressed, that the strained jaw seemed starting through his skin, the robber held on his headlong course, nor muttered a word, nor relaxed a muscle, until he reached his own door. He opened it softly with a key, strode lightly up the stairs, and, entering his own room, double-locked the door, and lifting a heavy table against it, drew back the curtain of the bed.

The girl was lying half-dressed upon it. He had roused her from her sleep; for she raised herself with a hurried and startled look.

"Get up!" said the man.

"It is you, Bill!" cried the girl, with an expression of pleasure at his return.

"It is," was the reply. "Get up!"

There was a candle burning; but the man hastily drew it from the candlestick, and hurled it under the grate. Seeing the faint light of early day without, the girl rose to undraw the curtain.

"Let it be!" said Sikes, thrusting his hand before her. "There's light enough for what I've got to do!"

"Bill," said the girl in the low voice of alarm, "why do you look like that at me?"

The robber sat regarding her for a few seconds with dilated nostrils and heaving breast; and then, grasping her by the head and throat, dragged her into the middle of the room, and, looking once towards the door, placed his heavy hand upon her mouth.

"Bill, Bill!" gasped the girl, wrestling with the strength of mortal fear, "I — I won't scream or cry, — not once. Hear me, speak to me, tell me what I have done!"

"You know, you she-devil!" returned the robber, suppressing his breath. "You were watched to night; and every word you said was heard."

"Then spare my life for the love of Heaven, as I spared yours," rejoined the girl, clinging to him. "Bill, dear Bill, you cannot have the heart to kill me. Oh! think of all I have given up this one night for you. You *shall* have time to think, and save yourself this crime. I will not loose my hold; you cannot throw me off. Bill, Bill! for dear God's sake, for your own, for mine, stop before you spill my blood! I have been true to you; upon my guilty soul, I have."

The man struggled violently to release his arms; but those of the girl were clasped round his, and tear her as he would, he could not tear them away.

"Bill," cried the girl, striving to lay her head upon his breast, "the gentleman and that dear lady told me to night of a home in some foreign country, where I could end my days in solitude and peace. Let me see them again, and beg them on my knees to show the same mercy and goodness to you, and let us both leave this dreadful place, and, far apart, lead better lives, and forget how we have lived, except in prayers, and never see each other more. It is never too late to repent. They told me so: I feel it now. But we must have time, — a little, little time!"

The housebreaker freed one arm, and grasped his pistol. The certainty of immediate detection, if he fired, flashed across his mind even in the midst of his fury; and he beat it twice, with all the force he could summon, upon the upturned face that almost touched his own.

She staggered and fell: nearly blinded with the blood that rained down from a deep gash in her forehead; but, raising herself with difficulty on her knees, drew from her bosom a white handkerchief, — Rose Maylie's own, — and, holding it up in her folded hands as high towards heaven as her feeble strength would let her, breathed one prayer for mercy to her Maker.

It was a ghastly figure to look upon. The murderer, staggering backward to the wall, and shutting out the sight with his hand, seized a heavy club, and struck her down.

— The murder done, Sikes flies into the country; but, after wandering for miles and miles in momentary fear of capture, he finally resolves to return to London, thinking he can "lay by" for a while, and then escape to France. He seeks refuge in an old den in Jacob's Island, — the filthiest, strangest, and most extra-

ordinary of the many localities that are hidden in the great city, — but his old companions shrink from him; and one cries aloud for help to the officers and others below, who have tracked the ruffian to his retreat. The crowd swarm about the building, and endeavor, with thick and heavy strokes, to break down the strong doors and window-shutters. Sikes escapes to the roof, and attempts, by means of a rope, to drop into a ditch at the back of the house.

Roused into new strength and energy, and stimulated by the noise within the house, which announced that an entrance had really been effected, he set his foot against the stack of chimneys, fastened one end of the rope tightly and firmly round it, and with the other made a strong running-noose, by the aid of his hands and teeth, almost in a second. He could let himself down by the cord to within a less distance of the ground than his own height, and had his knife ready in his hand to cut it then, and drop.

At the very instant that he brought the loop over his head, previous to slipping it beneath his arm-pits, and when the old gentleman before mentioned (who had clung so tight to the railings of the bridge as to resist the force of the crowd, and retain his position) earnestly warned those about him that the man was about to lower himself down, — at that very instant, the murderer, looking behind him on the roof, threw his arms above head, and uttered a yell of terror.

"The eyes again!" he cried in an unearthly screech. Staggering as if struck by lightning, he lost his balance, and tumbled over the parapet. The noose was at his neck: it ran up with his weight tight as a bow-string, and swift as the arrow it speeds. He fell for five and thirty feet. There was a sudden jerk, a terrific convulsion of the limbs; and there he hung, with the open knife clenched in his stiffening hand.

The old chimney quivered with the shock; but it stood it bravely. The murderer swung lifeless against the wall....

A dog, which had lain concealed till now, ran backwards and forwards on the parapet with a dismal howl, and, collecting himself for a spring, jumped for the dead man's shoulders. Missing his aim, he fell into the ditch, turning completely over as he went, and, striking his head against a stone, dashed out his brains.

Of this powerfully-drawn character, Dickens says in his Preface, —

It has been objected to Sikes.... — with some inconsistency, as I venture to think, — that he is surely overdrawn; because in him there would appear to be none of those redeeming traits which are objected to as unnatural in his mistress. Of the latter objection I will merely say, that I fear there are in the world some insensible and callous natures, that do become, at last, utterly and irredeemably bad. But whether this be so, or not, of one thing I am certain; — that there are such men as Sikes, who, being closely followed through the same space of time, and through the same current of circumstances, would not give, by one look or action of a moment, the faintest indication of a better nature. Whether every gentler human feeling is dead within such bosoms, or the proper chord to strike has rusted, and is hard to find, I do not know; but, that the fact is so, I am sure.

From NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

The Yorkshire Schoolmaster.

Wackford Squeers is a brutal, rapacious, and ignorant Yorkshire schoolmaster. To this person Nicholas Nickleby engages himself as a scholastic assistant on the faith of the following advertisement in the London papers:—

„**EDUCATION.** — At Mr. Wackford Squeers's Academy, Dotheboys Hall, at the delightful village of Dotheboys, near Greta Bridge, in Yorkshire, Youth are boarded, clothed, booked, furnished with pocket-money, provided with all necessaries, instructed in all languages, living and dead, mathematics, orthography, geometry, astronomy, trigonometry, the use of the globes, algebra, single stick (if required), writing, arithmetic, fortification, and every other branch of classical literature. Terms, twenty guineas per annum. No extras, no vacations, and diet unparalleled. Mr. Squeers is in town, and attends daily, from one till four, at the Saracen's Head, Snow Hill. N. B. — An able assistant wanted. Annual salary £ 5. A Master of Arts would be preferred.”

Mr. Squeers was standing by one of the coffee-room fireplaces; and his appearance was not prepossessing. He had but one eye; and the popular prejudice runs in favor of two. The blank side of his face was much puckered up, which gave him a sinister appearance, especially when he smiled, at which times his expression bordered on the villanous. He wore a white neckerchief with long ends, and a scholastic suit of black; but his coat-sleeves being a great deal too long, and his trousers a great deal too short, he appeared ill at ease in his clothes, and as if he were in a perpetual state of astonishment at finding himself so respectable,

The learned gentleman had before him a small measure of coffee, a plate of hot toast, and a cold round of beef; but he was at that moment intent on preparing another breakfast for the little boys.

„This is twopenn'orth of milk; is it, waiter?” said Mr. Squeers, looking down into a large blue mug.

„That's twopenn'orth, sir,” replied the waiter.

„What a rare article milk is, to be sure, in London. Just fill that mug up with lukewarm water, William; will you?”

„To the very top, sir?” inquired the waiter. „Why, the milk will be drowned!”

„Serve it right for being so dear. You ordered that thick bread and butter for three; did you?”

„Coming directly, sir.”

„You needn't hurry yourself,” said Squeers; „there's plenty of time. Conquer your passions, boys, and don't be eager after vittles.” As he uttered this moral precept, Mr. Squeers took a large bite out of the cold beef, and recognized Nicholas.

„Sit down, Mr. Nickleby,” said Squeers. „Here we are a-breakfasting, you see.”

Nicholas did not see that anybody was breakfasting except Mr. Squeers.

„Oh! that's the milk and water; is it, William? Here's richness! Think of the many beggars and orphans in the streets that would be glad of this, little boys. When I say number one, the boy on the left hand nearest the window may take a drink; and, when I

say number two, the boy next him will go in; and so till we come to number five. Are you ready?"

"Yes, sir."

"Keep ready till I tell you to begin. Subdue your appetites, and you've conquered human nature. — This is the way we inculcate strength of mind, Mr. Nickleby."

Nicholas murmured something in reply; and the little boys remained in torments of expectation.

"Thank God for a good breakfast! Number one may take a drink."

Number one seized the mug ravenously, and had just drunk enough to make him wish for more, when Mr. Squeers gave the signal for number two, who gave up at the same interesting moment to number three; and the process was repeated till the milk and water terminated with number five.

"And now," said the schoolmaster, dividing the bread-and butter for three into five portions, "you had better look sharp with your breakfast; for the horn will blow in a minute or two, and then every boy leaves off."

The boys began to eat voraciously, while the schoolmaster (who was in high good humor after his meal) picked his teeth with a fork, and looked on. In a very short time the horn was heard.

"I thought it wouldn't be long," said Squeers, jumping up, and producing a little basket. "Put what you haven't had time to eat, in here, boys! You'll want it on the road."

They certainly *did* want it on the road, and very much too; for the journey was long, the weather was intensely cold, a great deal of snow fell from time to time, and the wind was intolerably keen. Mr. Squeers got down at almost every stage, — to stretch his legs, he said, — and as he always came back with a very red nose, and composed himself to sleep directly, the stretching seemed to answer. It was a long journey; but the longest lane has a turning at last; and late in the night the coach put them down at a lonely roadside inn, where they found in waiting two laboring men, a rusty pony-chaise, and a cart.

"Put the boys and the boxes into the cart; and this young man and me will go in the chaise. — Get in, Nickleby."

Nicholas obeyed. Mr. Squeers with some difficulty inducing the pony to obey too, they started off, leaving the cart-load of infant misery to follow at leisure.

"Are you cold, Nickleby?"

"Rather, sir, I must say."

"Well, I don't find fault with that. It's a long journey this weather."

"Is it much farther to Dotheboys Hall, sir?"

"About three mile. But you needn't call it a Hall down here,"

Nicholas coughed, as if he would like to know why.

"The fact is, it ain't a Hall."

"Indeed!"

"No. We call it a Hall up in London, because it sounds better; but they don't know it by that name in these parts. A man may call his house an island if he likes: there's no act of parliament against that, I believe?"

Squeers eyed him at the conclusion of this little dialogue, and, finding that he had grown thoughtful, contented himself with lashing the pony until they reached their journey's end.

"Jump out! Come in!"

Nicholas had time to observe that the school was a long, cold-looking house, one story high, with a few straggling out-buildings. Mr. Squeers, having bolted the house-door to keep it shut, ushered him into a small parlor scantily furnished, when they had not been a couple of minutes when a female bounced into the room, and, seizing Mr. Squeers by the throat, gave him two loud kisses, — one close after the other, like a postman's knock. This lady was of a large, raw-boned figure, about a head taller than Mr. Squeers, and was dressed in a dimity night-jacket, with her hair in papers and a dirty nightcap. (She was accustomed to boast that she was no grammarian, thank God! and also that she had tamed a high spirit or two in her day. Truly, in conjunction with her worthy husband, she had broken many and many a one.)

"How is my Squeery?"

"Quite well, my love. How's the cows?"

"The cows is all right, — every one of 'em."

"And the pigs?"

"The pigs is as well as they was when you went away."

"Come! That's a blessing! The boys are all as they were, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes! The boys is well enough. Only that young Pitcher's had a fever."

"No! Damn that chap. He's always at something of that sort."

Pending these endearments, Nicholas had stood, awkwardly enough, in the middle of the room, not very well knowing whether he was expected to retire into the passage. He was now relieved from his perplexity by Mr. Squeers.

"This is the new young man, my dear."

Here a young servant-girl brought in a Yorkshire pie and some cold beef; and this being set upon the table, a boy, addressed by the name of Smique, appeared with a jug of ale.

Mr. Squeers was emptying his great-coat pockets of letters to different boys, and other small documents which he had brought down in them. The boy glanced with an anxious and timid expression at the papers, as if with a sickly hope that one among them might relate to him. The look was a very painful one, and went to Nicholas's heart at once; for it told a long and very sad history.

It induced him to consider the boy more attentively; and he was surprised to observe the extraordinary mixture of garments which formed his dress. Although he could not have been less than eighteen or nineteen, and was tall for that age, he wore a skeleton suit such as was then usually put upon a very little boy. In order that the lower part of his legs might be in perfect keeping with this singular dress, he had a very large pair of boots, originally made for tops, which might have been once worn by some stout farmer, but were now too patched and tattered for a beggar. God knows how long he had been there; but he still wore a tattered child's frill, only half concealed by a coarse, man's neckerchief. He was lame; and, as he feigned to be busy in arranging the table, glanced at the letters with a look so keen, and yet so dispirited and hopeless, that Nicholas could hardly bear to watch him.

"What are you bothering about there, Smique?" cried Mrs. Squeers.

"Let the things alone; can't you."

"Eh!" said Squeers, looking up. "Oh! it's you; is it?"

Yes, sir. Is there?" —

"Well! what are you stammering at?"

"Have you — did anybody — has nothing been heard — about me?"

"Devil a bit, not a word; and never will be. Now, this is a pretty sort of thing; isn't it, — that you should have been left here all these years, and no money paid after the first six, nor no clue to be got who you belong to? It's a pretty sort of thing that I should have to feed a great fellow like you, and never hope to get one penny for it; isn't it?"

The boy put his hand to his head as if he were making an effort to recollect something, and then, looking vacantly at his questioner, gradually broke into a smile, and limped away.

"I'll tell you what, Spueers," remarked his wife as the door closed, "I think that young chap's turning silly."

"I hope not; for he's a handy fellow out of doors, and worth his meat and drink any way. Hows'ever, I should think he'd have wit enough for us if he *was* silly. But come! Let's have supper; for I'm hungry and tired, and want to get to bed."

This reminder brought in an exclusive steak for Mr. Squeers; and Nicholas had a tough bit of cold beef. Mr. Squeers then took a bumper of hot brandy and water of a stiff nature; and Mrs. Squeers made the new young man the ghost of a small glassful of that compound.

Then Mr. Squeers yawned again, and opined that it was time to go to bed; upon which signal Mrs. Squeers and the girl dragged in a straw mattress and a couple of blankets, and arranged them into a couch for Nicholas.

"We'll put you into your regular bedroom to-morrow, Nickleby. Let me see. Who sleeps in Brook's bed, my dear?"

"In Brooks's there's Jennings, little Bolder, Graymarsh, and What's-his-name."

"So there is. Yes: Brooks is full.

"There's a place somewhere I know; but I can't at this moment call to mind where. However, we'll have that all settled to-morrow. Good-night, Nickleby! Seven o'clock in the morning, mind."

"I shall be ready, sir. Good-night!"

"I don't know, by the by, whose towel to put you on; but, if you'll make shift with something to-morrow morning. Mrs. Squeers bring away the brandy bottle, lest Nicholas should help himself in the night; and, the lady having seized it with great precipitation, they retired together.

— The next morning, Nicholas is awakened very early by Squeers, who tells him that it is time to get up; and also that the pump is *frozen*, so that he will have to give himself a "dry polish," till the ice is broken in the well. Mrs. Squeers now appears on the scene, looking busily for a spoon which is missing. —

"Drat the things!" said the lady, opening the cupboard. "I can't find the school spoon anywhere."

"Never mind it, my dear," observed Squeers in a soothing manner: "it's of no consequence."

"No consequence! Why, how you talk!" retorted Mr. Squeers sharply. "Isn't it brimstone morning?"

"I forgot, my dear," rejoined Squeers: "yes, it certainly is. We purify the boys' bloods now and then, Nicklebey."

"Purify fiddlestick's ends!" said his lady. "Don't think, young man, that we go to the expense of flower of brimstone and molasses just to purify them; because, if you think we carry on the business in that way, you'll find yourself mistaken, and so I tell you plainly."

"My dear," and Squeers, frowning. "Hem!"

"Oh, nonsense!" rejoined Mrs. Squeers. "If the young man comes to be a teacher here, let him understand at once that we don't want any foolery about the boys. They have the brimstone and treacle, — partly because, if they hadn't something or other in the way of medicine, they'd be always ailing, and giving a world of trouble; and partly because it spoils their appetites, and comes cheaper than breakfast and dinner. So it does them good at the same time: and that's fair enough, I'm sure."

— — Nicholas is shortly afterwards introduced into the school-room. — —

"There! This is our shop, Nicklebey!"

A bare and dirty room, with a couple of windows of which a tenth part might be of glass, the remainder being stopped up with old copy-books and paper; a couple of old desks, cut and notched and inked and damaged in every possible way; two or three forms; a detached desk for Squeers, another for his assistant; walls so discolored, that it was impossible to tell whether they had ever been touched with paint or whitewash.

But the pupils! — pale and haggard faces, lank and bony figures, children with the countenances of old men, deformities with irons upon their limbs, boys of stunted growth, and boys whose long meagre legs would hardly bear their bodies. There were little faces, which ought to have been handsome, darkened with the scowl of dogged suffering; there was childhood with the light of its eye quenched, its beauty gone, its helplessness alone remaining; there were large boys, brooding, like malefactors in jail; and there were young creatures on whom the sins of their frail parents had descended, weeping even for the nurses they had known, and lonesome even in their loneliness. With every sympathy and affection blasted in its birth, with every healthy feeling flogged and starved down, with every revengeful passion that can fester in hearts eating its evil way to their core, what an incipient hell!

It was Mr. Squeers's custom to call the boys together, and make a sort of report, after every half-yearly visit to the metropolis, so in the afternoon, the boys were recalled from house-window, garden, stable, and cow-yard; and the school was assembled in full conclave.

"Let any boy speak a word without leave," said Mr. Squeers mildly, "and I'll take skin off his back."

Death-like silence immediately prevailed.

"Boys, I've been to London, and have returned to my family and you as strong and as well as ever."

The boys gave three feeble cheers at this refreshing intelligence. Such cheers!

"I have seen the parents of some boys," continued Squeers, turning over his papers; "and they're so glad to hear how their sons

are getting on, that there's no prospect at all of their sons going away, which, of course, is a very pleasant thing to reflect upon for all parties."

Two or three hands went to two or three eyes; but the greater part of the young gentlemen — having no particular parents to speak of — were wholly uninterested in the thing, one way or other.

I have had disappointments to contend against. Bolder's father was two pound ten short. Where is Bolder? Come here, Bolder!"

An unhealthy-looking boy, with warts all over his hands, stepped from his place to the master's desk, and raised his eyes to Squeers's face; his own quite white from the rapid beating of his heart.

"Bolder," said Squeers, speaking very slowly; for he was considering, as the saying goes, where to have him, — "Bolder, if your father thinks, that, because — Why! what's this, sir?"

He caught up the boy's hand by the cuff of his jacket.

"What do you call this; sir?"

"I can't help the warts, indeed, sir. They will come. It's the dirty work, I think, sir, — at least, I don't know what it is, sir: but it's not my fault."

"Bolder, you're an incorrigible young scoundrel; and, as the last thrashing did you no good, we must see what another will do towards beating it out of you."

Mr. Squeers fell upon the boy, and caned him soundly.

"There, rub away as hard as you like: you won't rub that off in a hurry. Now let us see. A letter for Cobbey. Stand up, Cobbey!"

Another boy stood up, and eyed the letter very hard, while Squeers made a mental abstract of the same.

"Oh! Cobbey's grandmother is dead, and his Uncle John has took to drinking, which is all the news his sister sends, except eighteen-pence, which will pay for that broken square of glass. Mrs. Squeers, my dear, will you take the money?"

"Graymarsh, — he's the next. Stand up, Graymarsh!"

Another boy stood up.

"Graymarsh's maternal aunt is very glad to hear he's so well and happy, and sends her respectful compliments to Mrs. Squeers, and thinks she must be an angel. She likewise thinks Mr. Squeers is too good for this world; but hopes he may long be spared to carry on the business. Would have sent the two pair of stockings, as desired, but is short of money, so forwards a tract instead. Hopes, above all things, that Graymarsh will study to please Mr. and Mrs. Squeers, and look upon them as his only friends; and that he will love Master Squeers; and not object to sleeping five in a bed, which no Christian should. Ah! a delightful letter; very affecting, indeed."

It was affecting in one sense; for Graymarsh's maternal aunt was strongly supposed by her more intimate friends to be his maternal parent.

"Mobbs's mother-in-law took to her bed on hearing that he would not eat fat, and has been very ill ever since. She wishes to know by an early post where he expects to go to, if he quarrels with his vittles; and with what feelings he *could* turn up his nose at the cow's-liver broth, after his good master had asked a blessing on it. This was told her in the London newspapers, — not by

Mr. Squeers; for he is too kind and too good to set anybody against anybody. Mobbs's mother-in-law is sorry to find Mobbs is discontented (which is sinful and horrid), and hopes Mr. Squeers will flog him into a happier state of mind; with this view she has also stopped his halfpenny a week pocket-money, and given a double-bladed knife, with a corkscrew in it, which she had bought on purpose for him, to the Missionaries. A sulky state of feeling won't do. Cheerfulness and contentment must be kept up. — Mobbs, come to me!"

The unhappy Mobbs moved slowly towards the desk, rubbing his eyes in anticipation of good cause for doing so; and soon afterwards retired by the side door, with as good cause as a boy need have.

Mr. Squeers then proceeded to open a miscellaneous collection of letters, — some enclosing money, which Mrs. Squeers "took care of;" and others referring to small articles of apparel, as caps, and so forth, all of which the same lady stated to be too large or too small for everybody but young Squeers, who would appear to have had most accommodating limbs; since every thing that came into the school fitted him.

In course of time, Squeers retired to his fire side; leaving Nicholas to take care of the boys in the schoolroom, which was very cold, and where a meal of bread and cheese was served out shortly after dark.

There was a small stove at that corner of the room which was nearest to the master's desk; and by it Nicholas sat down, depressed and self-degraded. As he was absorbed in meditation, he encountered the upturned face of Smike, on his knees before the stove, picking a few cinders from the hearth, and planting them on the fire. When he saw that he was observed, he shrunk back, expecting a blow.

"You need not fear me. Are you cold?"

"N-n-o."

"You are shivering."

"I am not cold. I am used to it."

"Poor, broken spirited creature!"

If he had struck the wretched object, he would have slunk away without a word. But now he burst into tears.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! My heart will break! It will, it will!"

"Hush! Be a man; you are nearly one by years. God help you!"

"By years! Oh, dear, dear! how many of them! How many of them since I was a little child, younger than any that are here now! Were are they all?"

"Whom do you speak of?"

"My friends, myself, my — Oh! what sufferings mine have been!"

"There is always hope."

"No, no; none for me. Do you remember the boy that died here?"

"I was not here, you know; but what of him?"

"I was with him at night; and, when it was all silent, he cried no more for friends he wished to come and sit with him, but began to see faces round his bed, that came from home: he said they smiled and talked to him; and he died at last, lifting his head to kiss them. What faces will smile on me when I die? Who will talk to me in those long, long nights? They cannot come from

home: they would frighten me, if they did; for I don't know what home is. Pain and fear, pain and fear, for me, alive or dead. No hope, no hope!"

The bell rang to bed, and the boy crept away. With a heavy heart Nicholas soon afterwards retired — no, not retired: there was no retirement there — followed to the dirty and crowded dormitory.

— A day or two after this, the poor creature Smike, in the hope of somehow bettering his condition runs away. As Squeers cannot afford to lose so valuable a drudge, he is overtaken, and brought back, with his legs tied under the apron, and made fast to the chaise to prevent his escaping on the road. —

With hands trembling with delight, Squeers unloosened the cord; and Smike, more dead than alive, was brought in, and locked up in a cellar until such time as Mr. Squeers should deem it expedient to operate upon him.

The news that the fugitive had been caught and brought back ran like wildfire through the hungry community; and expectation was on tiptoe all the morning. On tiptoe it remained until the afternoon; when Squeers, having refreshed himself with his dinner and an extra libation, or so, made his appearance (accompanied by his amiable partner) with a fearful instrument of flagellation, strong, supple, wax-ended, and new.

"Is every boy here?"

Every boy was there; but every boy was afraid to speak: so Squeers glared along the lines to assure himself.

There was a curious expression in the usher's face; but he took his seat without opening his lips in reply. Squeers left the room, and shortly afterwards returned, dragging Smike by the collar, or, rather, by that fragment of his jacket which was nearest the place where his collar ought to have been.

"Now, what have you got to say for yourself? — Stand a little out of the way, Mrs. Squeers, my dear: I've hardly got room enough."

"Spare me, sir!"

"Oh! that's all you've got to say; is it? Yes, I'll flog you within an inch of your life, and spare you that."

One cruel blow had fallen on him, when Nicholas Nickleby cried, "Stop!"

"Who cried stop?"

"I did. This must not go on."

"Must not go on!"

"No! Must not! Shall not! I will prevent it! You have disregarded all my quiet interference in this miserable lad's behalf; you have returned no answer to the letter in which I begged forgiveness for him, and offered to be responsible that he would remain quietly here. Don't blame me for this public interference. You have brought it upon yourself, not I."

"Sit down, beggar!"

"Wretch, touch him again at your peril! I will not stand by and see it done. My blood is up, and I have the strength of ten such men as you. By Heaven! I will not spare you if you drive me on, I have a series of personal insults to avenge; and my indignation is aggravated by the cruelties practised in this foul

den. Have a care; for, if you raise the devil in me, the consequences will fall heavily upon your head."

Squeers spat at him, and struck him a blow across the face. Nicholas instantly sprang upon him, wrested his weapon from his hand, and, pinning him by the throat, beat the ruffian till he roared for mercy.

He flung him away with all the force he could muster; and the violence of his fall precipitated Mrs. Squeers over an adjacent form; Squeers, striking his head against the same form in his descent, lay at his full length on the ground, stunned and motionless.

Having brought affairs to this happy termination, and having ascertained, to his satisfaction, that Squeers was only stunned, and not dead (upon which point he had some unpleasant doubts at first), Nicholas packed up a few clothes in a small valise, and, finding that nobody offered to oppose his progress, marched boldly out by the front-door, and struck into the road. Then such a cheer arose as the walls of Dotheboys Hall had never echoed before, and would never respond to again. When the sound had died away, the school was empty; and of the crowd of boys not one remained.

Mr. Squeers meets his just deserts at last, being sentenced to transportation for seven years for being in the unlawful possession of a stolen will; the result of which is, that Dotheboys Hall is broken up for ever.

GEORGE ELIOT.

(MARIANNE EVANS).

Miss Evans was a clergyman's daughter, who acted for some time as joint editor of the "Westminster Review." Her first work — *Scenes of Clerical Life* — was only the unimportant precursor of that series of fictions — *Adam Bede*, *The Mill on the Floss*, *Silas Marner* and *Felix Holt* which form a splendid set of studies in real life, remarkable alike for artistic finish, wealth of intellectual power, and moral significance.

Romola which immediately preceeded *Felix Holt* is a romance of mediæval Italy, the central figure being the martyr Savonarola.

After ten years of distinguished success as a novelist, George Eliot turned aside into the kindred walk of poetry. *The Spanish Gipsy* blends, in one singularly thrilling dramatic narrative, the opposing spirit and purpose of the Spaniard and the Moor towards the close of their protracted struggle.

George Elliot.¹⁾

This powerful thinker and consummate literary artist, holds indisputably the highest place among living novelists. — *Felix Holt* — her most admired work — was the labour of two years — and she obtained for it no less than £ 6000, said to be the highest sum ever paid for a single novel — at least to a lady.

Felix Holt, the Radical, pays a visit to Mr. Lyon — an Inde-

¹⁾ Miss E. J. Irving's contribution to my book.

pendent minister, whose reputed daughter, Esther, is endowed with great beauty — and delicate fine-lady tastes — extremely offensive to the uncompromising Felix — Radical not only in politics, but in regard to all the conventionalities of society.

He sees, however, a noble, generous nature, slumbering beneath her frivolity; and sets himself to awake it — a course which is speedily successful, and leads to a strong mutual attachment; though Felix resolutely determines never to marry. Harold Transome, the Radical of another stamp; not thorough-going enough to please Felix who remonstrates roughly about some electioneering malpractices sanctioned by Harold's agent Jermyn, the family lawyer; and when corruption still goes on, endeavours by acting as one of the mob, to calm their drunken excitement.

In endeavouring to rescue a hated voter from their clutches, he has the misfortune to have a struggle with a constable who mistook him for a rioter — and who dies from the effects of a fall.

By appearing to lead the mob, he diverts them for a time from their destructive purposes; but a fresh suggestion carries them off to plunder Treby Manor, bearing in their midst Felix, with the constable's sabre naked in his hand.

The military arrive and fire; Felix is wounded, captured and thrown into prison.

Meanwhile, Transome, who has lost the election is envired by troubles. His mother, a proud despotic woman — accustomed to absolute rule over an imbecile husband — resents Harold's cool egoism and quiet mastery. The estates have been mismanaged by Jermyn; but a secret hold he possesses on Mrs. Transome has prevented her from resisting his rapacity. Harold institutes legal proceedings; Jermyn, who had discovered that Esther Lyon is but the Minister's step-daughter — and true heir to the Transome estates, endeavours to effect a compromise by offering to suppress the evidence. Harold, partly from a sense of honour, partly to circumvent Jermyn, prefers to deal justly with Esther; he invites her to Transome Court — and endeavours to make himself agreeable to her — with a view to adjusting the claims by marriage. She wavers awhile — enjoying the refined surroundings her nature craved for. But the good-natured aristocratic egoist cannot bear comparison in her eyes with Felix, his high though peculiar sense of duty, and wilful renunciation of personal ease for the general good; and she becomes dissatisfied. The trial comes on; Esther is present; hearing the case go against him, she goes into the witness-box and says a few words of ardent testimony to the virtues and nobility of Felix Holt — The effect — ultimately great — does not change the verdict — nor soften the sentence — He is pronounced guilty of manslaughter — and adjudged to four years imprisonment; however, a successful effort is made to procure a pardon. Esther, now convinced where her duty and her happiness lie, refuses Transome; and, moved partly by compassion for the family in possession, whose claim is morally, though not legally just, but more by the fact that her fortune raises an insuperable barrier between her and Felix (who had declared his resolution to remain a working man, so as to influence the working classes) she renounces all claim to the Transome estates, preferring poverty and Felix, to whom she is ere long married.

Felix Holt is a book of which no analysis or extract can give an adequate idea; the effect being gained by a succession of minute touches. The parts exposing political mal-practices — and showing the unjust and insecure working of the English laws of inheritance are specially worthy of study. — —

In the evening, when Mr. Lyon was expecting the knock at the door that would announce Felix Holt he occupied his cushionless arm-chair in the sitting-room, and was skimming rapidly, in his shortsighted way, by the light of one candle, the pages of a missionary report, emitting occasionally a slight „Hm-m” that appeared to be expressive of criticism rather than of approbation. The room was dismally furnished, the only objects indicating an intention of ornament being a bookcase, a map of the Holy Land, an engraved portrait of Dr. Doddridge, and a black bust with a coloured face, which for some reason or other was covered with green gauze. Yet any one whose attention was quite awake must have been aware, even on entering, of certain things that were incongruous with the general air of sombreness and privation. There was a delicate scent of dried rose-leaves; the light by which the minister was reading was a waxcandle in a white earthenware candlestick, and the table on the opposite side of the fireplace held a dainty work-basket frilled with blue satin.

Felix Holt, when he entered, was not in an observant mood; and when, after seating himself at the minister's invitation, near the little table which held the work-basket, he stared at the waxcandle opposite to him, he did so without any wonder or consciousness that the candle was not of tallow. But the minister's sensitiveness gave another interpretation to the gaze which he divined rather than saw; and in alarm lest this inconsistent extravagance should obstruct his usefulness, he hastened to say —

„You are doubtless amazed to see me with a waxlight, my young friend; but this undue luxury is paid for with the earnings of my daughter, who is so delicately framed that the smell of tallow is loathsome to her.”

„I heeded not the candle, sir. I thank Heaven I am not a mouse to have a nose that takes note of wax or tallow.”

The loud abrupt tones made the old man vibrate a little. He had been stroking his chin gently before, with a sense that he must be very quiet and deliberate in his treatment of the eccentric young man; but now, quite unreflectingly, he drew forth a pair of spectacles, which he was in the habit of using when he wanted to observe his interlocutor more closely than usual.

„And I myself, in fact, am equally indifferent,” he said, as he opened and adjusted his glasses, „so that I have a sufficient light on my book.” Here his large eyes looked discerningly through the spectacles.

„’Tis the quality of the page you care about, not of the candle,” said Felix, smiling pleasantly enough at his inspector. „You’re thinking that you have a roughly-written page before you now.”

That was true. The minister, accustomed to the respectable air of provincial townsmen, and especially to the sleek well-clipped gravity of his own male congregation, felt a slight shock as his glasses made perfectly clear to him the shaggy-headed, large-eyed, strong-limbed person of this questionable young man, without waist-

coat or cravat. But the possibility, supported by some of Mrs. Holt's words, that a disguised work of grace might be going forward in the son of whom she complained so bitterly, checked any hasty interpretations.

"I abstain from judging by the outward appearance only," he answered, with his usual simplicity. "I myself have experienced that when the spirit is much exercised it is difficult to remember neckbands and strings and such small accidents of our vesture, which are nevertheless decent and needful so long as we sojourn in the flesh. And you too, my young friend, as I gather from your mother's troubled and confused report, are undergoing some travail of mind. You will not, I trust, object to open yourself fully to me, as to an aged pastor who has himself had much inward wrestling, and has especially known much temptation from doubt."

"As to doubt," said Felix, loudly and brusquely as before, "if it is those absurd medicines and gulling advertisements that my mother has been talking of to you — and I suppose it is — I've no more doubt about *them* than I have about pocket-picking. I know there's a stage of speculation in which a man may doubt whether a pickpocket is blameworthy — but I'm not one of your subtle fellows who keep looking at the world through their own legs. If I allowed the sale of those medicines to go on, and my mother to live out of the proceeds when I can keep her by the honest labour of my hands, I've not the least doubt that I should be a rascal."

"I would fain inquire more particularly into your objection to these medicines," said Mr. Lyon, gravely. Notwithstanding his conscientiousness and a certain originality in his own mental disposition, he was too little used to high principle quite dissociated from sectarian phraseology to be as immediately in sympathy with it as he would otherwise have been. "I know they have been well reported of, and many wise persons have tried remedies providentially discovered by those who are not regular physicians, and have found a blessing in the use of them."

Moreover; your father, who originally concocted these medicines and left them as a provision for your mother, was, as I understand, a man whose walk was not unfaithful.

"My father was ignorant," said Felix, bluntly. "He knew neither the complication of the human system, nor the way in which drugs counteract each other. Ignorance is not so damnable as humbug, but when it prescribes pills it may happen to do more harm. I know something about these things. I was 'prentice for five miserable years to a stupid brute of a country apothecary — my poor father left money for that — he thought nothing could be finer for me. No matter: I know that the Cathartic Pills are a drastic compound which may be as bad as poison to half the people who swallow them; that the Elixir is an absurd farrago of a dozen incompatible things; and that the Cancer Cure might as well be bottled ditch-water."

Mr. Lyon rose and walked up and down the room. His simplicity was strongly mixed with sagacity as well as sectarian prejudice, and he did not rely at once on a loud-spoken integrity — Satan might have flavoured it with ostentation. Presently he asked

in a rapid low tone, "How long have you known this, young man?"

"Well put, sir," said Felix. "I've known it a good deal longer than I've acted on it, like plenty of other things. But you believe in conversion?"

"Yea, verily."

"So do I. I was converted by six weeks' debauchery."

The minister started. "Young man," he said, solemnly, going up close to Felix and laying a hand on his shoulder, "speak not lightly of the Divine operations, and restrain unseemly words."

"I'm not speaking lightly," said Felix. "If I had not seen that I was making a hog of myself very fast, and that pig-wash, even if I could have got plenty of it, was a poor sort of thing, I should never have looked life fairly in the face to see what was to be done with it. I laughed out loud at last to think of a poor devil like me, in a Scotch garret, with my stockings out a heel and a shilling or two to be dissipated upon, with a smell of raw haggis mounting from below, and old women breathing gin as they passed me on the stairs — wanting to turn my life into easy pleasure. Then I began to see what else it could be turned into. Not much, perhaps. This world is not a very fine place for a good many of the people in it. But I've made up my mind it shan't be the worse for me, if I can help it. They may tell me I can't alter the world — that there must be a certain number of sneaks and robbers in it, and if I don't lie and filch somebody else will. Well, then, somebody else shall, for I won't. That's the upshot of my conversion, Mr. Lyon, if you want to know it."

Mr. Lyon removed his hand from Felix's shoulder and walked about again. "Did you sit under any preacher at Glasgow, young man?"

"No: I heard most of the preachers once, but I never wanted to hear them twice."

The good Rufus was not without a slight rising of resentment at this young man's want of reverence. It was not yet plain whether he wanted to hear twice the preacher in Malthouse Yard. But the resentful feeling was carefully repressed: a soul in so peculiar a condition must be dealt with delicately.

"And now, may I ask," he said, "what course you mean to take, after hindering your mother from making and selling these drugs? I speak no more in their favour after what you have said. God forbid that I should strive to hinder you from seeking whatsoever things are honest and honourable. But your mother is advanced in years; she needs comfortable sustenance; you have doubtless considered how you may make her amends? 'He that provideth not for his own —' I trust you respect the authority that so speaks. And I will not suppose that, after being tender of conscience towards strangers, you will be careless towards your mother. There be indeed some who, taking a mighty charge on their shoulders, must perforce leave their households to Providence, and to the care of humbler brethren, but in such a case the call must be clear."

"I shall keep my mother as well — nay, better — than she has kept herself. She has always been frugal. With my watch and clock cleaning, and teaching one or two little chaps that I've got to come to me, I can earn enough. As for me, I can live on bran porridge. I have the stomach of a rhinoceros."

"But for a young man so well furnished as you, who can questionless write a good hand and keep books, were it not well to seek some higher situation as as clerk or assistant? I could speak to Brother Muscat, who is well acquainted with all such openings. Any place in Pendrell's Bank, I fear, is now closed against such as are not Churchmen. It used not to be so, but a year ago he discharged Brother Bodkin, although he was a valuable servant. Still, some thing might be found. There are ranks and degrees — and those who can serve in the higher must not unadvisedly change what seems to be a providential appointment. Your poor mother is not altogether — —"

"Excuse me, Mr. Lyon; I've had all that out with my mother, and I may as well save you any trouble by telling you that my mind has been made up about that a long while ago. I'll take no employment that obliges me to prop up my chin with a high cravat, and wear straps, and pass the livelong day with a set of fellows who spend their spare money on shirt-pins. That sort of work is really lower than many handicrafts; it only happens to be paid out of proportion. That's why I set myself to learn the watchmaking trade. My father was a weaver first of all. It would have been better for him if he had remained a weaver. I came home through Lancashire and saw an uncle of mine who is a weaver still. I mean to stick to the class I belong to — people who don't follow the fashions."

Mr. Lyon was silent a few moments. This dialogue was far from plain sailing; he was not certain of his latitude and longitude. If the despiser of Glasgow preachers had been arguing in favour of gin and Sabbath-breaking. Mr Lyon's course would have been clearer. "Well, well," he said, deliberately, "it is true that St. Paul exercised the trade of tent-making, though he was learned in all the wisdom of the Rabbis."

"St. Paul was a wise man," said Felix. "Why should I want to get into the middle class because I have some learning? The most of the middle class are as ignorant as the working people about everything that doesn't belong to their own Brummagem life. That's how the working men are left to foolish device and keep worsening themselves: the best heads among them forsake their born comrades, and go in for a house with a high door-step and a brass knocker."

Mr. Lyon stroked his mouth and chin, perhaps because he felt some disposition to smile; and it would not be well to smile too readily at what seemed but a weedy resemblance of Christian unworldliness. On the contrary, there might be a dangerous snare in an unsanctified outstepping of average Christian practice.

"Nevertheless," he observed, gravely, "it is by such self-advancement that many have been enabled to do good service to the cause of liberty and to the public wellbeing. The ring and the robe of Joseph were no objects for a good man's ambition, but they were the signs of that credit which he won by his divinely-inspired skill, and which enabled him to act as a saviour to his brethren."

"O yes, your ringed and scented men of the people! — I won't be one of them. Let a man once throttle himself with a satin stock, and he'll get new wants and new motives. Metamorphosis will have begun at his neck-joint, and it will go on till it has changed his

likings first and then his reasoning, which will follow his likings as the feet of a hungry dog follow his nose. I'll have none of your clerkly gentility. I might end by collecting greasy pence from poor men to buy myself a fine coat and a glutton's dinner, on pretence of serving the poor men. I'd sooner be Paley's fat pigeon than a demagogue all tongue and stomach, though" — here Felix changed his voice a little — "I should like well enough to be another sort of demagogue, if I could."

"Then you have a strong interest in the great political movements of these times?" said Mr. Lyon, with a perceptible flashing of the eyes.

"I should think so. I despise every man who has not — or, having it, doesn't try to rouse it in other men."

"Right, my young friend, right," said the minister, in a deep cordial tone.

You will stay and have a dish of tea with us: we take the meal late on Thursdays, because my daughter is detained by giving a lesson in the French tongue. But she is doubtless returned now, and will presently come and pour out tea for us."

"Thank you; I'll stay," said Felix, not from any curiosity to see the minister's daughter, but from a liking for the society of the minister himself — for his quaint looks and ways, and the transparency of his talk, which gave a charm even to his weaknesses. The daughter was probably some prim Miss, neat, sensible, pious, but all in a small feminine way, in which Felix was no more interested than in Dorcas meetings, biographies of devout women, and that amount of ornamental knitting which was not inconsistent with Nonconforming seriousness.

"I'm perhaps a little too fond of banging and smashing," he went on; "a phrenologist at Glasgow told me I had large veneration; another man there, who knew me, laughed out and said I was the most blasphemous iconoclast living. 'That,' says my phrenologist, 'is because of his large Ideality, which prevents him from finding anything perfect enough to be venerated.' Of course I put my ears down and wagged my tail at that stroking."

"Yes, yes; I have had my own head explored with somewhat similar results. It is, I fear, but a vain show of fulfilling the heathen precept, 'Know thyself,' and too often leads to a self-estimate which will subsist in the absence of that fruit by which alone the quality of the tree is made evident. Nevertheless — — Esther, my dear, this is Mr. Holt, whose acquaintance I have even now been making with more than ordinary interest. He will take tea with us."

Esther bowed slightly as she walked across the room to fetch the candle and place it near her tray. Felix rose and bowed, also with an air of indifference, which was perhaps exaggerated by the fact that he was inwardly surprised. The minister's daughter was not the sort of person he expected. She was quite incongruous with his notion of ministers' daughters in general; and though he had expected something nowise delightful, the incongruity repelled him. A very delicate scent, the faint suggestion of a garden, was wafted as she went. He would not observe her, but he had a sense of an elastic walk, the tread of small feet, a long neck and a high crown of shining brown plaits with curls that floated backward —

things, in short, that suggested a fine lady to him, and determined him to notice her as little as possible. A fine lady was always a sort of spun glass affair — not natural, and with no beauty for him as art; but a fine lady as the daughter of this rusty old Puritan was especially offensive.

"Will you draw up to the table, Mr. Holt?" said the minister.

In the act of rising, Felix pushed back his chair too suddenly against the rickety table close by him, and down went the blue-frilled work-basket, flying open, and dispersing on the floor reels, thimble, muslin work, a small sealed bottle of atta of rose, and something heavier than these — a duodecimo volume which fell close to him between the table and the fender.

"O my stars!" said Felix, "I beg your pardon." Esther had already started up, and with wonderful quickness had picked up half the small rolling things while Felix was lifting the basket and the book. This last had opened, and had its leaves crushed in falling; and, with the instinct of a bookish man, he saw nothing more pressing to be done than to flatten the corners of the leaves.

"Byron's Poems!" he said, in a tone of disgust, while Esther was recovering all the other articles. "The Dream" — he'd better have been asleep and snoring. What! do you stuff your memory with Byron, Miss Lyon?"

Felix, on his side, was led at last to look straight at Esther, but it was with a strong denunciatory and pedagogic intention. Of course he saw more clearly than ever that she was a fine lady.

She reddened, drew up her long neck, and said, as she retreated to her chair again:

"I have a great admiration for Byron."

Mr. Lyon had paused in the act of drawing his chair to the tea-table, and was looking on at this scene, wrinkling the corners of his eyes with a perplexed smile. Esther would not have wished him to know anything about the volume of Byron, but she was too proud to show any concern.

"He is a worldly and vain writer. I fear," said Mr. Lyon. He knew scarcely anything of the poet, whose books embodied the faith and ritual of many young ladies and gentlemen.

"A misanthropic debauchee," said Felix, lifting a chair with one hand, and holding the book open in the other, "whose notion of a hero was that he should disorder his stomach and despise mankind. His Corsairs and Renegades, his Alps and Manfreds, are the most paltry puppets that were ever pulled by the strings of lust and pride."

"Hand the book to me," said Mr. Lyon.

"Let me beg of you to put it aside till after tea, father," said Esther. "However objectionable Mr. Holt may find its pages, they would certainly be made worse by being greased with bread-and butter."

"That is true, my dear," said Mr. Lyon, laying down the book on the small table behind him. He saw that his daughter was angry.

"Ho, ho!" thought Felix, "her father is frightened at her. How came he to have such a nice-stepping long-necked peacock for his daughter? but she shall see that I am not frightened." Then he said aloud, "I should like to know how you will justify your admiration for such a writer, Miss Lyon."

"I should not attempt it with you, Mr. Holt," said Esther. "You have

such strong words at command, that they make the smallest argument seen formidable. If I had ever met the giant Cormoran, I should have made a point of agreeing with him in his literary opinions."

Esther had that excellent thing in woman, a soft voice with a clear fluent utterance. Her sauciness was always charming, because it was without emphasis, and was accompanied with graceful little turns of the head.

Felix laughed at her thrust with young heartiness.

"My daughter is a critic of words, Mr. Holt," said the minister, smiling complacently, "and often corrects mine on the ground of niceties, which I profess are as dark to me as if they were the reports of a sixth sense which I possess not. I am an eager seeker for precision, and would fain find language subtle enough to follow the utmost intricacies of the soul's pathways, but I see not why a round word that means some object, made and blessed by the Creator, should be branded and banished as a malefactor."

"O, your niceties — I know what they are," said Felix, in his usual *fortissimo*. "They all go on your system of make-believe. 'Rottenness' may suggest what is unpleasant, so you'd better say 'sugar-plums', or something else such a long way off the fact that nobody is obliged to think of it. Those are your roundabout euphuisms that dress up swindling till it looks as well as honesty, and shoot with boiled pease instead of bullets. I hate your gentlemanly speakers."

Dorothea Brooke.

MIDDLEMARCH. George Eliot's latest published prose work, is a book showing the struggle of great capabilities and lofty aspirations, with the lowering conditions of life, and also with the weakness and error inseparable from even the noblest natures, — describing the *middle march* along the path of life, to which the majority, even of high souls are inevitably doomed. There are several sets of characters, each set moving for the most part in its own particular groove; yet having sufficient connection with the others to give the story artistic unity. Perhaps the most striking proof of the author's power is the sense of disappointment — of incompleteness — with which the book leaves us.

The principal — at least the most interesting character is Dorothea Brooke, a young lady of good birth, fortune, and appearance, exceptional talents, and lofty views of life and its duties. She would fain be a beneficent power — work some mighty moral or social revolution — do something to make the world appreciably better and happier. By way of gaining her end, she marries a musty encyclopedia of useless learning, whom her girlish enthusiasm invests with genius, philanthropy, tenderness, — all that could perfect her ideal; and finds she has married a mean suspicious book-worm — a man who has devoted himself to solitary study and abstruse investigation until he has no ardour to respond to her reverential love — no interest in his fellow-men. After a short married life she is released from this bondage, and left with a handsome fortune. She eventually marries Will Ladislaw, a wayward erratic child of genius and impulse, full of faults, and wanting guidance and control, rather than affording her help in her strivings after a higher life. By so doing, she not only forfeits the fortune left by Mr. Casaubon, but incurs

the resentment of her family, especially of Sir James Chettam, a former lover, amiable and chivalrous, but the reverse of intellectual — who marries her younger sister.

The set in which she moves is the usual society of a provincial town — subject to the usual controlling influences of moneyed interest and social status. Among them is a manufacturer's family — the Vincys — a banker — Bulstrode — a wealthy miser Featherstone, with his poor relatives, the Garths — all connected by intermarriage —, and an aspiring young doctor — Lydgate. Lydgate is a stranger in Middlemarch, highly connected, of independent and somewhat arrogant disposition, with high views of the dignity and utility of his profession, and noble resolution, of making his own knowledge and talent a blessing to the world. He is, however, poor; and his hauteur and innovations speedily raise a strong party against him. His practice and influence diminish — and besides he commits the imprudence of allowing a sudden impulse to betray him into an engagement and marriage with Rosamond Vincy, a young lady who conceals under a most lovely and winning exterior a cold selfish nature and a power of passive resistance which speedily make shipwreck of Lydgate's dream of married life. He is plunged deeply into debt and sordid cares for daily recurring wants take the place of high dreams of art — he loses his reputation, innocently enough, by accepting a loan from Bulstrode at a time when the latter was known to have strong reasons for purchasing his professional help and silence; and dies in his prime a successful practitioner on the principle he despised — a disappointed man having made no mark in the world, carried out no cherished scheme. Fred Vincy expects to be the heir of the rich miser; and lives on his expectations extravagantly; but being stimulated by his love for the plain sensible Mary Garth, who does not trouble her head with the regeneration of the world; but cares only for correcting the faults of that unit of it represented by the man she loves, who sets bravely to work under her talented, unworldly father, and becomes — not indeed a fine gentleman — but a steady, laborious farmer and landsurveyor.

There are many subordinate, but well-defined characters among which that in which George Eliot specially delights — the warm hearted, highly-gifted, pleasure-loving, somewhat unclerical, but wholly loveable clergyman is not wanting. This author is most characteristic in her psychological passages; the thoughts and feelings of the baffled aspirants in the circumstances in which she places them. The following extracts from the experience of Dorothea are selected with a view to illustrate this.

Dorothea has become acquainted with Mr. Casaubon and begun to fancy he means to propose to her.

It had now entered Dorothea's mind that Mr. Casaubon might wish to make her his wife, and the idea that he would do so, touched her with a sort of reverential gratitude. How good of him — nay, it would be almost as if a winged messenger had suddenly stood beside her path and held out his hand towards her! For a long while she had been oppressed by the indefiniteness which hung in her mind; like a thick summer haze, over all her desire to make her life greatly effective. What could she do, what ought she to do? — she. hardly more than a budding woman, but yet

with an active conscience and a great mental need, not to be satisfied by a girlish instruction comparable to the nibblings and judgments of a discursive mouse. With some endowment of stupidity and conceit, she might have thought that a Christian young lady of fortune should find her ideal of life in village charities, patronage of the humbler clergy, the perusal of 'Female Scripture Characters,' unfolding the private experience of Sara under the Old Dispensation, and Doreas under the New, and the care of her soul over her embroidery in her own boudoir — with a back-ground of prospective marriage to a man who, if less strict than herself, as being involved in affairs religiously inexplicable, might be prayed for and seasonably exhorted. From such contentment poor Dorothea was shut out. The intensity of her religious disposition, the coercion it exercised over her life, was but one aspect of a nature altogether ardent, theoretic, and intellectually consequent: and with such a nature, struggling in the bands of a narrow teaching, hemmed in by a social life which seemed nothing but a labyrinth of petty courses, a walled-in maze of small paths that led whither, the outcome was sure to strike others as at once exaggeration and inconsistency. The thing which seemed to her best, she wanted to justify by the completest knowledge; and not to live in a pretended admission of rules which were never acted on. Into this soul-hunger as yet all her youthful passion was poured; the union which attracted her was one that would deliver her from her girlish subjection to her own ignorance, and give her the freedom of voluntary submission to a guide who would take her along the grandest path.

"I should learn everything then," she said to herself, still walking quickly along the bridle-road through the wood. "It would be my duty to study that I might help him the better in his great works. There would be nothing trivial about our lives. Everyday things with us would mean the greatest things. It would be like marrying Pascal. I should learn to see the truth by the same light as great men have seen it by. And then I should know what to do, when I got older: I should see how it was possible to lead a grand life here — now — in England. I don't feel sure about doing good in any way now: everything seems like going on a mission to a people whose language I don't know; — unless it were building good cottages — there can be no doubt about that. Oh, I hope I should be able to get the people well housed in Lowich! I will draw plenty of plans while I have time."

After the engagement she goes to see her future home.

Dorothea walked about the house with delightful emotion. Everything seemed hallowed to her: this was to be the home of her wifehood, and she looked up with eyes full of confidence to Mr. Casaubon when he drew her attention specially to some actual arrangement and asked her if she would like an alteration. All appeals to her taste she met gratefully, but saw nothing to alter. His efforts at exact courtesy and formal tenderness had no defect for her. She filled up all blanks with unmanifested perfections, interpreting him as she interpreted the works of Providence, and accounting for seeming discords by her own deafness to the higher harmonies. And there are many blanks left in the weeks of courtship, which a loving faith fills with happy assurance.

Mr. and Mrs. Casaubon, returning from their wedding journey,

arrived at Lowick Manor in the middle of January. A light snow was falling as they descended at the door, and in the morning, when Dorothea passed from her dressing-room into the blue-green boudoir, she saw the long avenue of limes lifting their trunks from a white earth, and spreading white branches against the dun and motionless sky. The distant flat shrank in uniform whiteness and low-hanging uniformity of cloud. The very furniture in the room seemed to have shrunk since she saw it before: the stag in the tapestry looked more like a ghost in his ghostly blue-green world; the volumes of polite literature in the bookcase looked more like immovable imitations of books. The bright fire of dry oak-boughs burning on the dogs seemed an incongruous renewal of life and glow — like the figure of Dorothea herself as she entered carrying the red-leather cases containing the cameos for Celia.

She was glowing from her morning toilette as only healthful youth can glow: there was gemlike brightness on her coiled hair and in her hazel eyes; there was warm red life in her lips; her throat had a breathing whiteness above the differing white of the fur which itself seemed to wind about her neck and cling down her blue-grey pelise with a tenderness gathered from her own, a sentient commingled innocence which kept its loveliness against the crystalline purity of the outdoor snow. As she laid the cameo-cases on the table in the bow-window, she unconsciously kept her hands on them, immediately absorbed in looking out on the still, white enclosure which made her visible world.

Mr. Casaubon, who had risen early complaining of palpitation, was in the library giving audience to his curate Mr. Tucker. By-and-by Celia would come in her quality of bridesmaid as well as sister, and through the next weeks there would be wedding visits received and given; all in continuance of that transitional life understood to correspond with the excitement of bridal felicity, and keeping up the sense of busy ineffectiveness, as of a dream which the dreamer begins to suspect. The duties of her married life, contemplated as so great beforehand, seemed to be shrinking with the furniture and the white vapour-walled landscape. The clear heights where she expected to walk in full communion had become difficult to see even in her imagination; the delicious repose of the soul on a complete superior had been shaken into uneasy effort and alarmed with dim presentiment. When would the days begin of that active wifely devotion which was to strengthen her husband's life and exalt her own? Never perhaps, as she had preconceived them; but somehow — still somehow. In this solemnly-pledged union of her life, duty would present itself in some new form of inspiration and give a new meaning to wifely love.

Meanwhile there was the snow and the low arch of dun vapour — there was the stifling oppression of that gentlewoman's world, where everything was done for her and none asked for her aid — where the sense of connection with a manifold pregnant existence had to be kept up painfully as an inward vision, instead of coming from without in claims that would have shaped her energies. — „What shall I do?“ „Whatever you please, my dear:“ that had been her brief history since she had left off learning morning lessons and practising silly rhythms on the hated piano. Marriage, which was to bring guidance into worthy and imperative occu-

pation, had not yet freed her from the gentlewoman's oppressive liberty: it had not even filled her leisure with the ruminant joy of unchecked tenderness. Her blooming full-pulsed youth stood there in a moral imprisonment which made itself one with the chill, colourless, narrowed landscape, with the shrunken furniture, the never-read books, and the ghostly stag in a pale fantastic world that seemed to be vanishing from the daylight.

In the first minutes when Dorothea looked out she felt nothing but the dreary oppression: then came a keen remembrance, and turning away from the window she walked round the room. The ideas and hopes which were living in her mind when she first saw this room nearly three months before were present now only as memories: she judged them as we judge transient and departed things. All existence seemed to beat with a lower pulse than her own, and her religious faith was a solitary cry, the struggle out of a nightmare in which every object was withering and shrinking away from her. Each remembered thing in the room was disenchanted, was deadened as an unlit transparency, till her wandering gaze came to the group of miniatures, and there at last she saw something which had gathered new breath and meaning: it was the miniature of Mr. Casaubon's aunt Julia, who had made the unfortunate marriage — of Will Ladislaw's grandmother. Dorothea could fancy that it was alive now — the delicate woman's face which yet had a headstrong look, a peculiarity difficult to interpret. Was it only her friends who thought her marriage unfortunate? or did she herself find it out to be a mistake, and taste the salt bitterness of her tears in the merciful silence of the night? What breadths of experience Dorothea seemed to have passed over since she first looked at this miniature! She felt a new companionship with it, as if it had an ear for her and could see how she was looking at it. Here was a woman who had known some difficulty about marriage. Nay, the colours deepened, the lips and chin seemed to get larger, the hair and eyes seemed to be sending out light, the face was masculine and beamed on her with that full gaze which tells her on whom it falls that she is too interesting for the slightest movement of her eyelid to pass unnoticed and uninterpreted. The vivid presentation came like a pleasant glow to Dorothea: she felt herself smiling, and turning from the miniature sat down and looked up as if she were again talking to a figure in front of her. But the smile disappeared as she went on meditating, and at last she said aloud —

"Oh, it was cruel to speak so! How sad — how dreadful!"

— Mr. Casaubon's health is failing; he consults Lydgate, who informs him he is suffering from disease of the heart, and must give up study or the hope of longer life. Dorothea who knew this, goes to meet and comfort her husband. —

Dorothea had been aware when Lydgate had ridden away, and she had stepped into the garden, with the impulse to go at once to her husband. But she hesitated, fearing to offend him by obtruding herself; for her ardour, continually repulsed, served, with her intense memory, to heighten her dread, as thwarted energy subsides into a shudder; and she wandered slowly round the nearer clumps of trees until she saw him advancing. Then she went towards him, and might have represented a heaven-sent angel coming.

with a promise that the short hours remaining should yet be filled with that faithful love which clings the closer to a comprehended grief. His glance in reply to hers was so chill that she felt her timidity increased; yet she turned and passed her hand through his arm.

Mr. Casaubon kept his hands behind him and allowed her pliant arm to cling with difficulty against his rigid arm.

There was something horrible to Dorothea in the sensation which this unresponsive hardness inflicted on her. That is a strong word, but not too strong: it is in these acts called trivialities that the seeds of joy are for ever wasted, until men and women look round with haggard faces at the devastation their own waste has made, and say, the earth bears no harvest of sweetness—calling their denial knowledge. You may ask why, in the name of manliness, Mr. Casaubon should have behaved in that way. Consider that his was a mind which shrank from pity: have you ever watched in such a mind the effect of a suspicion that what is pressing it as a grief may be really a source of contentment, either actual or future, to the being who already offends by pitying? Besides, he knew little of Dorothea's sensations, and had not reflected that on such an occasion as the present they were comparable, in strength to his own sensibilities about Carp's criticisms.

Dorothea did not withdraw her arm, but she could not venture to speak. Mr. Casaubon did not say, "I wish to be alone," but he directed his steps in silence towards the house, and as they entered by the glass door on this eastern side, Dorothea withdrew her arm and lingered on the matting, that she might leave her husband quite free. He entered the library and shut himself in, alone with his sorrow.

She went up to her boudoir. The open bow-window let in the serene glory of the afternoon sun lying in the avenue, where the lime-trees cast long shadows. But Dorothea knew nothing of the scene. She threw herself on to a chair, not heeding that she was in the dazzling sun-rays: if there were discomfort in that, how could she tell that it was not part of her inward misery?

She was in the reaction of a rebellious anger stronger than any she had felt since her marriage. Instead of tears, there came words: —

"What have I done — what am I — that he should treat me so? He never knows what is in my mind — he never cares. What is the use of anything I do? He wishes he had never married me."

She began to hear herself, and was checked into stillness. Like one who has lost his way and is weary, she sat and saw as in one glance all the paths of her young hope which she should never find again. And just as clearly in the miserable light she saw her own and her husband's solitude — how they walked apart so that she was obliged to survey him. If he had drawn her towards him, she would never have surveyed him — never have said, "Is he worth living for?" but would have felt him simply a part of her own life. Now she said bitterly, "It is his fault, not mine." In the jar of her whole being, Pity was overthrown. Was it her fault that she had believed in him — had believed in his worthiness? — And what, exactly, was he? — She was able enough

to estimate him — she who waited on his glances with trembling, and shut her best soul in prison, paying it only hidden visits, that she might be petty enough to please him. In such a crisis as this, some women begin to hate.

The sun was low when Dorothea was thinking that she would not go down again, but would send a message to her husband saying that she was not well and preferred remaining up-stairs. She had never deliberately allowed her resentment to govern her in this way before, but she believed now that she could not see him again without telling him the truth about her feeling, and she must wait till she could do it without interruption. He might wonder and be hurt at her message. It was good that he should wonder and be hurt. Her anger said, as anger is apt to say, that God was with her — that all heaven, though it were crowded with spirits watching them, must be on her side. She had determined to ring her bell, when there came a rap at the door.

Mr. Casaubon had sent to say that he would have his dinner in the library. He wished to be quite alone this evening, being much occupied.

"I shall not dine, then, Tantripp."

"Oh, madam, let me bring you a little of something?"

"No; I am not well. Get everything ready in my dressing-room, but pray do not disturb me again."

Dorothea sat almost motionless in her meditative struggle; while the evening slowly deepened into night. But the struggle changed continually, as that of a man who begins with a movement towards striking and ends with conquering his desire to strike. The energy that would animate a crime is not more than is wanted to inspire a resolved submission, when the noble habit of the soul re-asserts itself. That thought with which Dorothea had gone out to meet her husband — her conviction that he had been asking about the possible arrest of all his work, and that the answer must have wrung his heart, could not be long without rising beside the image of him, like a shadowy monitor looking at her anger with sad remonstrance. It cost her a litany of pictured sorrows and of silent cries that she might be the mercy for those sorrows — but the resolved submission did come; and when the house was still, and she knew that it was near the time when Mr. Casaubon habitually went to rest, she opened her door gently and stood outside in the darkness waiting for his coming up-stairs with a light in his hand. If he did not come soon she thought that she would go down and even risk incurring another pang. She would never again expect anything else. But she did hear the library door open, and slowly the light advanced up the staircase without noise from the footsteps on the carpet. When her husband stood opposite to her, she saw that his face was more haggard. He started slightly on seeing her, and she looked up at him beseechingly, without speaking.

"Dorothea!" he said, with a gentle surprise in his tone. "Were you waiting for me?"

"Yes, I did not like to disturb you."

"Come, my dear, come. You are young, and need not extend your life by watching."

When the kind quiet melancholy of that speech fell on Doro-

thea's ears, she felt something like the thankfulness that might well up in us if we had narrowly escaped hurting a lamed creature. She put her hand into her husband's, and they went along the broad corridor together.

— Mr. Casaubon after almost obtaining her promise to carry out his last wishes, whatever they might be, dies suddenly. When the will is read there is found to be a clause depriving Dorothea of the property if she should marry Ladislaw. Ladislaw singularly handsome, talented, and fascinating, but indolent and capricious, had incurred Casaubon's dislike partly by renouncing his dependence upon him, partly because of his evident admiration for Dorothea, who enjoyed his fresh young presence simply because she had no congenial companionship, and believed him unjustly treated.

After some time, and in spite of much opposition — she accepts Ladislaw; and her uncle, Mr. Brooke — a fussy; featherheaded old gentleman — has to break the news to the family. —

Mr. Brooke was evidently in a state of nervous perturbation. When he had something painful to tell, it was usually his way to introduce it among a number of disjointed particulars, as if it were a medicine that would get a milder flavour by mixing. He continued his chat with Sir James about the poachers until they were all seated, and Mrs. Cadwallader, impatient of this drivelling, said —

"I am dying to know the sad news. The gamekeeper is not shot: that is settled. What is it, then?"

"Well, it's a very trying thing, you know," said Mr. Brooke. "I'm glad you and the Rector are here; it's a family matter — but you will help us all to bear it, Cadwallader. I've got to break it to you, my dear." Here Mr. Brooke looked at Celia — "You've no notion what it is, you know. And, Chettam, it will annoy you uncommonly — but, you see, you have not been able to hinder it, any more than I have. There's something singular in things: they come round, you know."

"It must be about Dodo," said Celia, who had been used to think of her sister as the dangerous part of the family machinery. She had seated herself on a low stool against her husband's knee.

"For God's sake, let us hear what it is!" said Sir James.

"Well, you know, Chettam, I couldn't help Casaubon's will: it was a sort of will to make things worse."

"Exactly," said Sir James, hastily. "But *what* is worse?"

"Dorothea is going to be married again, you know," said Mr. Brooke, nodding toward Celia, who immediately looked up at her husband with a frightened glance, and put her hand on his knee.

Sir James was almost white with anger, but he did not speak.

"Merciful heaven!" said Mrs. Cadwallader. "Not to young Ladislaw?"

Mr. Brooke nodded, saying, "Yes; to Ladislaw," and then fell into a prudential silence.

"You see, Humphrey!" said Mrs. Cadwallader, waving her arm towards her husband. "Another time you will admit that I have some foresight; or rather, you, will contradict me and be just as blind as ever. You supposed that the young gentleman was gone out of the country."

"So he might be, and yet come back," said the Rector, quietly.

"When did you learn this?" said Sir James, not liking to hear

any one else speak, though finding it difficult to speak himself.

"Yesterday," said Mr. Brooke, meekly. "I went to Lowick. Dorothea sent for me, you know. It had come about quite suddenly — neither of them had any idea two days ago — not any idea, you know. There's something singular in things. But Dorothea is quite determined — it is no use opposing. I put it strongly to her. I did my duty, Chettam. But she can act as she likes, you know."

"It would have been better if I had called him out and shot him a year ago," said Sir James, not from bloody-mindedness, but because he needed something strong to say.

"Really, James, that would have been very disagreeable," said Celia.

"Be reasonable, Chettam. Look at the affair more quietly," said Mr. Cadwallader, sorry to see his good-natured friend so overmastered by anger.

"That is not so very easy for a man of any dignity — with any sense of right — when the affair happens to be in his own family," said Sir James, still in his white indignation. "It is perfectly scandalous. If Ladislav had had a spark of honour he would have gone out of the country at once, and never shown his face in it again. However, I am not surprised. The day after Casaubon's funeral I said what ought to be done. But I was not listened to."

"You wanted what was impossible, you know, Chettam," said Mr. Brooke. "You wanted him shipped off. I told you Ladislav was not to be done as we liked with: he had his ideas. He was a remarkable fellow — I always said he was a remarkable fellow."

"Yes," said Sir James, unable to repress a retort, "it is rather a pity you formed that high opinion of him. We are indebted to that for his being lodged in this neighbourhood. We are indebted to that for seeing a woman like Dorothea degrading herself by marrying him." Sir James made little stoppages between his clauses, the words not coming easily. "A man so marked out by her husband's will, that delicacy ought to have forbidden her from seeing him again — who takes her out of her proper rank — into poverty — has the meanness to accept such a sacrifice — has always had an objectionable position — a bad origin — and, *I believe*, is a man of little principle and light character. That is my opinion," Sir James ended emphatically, turning aside and crossing his leg.

"I pointed everything out to her," said Mr. Brooke, apologetically — "I mean the poverty, and abandoning her position. I said, 'My dear, you don't know what it is to live on seven hundred a-year, and have no carriage, and that kind of thing, and go amongst people who don't know who you are.' I put it strongly to her. But I advise you to talk to Dorothea herself. The fact is, she has a dislike to Casaubon's property. You will hear what she says, you know."

"No — excuse me — I shall not," said Sir James, with more coolness. "I cannot bear to see her again; it is too painful. It hurts me too much that a woman like Dorothea should have done what is wrong."

"Be just, Chettam," said the easy, large-lipped Rector, who objected to all this unnecessary discomfort. "Mrs. Casaubon may

be acting imprudently: she is giving up a fortune for the sake of a man, and we men have so poor an opinion of each other that we can hardly call a woman wise who does that. But I think you should not condemn it as a wrong action, in the strict sense of the word."

"Yes, I do," answered Sir James. "I think that Dorothea commits a wrong action in marrying Ladislaw."

"My dear fellow, we are rather apt to consider an act wrong because it is unpleasant to us," said the Rector, quietly. Like many men who take life easily, he had the knack of saying a home truth occasionally to those who felt themselves virtuously out of temper. Sir James took out his handkerchief and began to bite the corner.

"It is very dreadful of Dodo, though," said Celia, wishing to justify her husband. "She said she *never would* marry again — not anybody at all."

"I heard her say the same thing myself," said Lady Chettam, majestically, as if this were royal evidence.

"Oh, there is usually a silent exception in such cases," said Mrs. Cadwallader. "The only wonder to me is, that any of you are surprised. You did nothing to hinder it. If you would have had Lord Triton down here to woo her with his philanthropy, he might have carried her off before the year was over. There was no safety in anything else. Mr. Casaubon had prepared all this as beautifully as possible. He made himself disagreeable — or it pleased God to make him so — and then he dared her to contradict him. It's the way to make any trumpery tempting, to ticket it at a high price in that way."

"I don't know what you mean by wrong, Cadwallader," said Sir James, still feeling a little stung, and turning round in his chair towards the Rector. "He's not a man we can take into the family. At least, I must speak for myself," he continued, carefully keeping his eyes off Mr. Brooke. "I suppose others will find his society too pleasant to care about the propriety of the thing."

"Well, you know, Chettam," said Mr. Brooke, good-humouredly, nursing his leg, "I can't turn my back on Dorothea. I must be a father to her up to a certain point. I said, 'My dear, I won't refuse to give you away.' I had spoken strongly before. But I can cut off the entail, you know. It will cost money and be troublesome; but I can do it, you know."

Mr. Brooke nodded at Sir James, and felt that he was both showing his own force of resolution and propitiating what was just in the Baronet's vexation. He had hit on a more ingenious mode of parrying than he was aware of. He had touched a motive of which Sir James was ashamed. The mass of his feeling about Dorothea's marriage to Ladislaw was due partly to excusable prejudice, or even justifiable opinion, partly to a jealous repugnance hardly less in Ladislaw's case than in Casaubon's. He was convinced that the marriage was a fatal one for Dorothea. But amid that mass ran a vein of which he was too good and honourable a man to like the avowal even to himself: it was undeniable that the union of the two estates — Tipton and Freshitt — lying charmingly within a ring-fence, was a prospect that flattered him for his son and heir. Hence when Mr. Brooke noddingly appealed to that

motive, Sir James felt a sudden embarrassment; there was a stoppage in his throat; he even blushed. He had found more words than usual in the first jet of his anger, but Mr. Brooke's propitiation was more clogging to his tongue than Mr. Cadwallader's caustic hint.

Sir James never ceased to regard Dorothea's second marriage as a mistake; and indeed this remained the tradition concerning it in Middlemarch, where she was spoken of to a younger generation as a fine girl who married a sickly clergyman, old enough to be her father, and in little more than a year after his death gave up her estate to marry his cousin — young enough to have been his son, with no property, and not well-born. Those who had not seen anything of Dorothea usually observed that she could not have been „a nice woman,” else she would not have married either the one or the other.

Certainly those determining acts of her life were not ideally beautiful. They wore the mixed result of young and noble impulse struggling under prosaic conditions. Among the many remarks passed on her mistakes, it was never said in the neighbourhood of Middlemarch that such mistakes could not have happened, if the society into which she was born had not smiled on propositions of marriage from a sickly man to a girl less than half his own age — on modes of education which make a woman's knowledge another name for motley ignorance — on rules of conduct which are in flat contradiction with its own loudly-asserted beliefs. While this is the social air in which mortals begin to breathe, there will be collisions such as those in Dorothea's life, where great feelings will take the aspect of error, and great faith the aspect of illusion. For there is no creature whose inward being is so strong that it is not greatly determined by what lies outside it. A new Theresa will hardly have the opportunity of reforming a conventual life, any more than a new Antigone will spend her heroic piety in daring all for the sake of a brother's burial: the medium in which their ardent deeds took shape is for ever gone. But we insignificant people with our daily words and acts are preparing the lives of many Dorotheas, some of which may present a far sadder sacrifice than that of the Dorothea whose story we know.

Her finely-touched spirit had still its fine issues, though they were not widely visible. Her full nature, like that river of which Alexander broke the strength, spent itself in channels which had no great name on the earth. But the effect of her being on those around her was incalculably diffusive; for the growing good of the world is partly dependent on unhistoric acts; and that things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been, is half owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life, and rest in unvisited tombs.

THOMAS BABINGTON LORD MACAULAY.

1800—1859.

Macaulay was a celebrated historian, orator, essayist and poet. His father was a zealous philanthropist in the abolition of slavery in the British colonies. His mother was the daughter of a Quaker, and had been trained under the care of the celebrated Hannah More.

While he was yet a boy, he was in incessant request to „tell books” to his youthful companions; and at that early date he was in the habit of repeating and declaiming the longest „Arabian Night” as fluently as Scheherazade herself. A little later he would recite one of Scott’s novels, story, characters, and scenery, almost as well as if the book were in his hands.

From school he went to Cambridge where he gained reputation by his verses and his oratory, and by his youthful contributions to Charles Knight’s „Quarterly Magazine.” He graduated B. A. in 1822 and M. A. in 1826. He had already entered himself at Lincoln’s Inn, and been called to the bar. His real entry into literature was through the gates of the „Edinburgh Review”, his first effort being a brilliant essay on Milton. During twenty years this first contribution was followed by many others, some upon books, some upon lives of eminent men, of which the best were those on *Hastings* and *Clive*. His political career was commenced in 1830 when he was introduced to parliament as a member for Calne. The government made him secretary of the Board of Control for India. In 1834 he went to India as a member of the supreme council and having in two years and a half made a considerable addition to his fortune he came to England to acquire fame. Till 1852 he was a member of the house of Commons, in the service of the Whig-party.

During the last twelve years of his life his time had been almost solely occupied with the *History of England*, and in that time he frequently turned aside for such task as memoirs of *Oliver Goldsmith*, *William Pitt* and others, for the „Encyclopædia Britannica”. Besides the *History* and the (historical and critical) *Essays* he wrote a collection of beautiful ballads, including the well-known *Lays of Ancient Rome*. His parliamentary and miscellaneous speeches have also been published. In 1849 he was elected Lord rector of the University of Glasgow, and in 1850 was appointed honorary professor of ancient history in the Royal Academy; three years later he was rewarded with the Prussian order of merit, and in 1857 his honours culminated in his elevation to the peerage as Baron Macaulay.

From MACHIAVELLI.

The Italian Statesmen of the Middle Ages.

The character of the Italian statesman seems, at first sight a collection of contradictions, a phantom as monstrous as the portress of hell in Milton, half divinity, half snake, majestic and beautiful above, groveling and poisonous below. We see a man whose

thoughts and words have no connection with each other, who never hesitates at an oath when he wishes to seduce, who never wants a pretext when he is inclined to betray. His cruelties spring, not from the heat of blood, or the insanity of uncontrolled power, but from deep and cool meditation. His passions, like well-trained troops, are impetuous by rule, and in their most headstrong fury never forget the discipline to which they have been accustomed. His whole soul is occupied with vast and complicated schemes of ambition: yet his aspect and language exhibit nothing but philosophical moderation. Hatred and revenge eat into his heart: yet every look is a cordial smile, every gesture a familiar caress. He never excites the suspicion of his adversaries by petty provocations. His purpose is disclosed only when it is accomplished. His face is unruffled, his speech is courteous, till vigilance is laid asleep, till a vital point is exposed, till a sure aim is taken; and then he strikes for the first and last time. Military courage, the boast of the sottish German, of the frivolous and prating Frenchman, of the romantic and arrogant Spaniard, he neither possesses nor values. He shuns danger, not because he is insensible to shame, but because, in the society in which he lives, timidity has ceased to be shameful. To do an injury openly is, in his estimation, as wicked as to do it secretly, and far less profitable. With him the most honourable means are those which are the surest, the speediest, and the darkest. He cannot comprehend how a man should scruple to deceive those whom he does not scruple to destroy. He would think it madness to declare open hostilities against rivals whom he might stab in a friendly embrace, or poison in a consecrated wafer.

Yet this man, black with the vices which we consider as most loathsome, traitor, hypocrite, coward, assassin, was by no means destitute even of those virtues which we generally consider as indicating superior elevation of character. In civil courage, in perseverance, in presence of mind, those barbarous warriors, who were foremost in the battle or the breach, were far his inferiors. Even the dangers which he avoided with a caution almost pusillanimous never confused his perceptions, never paralysed his inventive faculties, never wrung out one secret from his smooth tongue, and his inscrutable brow. Though a dangerous enemy, and a still more dangerous accomplice, he could be a just and beneficent ruler. With so much unfairness in his policy, there was an extraordinary degree of fairness in his intellect. Indifferent to truth in the transactions of life, he was honestly devoted to truth in the researches of speculation. Wanton cruelty was not in his nature. On the contrary, where no political object was at stake, his disposition was soft and humane. The susceptibility of his nerves and the activity of his imagination inclined him to sympathise with the feelings of others, and to delight in the charities and courtesies of social life. Perpetually descending to actions which might seem to mark a mind diseased through all its faculties, he had nevertheless an exquisite sensibility, both for the natural and the moral sublime, for every graceful and every lofty conception. Habits of petty intrigue and dissimulation might have rendered him incapable of great general views, but that the expanding effect of his philosophical studies counteracted the narrowing tendency. He had the keenest enjoyment of wit, eloquence, and

poetry. The fine arts profited alike by the severity of his judgment, and by the liberality of his patronage. The portraits of some of the remarkable Italians of those times are perfectly in harmony with this description. Ample and majestic foreheads, brows strong and dark, but not frowning, eyes of which the calm full gaze, while it expresses nothing, seems to discern every thing, cheeks pale with thought and sedentary habits, lips formed with feminine delicacy, but compressed with more than masculine decision, mark out men at once enterprising and timid, men equally skilled in detecting the purposes of others, and in concealing their own, men who must have been formidable enemies and unsafe allies, but men, at the same time, whose tempers were mild and equable, and who possessed an amplitude and subtlety of intellect which would have redressed them eminent either in active or in contemplative life, and fitted them either to govern or to instruct mankind.

Every age and every nation has certain characteristic vices, which prevail almost universally, which scarcely any person scruples to avow, and which even rigid moralists but faintly censure. Succeeding generations change the fashion of their morals, with the fashion of their hats and their coaches; take some other kind of wickedness under their patronage, and wonder at the depravity of their ancestors. Nor is this all. Posterity, that high court of appeal which is never tired of eulogising its own justice and discernment, acts on such occasions like a Roman dictator after a general mutiny. Finding the delinquents too numerous to be all punished, it selects some of them at hazard, to bear the whole penalty of an offence in which they are not more deeply implicated than those who escape. Whether decimation be a convenient mode of military execution, we know not; but we solemnly protest against the introduction of such a principle into the philosophy of history.

In the present instance, the lot has fallen on Machiavelli, a man whose public conduct was upright and honourable, whose views of morality, where they differed from those of the persons around him, seemed to have differed for the better, and whose only fault was, that, having adopted some of the maxims then generally received, he arranged them more luminously, and expressed them more forcibly, than any other writer.

From THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

Chap. VIII.

On the 27th of April 1688 Jacob II had published a second *Declaration of Indulgence* allowing general liberty of conscience and intended to be read in the churches on two succeeding Sundays. The bishops remonstrated and applied in due form, the document being signed by Archbishop of Canterbury and the bishops of six dioceses. The consequence of this measure was:

The Trial of the Bishops.

On the twenty-ninth of June, Westminster Hall, Old and New Palace Yard, and all the neighbouring streets to a great distance were thronged with people. Such an auditory had never before and

has never since been assembled in the Court of King's Bench. Thirty-five temporal peers of the realm were counted in the crowd.

All the four Judges of the Court were on the bench. Wright, who presided, had been raised to his high place over the heads of many abler and more learned men solely on account of his unscrupulous servility. Allibone was a Papist, and owed his situation to that dispensing power, the legality of which was now in question. Holloway had hitherto been a servicable tool of the government. Even Powell, whose character for honesty stood high, had borne a part in some proceedings which it is impossible to defend. He had, in the great case of Sir Edward Hales, with some hesitation, and after some delay, concurred with the majority of the bench, and had thus brought on his character a stain which his honourable conduct on this day completely effaced.

The counsel were by no means fairly matched. The government had required from its law officers services so odious and disgraceful that all the ablest jurists and advocates of the Tory party had, one after another, refused to comply, and had been dismissed from their employments. Sir Thomas Powis, the Attorney General, was scarcely of the third rank in his profession. Sir William Williams, the Solicitor General, had quick parts and dauntless courage: but he wanted discretion; he loved wrangling; he had no command over his temper; and he was hated and despised by all political parties. The most conspicuous assistants of the Attorney and Solicitor were Sergeant Trinder, a Roman Catholic, and Sir Bartholomew Shower, Recorder of London, who had some legal learning, but whose fulsome apologies and endless repetitions were the jest of Westminster Hall. The government had wished to secure the services of Maynard: but he had plainly declared that he could not in conscience do what was asked of him.

On the other side were arrayed almost all the eminent forensic talents of the age. Sawyer and Finch, who, at the time of the accession of James, had been Attorney and Solicitor General, and who, during the persecution of the Whigs in the late reign, had served the crown with but too much vehemence and success, were of counsel for the defendants. With them were joined two persons who, since age had diminished the activity of Maynard, were reputed the two best lawyers that could be found in the Inns of Court: Pemberton, who had, in the time of Charles the Second, been Chief Justice of the King's Bench, who had been removed from his high place on account of his humanity and moderation, and who had resumed his practice at the bar; and Pollexfen, who had long been at the head of the Western circuit, and who, though he had incurred much unpopularity by holding briefs for the crown at the Bloody Assizes, and particularly by appearing against Alice Lisle, was known to be at heart a Whig, if not a republican. Sir Creswell Levinz was also there, a man of great knowledge and experience but of singularly timid nature. He had been removed from the bench some years before, because he was afraid to serve the purpose of the government. He was now afraid to appear as the advocate of the Bishops, and had at first refused to receive their retainer: but it had been intimated to him by the whole body of attorneys who employed him that, if he declined this brief, he should never have another.

Sir George Treby, an able and zealous Whig, who had been Recorder of London under the old charter, was on the same side. Sir John Holt, a still more eminent Whig lawyer, was not retained for the defence, in consequence, it should seem, of some prejudice conceived against him by Sancroft, but was privately consulted on the case by the Bishop of London. The junior counsel for the Bishops was a young barrister named John Somers. He had no advantages of birth or fortune; nor had he yet had any opportunity of distinguishing himself before the eyes of the public: but his genius, his industry, his great and various accomplishments, were well known to a small circle of friends; and, in spite of his Whig opinions, his pertinent and lucid mode of arguing and the constant propriety of his demeanour had already secured to him the ear of the Court of King's Bench. The importance of obtaining his services had been strongly represented to the Bishops by Johnstone; and Pollexfen, it is said, had declared that no man in Westminster Hall was so well qualified to treat an historical and constitutional question as Somers.

The jury was sworn; it consisted of persons of highly respectable station. The foreman was Sir Roger Langley, a baronet of old and honourable family. With him were joined a knight and ten esquires, several of whom are known to have been men of large possessions. There were some Nonconformists in the number; for the Bishops had wisely resolved not to show any distrust of the Protestant Dissenters. One name excited considerable alarm, that of Michael Arnold. He was brewer to the palace; and it was apprehended that the government counted on his voice. The story goes that he complained bitterly of the position in which he found himself. "Whatever I do," he said, "I am sure to be half ruined. If I say Not Guilty, I shall brew no more for the King; and if I say Guilty, I shall brew no more for anybody else."

The trial then commenced, a trial which, even when coolly perused after the lapse of more than a century and a half, has all the interest of a drama. The advocates contended on both sides with far more than professional keenness and vehemence: the audience listened with as much anxiety as if the fate of every one of them was to be decided by the verdict; and the turns of fortune were so sudden and amazing that the multitude repeatedly passed in a single minute from anxiety to exultation and back again from exultation to still deeper anxiety.

The information charged the Bishops with having written or published, in the county of Middlesex, a *false*, malicious, and seditious libel. The Attorney and Solicitor first tried to prove the writing. For this purpose several persons were called to speak to the hands of the Bishops. But the witnesses were so unwilling that hardly a single plain answer could be extracted from any of them. Pemberton, Pollexfen, and Levinz contended that there was no evidence to go to the jury. Two of the Judges, Halloway and Powell, declared themselves of the same opinion; and the hopes of the spectators rose high. All at once the crown lawyers announced their intention to take another line. Powis, with shame and reluctance which he could not dissemble, put into the witness box Blathwayt, a Clerk of the Privy Council, who had been present when the King interrogated the Bishops. Blathwayt swore that

he had heard them own their signatures. His testimony was decisive. „Why,” said Judge Holloway to the Attorney, „when you had such evidence, did you not produce it at first, without all this waste of time?” It soon appeared why the counsel for the crown had been unwilling, without absolute necessity, to resort to this mode of proof. Pemberton stopped Blathwayt, subjected him to a searching cross examination, and insisted upon having all that had passed between the King and the defendants fully related. „That is a pretty thing indeed,” cried Williams. „Do you think,” said Powis, „that you are at liberty to ask our witnesses any impertinent question that comes into your heads?” The advocates of the Bishops were not men to be so put down. „He is sworn,” said Pollexfen, „to tell the truth: and the whole truth: and an answer we must and will have.” The witness shuffled, equivocated, pretended to misunderstand the questions, implored the protection of the Court. But he was in hands from which it was not easy to escape. At length the Attorney again interposed. „If,” he said, „you persist in asking such a question, tell us, at least, what use you mean to make of it.” Pemberton, who, through the whole trial, did his duty manfully and ably, replied without hesitation; „My Lords, I will answer Mr. Attorney. I will deal plainly with the Court. If the Bishops owned this paper under a promise from His Majesty that their confession should not be used against them, I hope that no unfair advantage will be taken of them. „You put on His Majesty what I dare hardly name,” said Williams: „since you will be so pressing, I demand, for the King, that the question may be recorded.” „What do you mean, Mr. Solicitor?” said Sawyer, interposing. „I know what I mean,” said the apostate: „I desire that the question may be recorded in Court.” „Record what you will, I am not afraid of you, Mr. Solicitor,” said Pemberton. Then came a loud and fierce altercation, which the Chief Justice could with difficulty quiet. In other circumstances, he would probably have ordered the question to be recorded and Pemberton to be committed. But on this great day he was overawed. He often cast a side glance towards the thick rows of Earls and Barons by whom he was watched, and who in the next Parliament might be his judges. He looked, a bystander said, as if all the peers present had halters in their pockets. At length Blathwayt was forced to give a full account of what had passed. It appeared that the King had entered into no express covenant with the Bishops. But it appeared also that the Bishops might not unreasonably think that there was an implied engagement. Indeed, from the unwillingness of the crown lawyers to put the Clerk of the Council into the witness box, and from the vehemence with which they objected to Pemberton’s cross examination, it is plain that they were themselves of this opinion.

However, the handwriting was now proved. But a new and serious objection was raised. It was not sufficient to prove that the Bishops had written the alleged libel. It was necessary to prove also that they had written it in the county of Middlesex. And not only was it out of the power of the Attorney and Solicitor to prove this; but it was in the power of the defendants to prove the contrary. For it so happened that Sancroft had never once left the palace at Lambeth from the time when the Order in Council appeared till after the petition was in the King’s hands. The whole

case for the prosecution had therefore completely broken down; and the audience, with great glee, expected a speedy acquittal.

The crown lawyers then changed their ground again, abandoned altogether the charge of writing a libel, and undertook to prove that the Bishops had published a libel in the county of Middlesex. The difficulties were great. The delivery of the petition to the King was undoubtedly, in the eye of the law, a publication. But how was this delivery to be proved? No person had been present at the audience in the royal closet, except the King and the defendants. The King could not well be sworn. It was therefore only by the admissions of the defendants that the fact of publication could be established. Blathwayt was again examined, but in vain. He well remembered, he said, that the Bishops owned their hands; but he did not remember that they owned the paper which lay on the table of the Privy Council to be the same paper which they had delivered to the King, or that they were even interrogated on that point. Several other official men who had been in attendance on the Council were called, and among them Samuel Pepys, Secretary of the Admiralty; but none of them could remember that anything was said about the delivery. It was to no purpose that Williams put leading questions till the counsel on the other side declared that such twisting, such wiredrawing, was never seen in a court of justice, and till Wright himself was forced to admit that the Solicitor's mode of examination was contrary to all rule. As witness after witness answered in the negative, roars of laughter and shouts of triumph, which the Judges did not even attempt to silence, shook the hall.

It seemed that at length this hard fight had been won. The case for the crown was closed. Had the counsel for the Bishops remained silent, an acquittal was certain; for nothing which the most corrupt and shameless Judge could venture to call legal evidence of publication had been given. The Chief Justice was beginning to charge the jury, and would undoubtedly have directed them to acquit the defendants; but Finch, too anxious to be perfectly discreet, interfered, and begged to be heard. "If you will be heard, said Wright, you shall be heard; but you do not understand your own interests." The other counsel for the defence made Finch sit down, and begged the Chief Justice to proceed. He was about to do so when a messenger came to the Solicitor General with news that Lord Sunderland could prove the publication, and would come down to the court immediately. Wright maliciously told the counsel for the defence that they had only themselves to thank for the turn which things had taken. The countenances of the great multitude fell. Finch was, during some hours, the most unpopular man in the country. Why could he not sit still as his betters, Sawyer, Pemberton, and Pollexfen had done? His love of meddling, his ambition to make a fine speech, had ruined everything.

Meanwhile the Lord President was brought in a sedan chair through the hall. Not a hat moved as he passed; and many voices cried out "Popish dog." He came into Court pale and trembling, with eyes fixed on the ground, and gave his evidence in a faltering voice. He swore that the Bishops had informed him of their intention to present a petition to the King, and that they had been admitted into the royal closet for that purpose. The circumstance,

coupled with the circumstance that, after they left the closet, there was in the King's hands a petition signed by them, was such proof as might reasonably satisfy a jury of the fact of the publication.

Publication in Middlesex was then proved. But was the paper thus published a false, malicious, and seditious libel? Hitherto the matter in dispute had been, whether a fact which everybody well knew to be true could be proved according to technical rules of evidence; but now the contest became one of deeper interest. It was necessary to inquire into the limits of prerogative and liberty, into the right of the King to dispense with statutes, into the right of the subject to petition for the redress of grievances. During three hours the counsel for the petitioners argued with great force in defence of the fundamental principles of the constitution, and proved from the journals of the House of commons that the Bishops had affirmed no more than the truth when they represented to the King that the dispensing power which he claimed had been repeatedly declared illegal by Parliament. Somers rose last. He spoke little more than five minutes; but every word was full of weighty matter; and when he sat down, his reputation as an orator and a constitutional lawyer was established. He went through the expressions which were used in the information to describe the offence imputed to the Bishops, and showed that every word, whether adjective or substantive, was altogether inappropriate. The offence imputed was a false, a malicious, a seditious libel. False the paper was not; for every fact which it set forth had been proved from the journals of Parliament to be true. Malicious the paper was not; for the defendants had not sought an occasion of strife, but had been placed by the government in such a situation that they must either oppose themselves to the royal will, or violate the most sacred obligations of conscience and honour. Seditious the paper was not; for it had not been scattered by the writers among the rabble, but delivered privately into the hands of the King alone: and a libel it was not, but a decent petition such as, by the laws of England, nay, by the laws of imperial Rome, by the laws of all civilised states, a subject who thinks himself aggrieved may with propriety present to the sovereign.

The Attorney replied shortly and feebly. The Solicitor spoke at great length and with great acrimony, and was often interrupted by the clamours and hisses of the audience. He went so far as to lay it down that no subject or body of subjects, except the Houses of Parliament, had a right to petition the King. The galleries were furious; and the Chief Justice himself stood aghast at the effrontery of this venal turncoat.

At length Wright proceeded to sum up the evidence. His language showed that the awe in which he stood of the government was tempered by the awe with which the audience, so numerous, so splendid, and so strongly excited, had impressed him. He said that he would give no opinion on the question of the dispensing power, that it was not necessary for him to do so, that he could not agree with much of the Solicitor's speech, that it was the right of the subject to petition, but that the particular petition before the Court was improperly worded, and was, in the contemplation of law, a libel. Allibone was of the same mind, but, in giving his opinion, showed such gross ignorance of law and history as brought

on him the contempt of all who heard him. Holloway evaded the question of the dispensing power, but said that the petition seemed to him to be such as subjects who think themselves aggrieved are entitled to present, and therefore no libel. Powell took a bolder course. He avowed that, in his judgment, the Declaration of Indulgence was a nullity, and that the dispensing power, as lately exercised, was utterly inconsistent with all law. If these encroachments of prerogative were allowed, there was an end of Parliaments. The whole legislative authority would be in the King. „That issue, gentlemen,” he said, „I leave to God and to your consciences.”

It was dark before the jury retired to consider of their verdict. The night was a night of intense anxiety. Some letters are extant which were despatched during that period of suspense, and which have therefore an interest of a peculiar kind. „It is very late,” wrote the Papal Nuncio; „and the decision is not yet known. The Judges and the culprits have gone to their own homes. The jury remain together. To-morrow we shall learn the event of this great struggle.”

The solicitor for the Bishops sate up all night with a body of servants on the stairs leading to the room where the jury was consulting. It was absolutely necessary to watch the officers who watched the doors; for those officers were supposed to be in interest of the crown, and might, if not carefully observed, have furnished a courtly juryman with food, which would have enabled him to starve out the other eleven. Strict guard was therefore kept. Not even a candle to light a pipe was permitted to enter. Some basins of water for washing were suffered to pass at about four in the morning. The jurymen, raging with thirst, soon lapped up the whole. Great numbers of people walked the neighbouring streets till dawn. Every hour a messenger came from Whitehall to know what was passing. Voices, high in altercation, were repeatedly heard within the room: but nothing certain was known.

At first nine were for acquitting and three for convicting. Two of the minority soon gave way; but Arnold was obstinate. Thomas Austin, a country gentleman of great estate, who had paid close attention to the evidence and speeches, and had taken full notes, wished to argue the question. Arnold declined. He was not used, he doggedly said, to reasoning and debating. His conscience was not satisfied; and he should not acquit the Bishops. „If you come to that,” said Austin, „look at me. I am the largest and strongest of the twelve; and before I find such a petition as this a libel, here I will stay till I am no bigger than a tobacco pipe.” It was six in the morning before Arnold yielded. It was soon known that the jury were agreed: but what the verdict would be was still a secret.

At ten the Court again met. The crowd was greater than ever. The jury appeared in their box; and there was a breathless stillness.

Sir Samuel Astry spoke. „Do you find the defendants, or any of them, guilty of the misdemeanour whereof they are impeached, or not guilty?” Sir Roger Langley answered, „Not guilty.” As the words passed his lips, Halifax sprang up and waved his hat. At that signal, benches and galleries raised a shout. In a moment ten thousand persons, who crowded the great hall, replied with

a still louder shout, which made the old oaken roof crack; and in another moment the innumerable throng without set up a third huzza, which was heard at Temple Bar. The boats which covered the Thames gave an answering cheer. A peal of gun-powder was heard on the water, and another, and another; and so, in a few moments, the glad tidings went flying past the Savoy and the Friars to London Bridge, and to the forest of masts below. As the news spread, streets and squares, market places and coffee-houses, broke forth into acclamations. Yet were the acclamations less strange than the weeping. For the feelings of men had been wound up to such a point that at length the stern English nature, so little used to outward signs of emotion, gave way, and thousands sobbed aloud for very joy. Meanwhile, from the outskirts of the multitude, horsemen were spurring off to bear along all the great roads intelligence of the victory of our Church and nation. Yet not even that astounding explosion could awe the bitter and intrepid spirit of the Solicitor. Striving to make himself heard above the din, he called on the Judges to commit those who had violated, by clamour, the dignity of a court of justice. One of the rejoicing populace was seized. But the tribunal felt that it would be absurd to punish a single individual for an offence common to hundreds of thousands, and dismissed him with a gentle reprimand.

It was vain to think of passing at that moment to any other business. Indeed the roar of the multitude was such that, for half an hour, scarcely a word could be heard in court. Williams got to his coach amidst a tempest of hisses and curses. Cartwright, whose curiosity was ungovernable, had been guilty of the folly and indecency of coming to Westminster in order to hear the decision. He was recognised by his sacerdotal garb and by his corpulent figure, and was hooted through the hall. "Take care," said one, "of the wolf in sheep's clothing." "Make room," cried another, "for the man with the Pope in his belly."

The acquitted prelates took refuge from the crowd which implored their blessing in the nearest chapel where divine service was performing. Many churches were open on that morning throughout the capital; and many pious persons repaired thither. The bells of all the parishes of the City and liberties were ringing. The jury meanwhile could scarcely make their way out of the hall. They were forced to shake hands with hundreds. "God bless you," cried the people; "God prosper your families; you have done like honest good-natured gentlemen; you have saved us all to-day." As the noblemen who had appeared to support the good cause drove off, they flung from their carriage windows handfuls of money, and bade the crowd drink to the King, the Bishops, and the jury.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

Mr. Carlyle passed through the university of Edinburgh, in 1823, became tutor to a young gentleman and occupied his leisure in translating from the German. The works which he produced between his 26th. and his 32nd. year were *A Life of Schiller*, *Legendre's Geometry* to which he prefixed an essay "on proportion", the *Wilhelm Meister*

of Goethe, and *Specimens of German Romance*, imbuing his translations with the true spirit of the originals which he had chosen to render into an English dress. He became a contributor to the „Edinburgh Review” in which he wrote many masterly critical articles. Among these may be noticed his *Essays on Burns*, and on *German Literature*. In 1833 and 1834 appeared his *Sartor Resartus* which is properly a philosophical work; but it contains so much skilfully-constructed biography and lifelike characterization, and makes so free a use of irresistible humour, that we class it with that sub-variety of imaginative prose the Intellectual Miscellany. Its central figure is the eccentric German professor, Herr Teufelsdröckh, whose character and fantastic clothes-philosophy embody the transcendentalism of Fichte.

In 1837 he delivered a course of lectures on *German Literature*, which he followed up by lecturing on other subjects, down to 1840 when he lectured *On Heroes, Hero-Worship, and the Heroic in History*. This was the most popular of his courses. In 1845 appeared *Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*; in 1850 *Latter Day Pamphlets*; then *The Life of John Stirling*; *History of the Life and Times of Frederic the Great*; on the *Choice of Books* etc.

In 1865 he was elected rector of Edinburgh University.

From THE CRITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS.

Vol. II.

Signs of the Times.

—In fact, if we look deeper, we shall find that this faith in Mechanism has now struck its roots deep into men's most intimate, primary sources of conviction; and is thence sending up, over his whole life and activity, innumerable stems, — fruit-bearing and poison-bearing. The truth is, men have lost their belief in the Invisible, and believe, and hope, and work only in the Visible; or, to speak it in other words. This is not a religious age. Only the material, the immediately practical, not the divine and spiritual, is important to us. The infinite, absolute character of Virtue has passed into a finite, conditional one; it is no longer a worship of the Beautiful and Good: but a calculation of the Profitable. Worship, indeed, in any sense, is not recognised among us, or is mechanically explained into Fear of pain, or Hope of pleasure. Our true Deity is Mechanism. It has subdued external Nature for us, and, we think, it will do all other things. We are Giants in physical power: in a deeper than a metaphorical sense, we are Titans, that strive, by heaping mountain on mountain, to conquer Heaven also.

The strong mechanical character, so visible in the spiritual pursuits and methods of this age, may be traced much farther into the condition and prevailing disposition of our spiritual nature itself. Consider, for example, the general fashion of Intellect in this era. Intellect, the power man has of knowing and believing, is now nearly synonymous with Logic, or the mere power of arranging and communicating. Its implement is not Meditation, but Argument. 'Cause and effect' is almost the only category under which we look at, and work with, all Nature. Our first question with

regard to any object is not, What is it; but, How is it? We are no longer instinctively driven to apprehend, and lay to heart, what is Good and Lovely, but rather to inquire, as onlookers, how it is produced, whence it comes, whither it goes. Our favorite Philosophers have no love and no hatred; they are among us not to do, nor to create anything, but as a sort of Logigmills to grind out the true causes and effects of all that is done and created. To the eye of a Smith, a Hume, or a Constant, all is well that works quietly. An Order of Ignatius Loyola, a Presbyterianism of John Knox, a Wickliffe, or a Henry the Eighth, are simply so many mechanical phenomena, caused or causing.

The *Euphuist* of our day differs much from his pleasant predecessors. An intellectual dapperling of these times boasts chiefly of his irresistible perspicacity, his 'dwelling in the daylight of truth,' and so forth: which, on examination, turns out to be a dwelling in the *rush*-light to 'closet-logic,' and a deep unconsciousness that there is any other light to dwell in; or any other objects to survey with it. Wonder, indeed, is, on all hands, dying out: it is the sign of uncultivation to wonder. Speak to any small man of a high, majestic Reformation, of a high majestic Luther to lead it, and forthwith he sets about accounting for it! how the 'circumstance of the time' called for such a character, and found him, we suppose, standing girt and road-ready, to do its errand; how the 'circumstances of the time' created, fashioned, floated him quietly along into the result; how, in short, this small man, had he been there, could have performed the like himself! For it is the 'force of circumstances' that does everything; the force of one man can do nothing. Now all this is grounded on little more than a metaphor. We figure Society as a 'Machine,' and that mind is opposed to mind, as body is to body; whereby two, or at most ten, little minds must be stronger than one great mind. Notable absurdity! For the plain truth, very plain, we think, is, that minds are opposed to minds in quite a different way; and *one* man that has a higher Wisdom, a hitherto unknown spiritual Truth in him, is stronger, not than ten men that have it not, or than ten thousand, but than *all* men, that have it not; and stands among them with a quite ethereal, angelic power, as with a sword out of Heaven's own armory, sky-tempered, which no buckler, and no tower of brass, will finally withstand.

But to us, in these times, such considerations rarely occur. We enjoy, we see nothing by direct vision; but only by reflection, and in anatomical dismemberment. Like Sir Hudibras, for every Why we must have a Wherefore. We have our little *theory* on all human and divine things. Poetry, the workings of genius itself, which in all times, with one or another meaning, has been called Inspiration, and held to be mysterious and inscrutable, is no longer without its scientific exposition. The building of the lofty rhyme is like any other masonry or bricklaying; we have theories of its rise, height, decline, and fall, — which latter, it would seem, is now near, among all people. Of our 'Theories of Taste' as they are called, wherein the deep, infinite, unspeakable Lore of Wisdom and Beauty, which dwells in all men, is 'explained,' made mechanically visible, from Association, and the like, why should we say anything? Hume has written us a 'Natural History of Religion;

in which one Natural History, all the rest are included. Strangely, too, does the general feeling coincide with Hume's in this wonderful problem; for whether his 'Natural History' be the right one or not, that Religion must have a Natural History, all of us, cleric and laic, seem to be agreed. He indeed regards it as a Disease, we again as Health; so far there is a difference; but in our first principle we are at one.

To what extent theological Unbelief, we mean intellectual dissent from the Church, in its view of Holy Writ, prevails at this day, would be a highly important, were it not, under any circumstances, an almost impossible inquiry. But the Unbelief, which is of a still more fundamental character, every man may see prevailing, with scarcely any but the faintest contradiction, all around him; even in the Pulpit itself. Religion in most countries, more or less in every country, is no longer what it was, and should be, — a thousand voiced psalm for the heart of Man to his invisible Father, the fountain of all Goodness, Beauty, Truth, and revealed in every revelation of these: but for the most part, a wise prudential feeling grounded on mere calculation; a matter, as all others now are, of Expediency and Utility; whereby some smaller quantum of earthly enjoyment may be exchanged for a far larger quantum of celestial enjoyment. Thus Religion, too, is Profit; a working for wages; not Reverence, but vulgar Hope or Fear. Many, we known, very many, we hope, are still religious in a far different sense: were it not so, our case were too desperate. But to witness that such is the temper of the times, we take any calm observant man, who agrees or disagrees in our feeling on the matter, and ask him whether our *view* of it is not in general well-founded.

Literature, too, if we consider it, gives similar testimony. At no former era has Literature, the printed communication of Thought, been of such importance as it is now. We often hear that the Church is in danger; and truly so it is, — in a danger it seems not to know of: For, with its tithes in the most perfect safety, its functions are becoming more and more superseded. The true Church of England, at this moment, lies in the Editors of its Newspapers. These preach to the people daily, weekly; admonishing kings themselves; advising peace or war, with an authority which only the first Reformers, and a long-past class of Popes, were possessed of; inflicting moral censure; imparting moral encouragement, consolation, edification: in all ways, diligently 'administering the Discipline of the Church.' It may be said, too, that in private disposition, the new Preachers somewhat resemble the Mendicant Friars of old times: outwardly full of holy zeal; inwardly not without stratagem, and hunger for terrestrial things. But omitting this class, and the boundless host of watery personages who pipe, as they are able, on so many scrannel straws let us look at the higher regions of Literature, where, if anywhere, the pure melodies of Poesy und Wisdom should be heard. Of natural talent there is no deficiency: one or two richly-endowed individuals even give us a superiority in this respect. But what is the song they sing? Is it a tone of the Memnon Statue, breathing music as the *light first* touches it? 'a liquid wisdom', disclosing to our sense the deep, infinite harmonies of Nature and man's soul? Alas, no! It is not a matin or vesper hymn to the Spirit of all Beauty, but a

fierce clashing of cymbals, and shouting of multitudes, as children pass through the fire to Moloch. Poetry itself has no eye for the Invisible. Beauty is no longer the god it worships, but some brute image of Strength; which we may well call an idol, for true Strength is one and the same with Beauty, and its worship also is a hymn. The meek, silent Light can mould, create, and purify all Nature; but the loud Whirlwind, the sign and product of Disunion, of Weakness, passes on, and is forgotten. How widely this veneration for the physically Strongest has spread itself through Literature, any one may judge, who reads either criticism or poem. We praise a work, not as 'true', but as 'strong;' our highest praise is that it has 'affected' us, has 'terrified' us. All this, it has been well observed, is the 'maximum of the Barbarous,' the symptom, not of vigorous refinement, but of luxurious corruption. It speaks much, too, for men's indestructible love of truth, that nothing of this kind will abide with them; that even the talent of a Byron cannot permanently seduce us into idolworship; but that he, too, with all his wild syren charming, already begins to be disregarded and forgotten.

Again, with respect to our Moral condition: here also, he who runs may read that the same physical, mechanical influences are everywhere busy. For the 'superior morality,' of which we hear so much, we, too, would desire to be thankful: at the same time, it were but blindness to deny that this 'superior morality' is properly rather an 'inferior criminality,' produced not by greater love of Virtue, but by greater perfection of Police; and of that far subtler and stronger Police, called Public Opinion. This last watches over us with its Argus eyes more keenly than ever; but the 'inward eye' seems heavy with sleep. Of any belief in invisible, divine things, we find as few traces in our Morality as elsewhere. It is by tangible, material considerations that we are guided, not by inward and spiritual. Self-denial, the parent of all virtue, in any true sense of that word, has perhaps seldom been rarer: so rare it is, that the most, even in their abstract speculations, regard its existence as a chimera. Virtue is Pleasure, is Profit; no celestial, but an earthly thing. Virtuous men, Philanthropists, Martyrs, are happy accidents; their 'taste' lies the right way! In all senses, we worship and follow after Power; which may be called a physical pursuit. No man now loves Truth, as Truth must be loved, with an infinite love; but only with a finite love, and as it were *par amours*. Nay, properly speaking he does not *believe* and know it, but only *thinks* it, and that 'there is every probability!' He preaches it aloud, and rushes courageously forth with it, — if there is a multitude huzzaing at his back! yet ever keeps looking over his shoulder, and the instant the huzzaing languishes, he too stops short. In fact, what morality we have takes the shape of Ambition, of Honor: beyond money and money's worth, our only rational blessedness, is Popularity. It were but a fool's trick to die for conscience. Only for 'character,' by duel, or, in case of extremity, by suicide, is the wise man bound to die. By arguing on the 'force of circumstances,' we have argued away all force from ourselves; and stand leashed together, uniform in dress and movement, like the rowers of some boundless galley. This and that may be right and true; but we must not do it. Wonderful 'Force of Public

Opinion!' We must act and walk in all points as it prescribes; follow the traffic it bids us, realize the sum of money, the degree of 'influence' it expects of us, or we shall be lightly esteemed; certain mouthfuls of articulate wind will be blown at us, and this what mortal courage can front? Thus, while civil liberty is more and more secured to us, our moral Liberty is all but lost. Practically considered, our creed is Fatalism; and, free in hand and foot, we are shackled in heart and soul, with far straiter than feudal chains. Truly may we say, with the Philosopher, 'the deep meaning of the laws of Mechanism lies heavy on us:' and in the closet, in the market place, in the temple, by the social hearth, encumbers the whole movements of our mind, and over our noblest faculties is spreading a nightmare sleep.

From THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

VARENNES.

Book IV. Chapter V.

The New Berline.

Scouts and aides-de-camp, have flown faster than the leathern Dilligences. Young Romœuf was off early towards Valenciennes: distracted Villagers seize him, as a traitor with a finger of his own in the plot; drag him back to the Townhall; to the National Assembly, which speedily grants a new passport. Nay now, that same scarecrow of an Herb-merchant with his ass has bethought him of the grand new Berline seen in the Wood of Bondy; and delivered evidence of it: Romœuf, furnished with new passport, is sent forth with double speed on a hopefuller track; by Bondy, Claye, and Châlons, towards Metz, to track the new Berline; and gallops *à franc étrier*.

Miserable new Berline! Why could not Royalty go in some old Berline similar to that of other men? Flying for life, one does not stickle about his vehicle. Monsieur, in a commonplace travelling-carriage is off Northwards; Madame, his Princess, in another, with variation of route: they cross one another while changing horses, without look of recognition; and reach Flanders, no man questioning them. Precisely in the same manner, beautiful Princess *de Lamballe* set off, about the same hour; and will reach England safe: — would she had continued there! The beautiful, the good, but the unfortunate; reserved for a frightful end!

All runs along, unmolested, speedy, except only the new Berline. Huge leathern vehicle: — huge Argosy, let us say, or Aca-pulco-ship; with its heavy stern-boat of Chaise-and-pair; with its three yellow Pilot-boats of mounted Bodyguard Couriers, rocking aimless round it and ahead of it, to bewilder, not to guide! It lumbers along, lurchingly with stress, at a snail's pace; noted of all the world. The Bodyguard Couriers, in their yellow liveries, go prancing and clattering; loyal but stupid; unacquainted with all things. Stoppages occur; and breakages, to be repaired at Etoges. King *Louis* too will dismount, will walk up hills, and enjoy the blessed sunshine: — with eleven horses and double drink

money, and all furtherances of Nature and Art, it will be found that Royalty, flying for life, accomplishes Sixty nine miles in Twenty-two incessant hours. Slow Royalty! And yet not a minute of these hours but is precious: on minutes hang the destinies of Royalty now.

Readers, therefore, can judge in what humour Duke *de Choiseul* might stand waiting, in the village of Pont-de-Sommeville, some leagues beyond Châlons, hour after hour, now when the day bends visibly westward. *Choiseul* drove out of Paris, in all privacy, ten hours before their Majesties' fixed time; his Hussars, led by Engineer *Goguelat*, are here duly, come "to escort a Treasure that is expected:" but, hour after hour, is no Baroness *de Korff's* Berline. Indeed, over all that North-east Region, on the skirts of Champagne and of Lorraine, where the great Road runs, the agitation is considerable. For all along, from the Pont-de-Sommeville Northeastward as far as Montmédi at Post-villages and Towns, escorts of Hussars and Dragoons do lounge waiting; a train or chain of Military Escorts; at the Montmédi end of it our brave *Bouillé*: an electric thunder chain; which the invisible *Bouillé*, like a Father *Jove*, holds in his hand — for wise purposes! Brave *Bouillé* has done what man could; has spread out his electric thunder-chain of Military-Escorts, onwards to the threshold of Châlons: it waits but for the new *Korff* Berline; to receive it, escort it, and if need be, bear it off in whirlwind of military fire. They lie and lounge there, we say, these fierce Troopers, from Montmédi and Stenai, through Clermont, Sainte-Menehould to utmost Pont-de-Sommeville, in all Post villages; for the route shall avoid Verdun and great Towns: they loiter impatient, "till the Treasure arrive."

Judge what a day this is for brave *Bouillé*: perhaps the first day of a new glorious life; surely the last day of the old! Also, and indeed still more, what a day, beautiful and terrible, for your young full-blooded Captains: your *Dandoins*, Comte *de Damas*, Duke *de Choiseul*, Engineer *Goguelat*, and the like; entrusted with the secret! — Alas, the day bends ever more westward; and no *Korff* Berline comes to sight. It is four hours beyond the time, and still no Berline. In all Village-streets, Royalist Captains go lounging, looking often Paris-ward; with face of unconcern, with heart full of black care: rigorous Quartermasters can hardly keep the private dragoons from *cafés* and dramshops. Dawn on our bewilderment, thou new Berline; dawn on us, thou Sun-Chariot of a new Berline, with the destinies of France!

It was of his Majesty's ordering, this military array of Escorts: a thing solacing the Royal imagination with a look of security and rescue: yet, in reality, creating only alarm, and, where there was otherwise no danger, danger without end. For each Patriot, in these Post-villages, asks naturally: This clatter of cavalry, and marching and lounging of troops, what means it? To escort a Treasure? Why escort, when no Patriot will steal from the Nation; or where is your Treasure? — There has been such marching and counter marching: for it is another fatality, that certain of these Military Escorts came so early as yesterday; the Nineteenth not the Twentieth of the month being the day first appointed; which her Majesty, for some necessity or other, saw good to alter. And now consider the suspicious nature of Patriotism; suspicious, above all,

of *Bouillé* the Aristocrat; and how the sour doubting humour has had leave to accumulate and exacerbate for four-and-twenty hours!

At Pont-de-Sommevelle, these Forty foreign Hussars of *Goguelat* and Duke *Choiseul* are becoming an unspeakable mystery to all men. They lounged long enough, already, at Sainte-Menehould; lounged and loitered till our National Volunteers there, all risen into hot wrath of doubt, „demanded three hundred fusils of their Townhall,” and got them. At which same moment too, as it chanced, our Captain *Dandoins* was just coming in, from Clermont with *his* troop, at the other end of the Village. A fresh troop; alarming enough; though happily they are only Dragoons and French! So that *Goguelat* with his Hussars had to ride, and even to do it fast; till here at Pont-de-Sommevelle, where *Choiseul* lay waiting, he found resting-place. Resting-place as on burning marle. For the rumour of him flies abroad; and men run to and fro in fright and anger: Châlons sends forth exploratory pickets of National Volunteers towards this hand: which meet exploratory pickets, coming from Sainte-Menehould, on that: What is it, ye whiskered Hussars, men of foreign guttural speech; in the name of Heaven, what is it that brings you? A Treasure? — exploratory pickets shake their heads. The hungry Peasants, however, know too well what Treasure it is: Military seizure for rents, feudalities; which no Bailiff could make us pay! This they know; — and set to jingling their Parish-bell by way of tocsin; with rapid effect! *Choiseul* and *Goguelat*, if the whole country is not to take fire, must needs, be there Berline, be there no Berline, saddle and ride.

They mount; and this parish tocsin happily ceases. They ride slowly Eastward, towards Sainte-Menehould; still hoping the Sun-Chariot of a Berline may overtake them. Ah me, no Berline! And near now is that Sainte-Menehould, which expelled us in the morning, with its „three hundred National fusils;” which looks, belike, not too lovingly on Captain *Dandoins* and his fresh Dragoons, though only French; — which, in a word, one dare not enter the *second* time, under pain of explosion! With rather heavy heart, our Hussar Party strikes off to the left; through by-ways, through pathless hills and woods, they, avoiding Sainte-Menehould and all places which have seen them heretofore, will make direct for the distant Village of Varennes. It is probable they will have a rough evening ride.

This first military post, therefore, in the long thunder-chain, has gone off with no effect, or with worse, and your chain threatens to entangle itself! — The Great Road, however, is got hushed again into a kind of quietude, though one of the wakefulest. Indolent Dragoons cannot, by any Quartermasters, be kept altogether from the dramshop; where Patriots drink, and will even treat, eager enough for news. Captains, in a state near distraction, beat the dusty highway, with a face of indifference; and no Sun Chariot appears. Why lingers it? Incredible, that with eleven horses, and such yellow Couriers and furtherances, its rate should be under the weightiest dray-rate, some three miles an hour! Alas, one knows not whether, this very moment, it is not at the Village-end! One's heart flutters on the verge of unutterabilities.

Chapter VI.

Old-Dragoon Drouet.

In this manner, however, has the Day bent downwards. Wearied mortals are creeping home from their field-labour; the village-artisan eats with relish his supper of herbs, or has strolled forth to the village-street for a sweet mouthful of air and human news. Still summer-eventide everywhere! The great Sun hangs flaming on the utmost Northwest; for it is his longest day this year. The hill-tops rejoicing will ere long be at their ruddiest, and blush Good-night. The thrush, in green dells, on longshadowed leafy spray, pours gushing his glad serenade, to the babble of brooks grown audibler; silence is stealing over the Earth. Your dusty Mill of Valmy, as all other mills and drudgeries, may furl its canvass, and cease swashing and circling. The swenkt grinders in this Tread-mill of an Earth have ground out another Day; and lounge there, as we say, in village-groups; moveable, or ranked on social stone-seats; their children, mischievous imps, sporting about their feet. Unnotable hum of sweet human gossip rises from this Village of Sainte-Menehould, as from all other villages. Gossip mostly sweet, unnotable; for the very Dragoons are French and gallant; nor as yet has the Paris-and-Verdun Diligence, with its leathern bag, rumbled in, to terrify the minds of men.

One figure nevertheless we do note at the last door of the Village: that figure in loose-flowing nightgown, of *Jean Baptiste Drouet*, Master of the Post here. An acrid choleric man, rather dangerous-looking; still in the prime of life, though he has served, in his time, as a Condé Dragoon. This day, from an early hour *Drouet* got his choler stirred, and has been kept fretting. Hussar *Goguelat* in the morning saw good, by way of thrift, to bargain with his own Innkeeper, not with *Drouet* regular *Maitre de Poste*, about some gig-horse for the sending back of his gig; which thing *Drouet* perceiving came over in red ire, menacing the Innkeeper, and would not be appeased. Wholly an unsatisfactory day. For *Drouet* is an acrid Patriot too, was at the Paris Feast of Pikes: and what do these *Bouillé* soldiers mean? Hussars, — with their gig, and a vengeance to it! — have hardly been thrust out, when *Dandoins* and his fresh Dragoons arrive from Clermont, and stroll. For what purpose? Choleric *Drouet* steps out and steps in, with long-flowing nightgown; looking abroad, with that sharpness of faculty which stirred choler gives to man.

On the other hand, mark Captain *Dandoins* on the street of that same Village; sauntering with a face of indifference, a heart eaten of black care! For no *Korff* Berline makes its appearance. The great Sun flames broader towards setting; one's heart flutters on the verge of dread unutterabilities.

By Heaven! here is the yellow Bodyguard Courier; spurring fast, in the ruddy evening light! Steady, O *Dandoins*, stand with inscrutable indifferent face; though the yellow blockhead spurs past the Post-house; inquires to find it; and stirs the Village, all delight-

ed with his fine livery. — Lumbering along with its mountains of handboxes, and Chaise behind, the *Korff* Berline rolls in; huge Acapulco-ship with its Cockboat, having got thus far. The eyes of the Villagers look enlightened, as such eyes do when a coach-transit, which is an event, occurs for them. Strolling Dragoons respectfully, so fine are the yellow liveries, bring hand to helmet; and a Lady in gypsy-hat responds with a grace peculiar to her. *Dandoins* stands with folded arms, and what look of indifference and disdainful garrison-air a man can, while the heart is like leaping out of him. Curled disdainful mustachio; careless glance, — which however surveys the Village-groups, and does not like them. With his eye he bespeaks the yellow Courier, Be quick, be quick! Thickheaded Yellow cannot understand the eye: comes up mumbling, to ask in words: seen of the Village!

Nor is Post-master *Drouet* unobservant, all this while: but steps out and steps in, with his long-flowing nightgown, in the level sunlight: prying into several things. When a man's faculties, at the right time, are sharpened by choler, it may lead to much. That Lady in slouched gypsy-hat, though sitting back in the Carriage, does she not resemble some one we have seen, some time; at the Feast of Pikes, or elsewhere? And this *Grosse-Tête* in round hat and peruke, which, looking rearward, pokes itself out from time to time, methinks there are features in it —? Quick, *Sieur Guillaume*, Clerk of the *Directoire*, bring me a new Assignat! *Drouet* scans the new Assignat; compares the Paper-money Picture with the Gross Head in round hat there: by Day and Night! you might say the one was attempted Engraving of the other. And this march of Troops; this sauntering and whispering, — I see it.

Drouet Post-master of this Village, hot Patriot, Old-Dragoon of *Condé*, consider, therefore, what thou wilt do. And fast, for behold the new Berline, expeditiously yoked, cracks whipcord, and rolls away! — *Drouet* dare not, on the spur of the instant, clutch the bridles in his own two hands; *Dandoins*, with broadsword, might hew you off. Our poor Nationals, not one of them here, have three hundred fusils, but then no powder; besides one is not sure, only morally-certain. *Drouet*, as an adroit Old-Dragoon of *Condé*, does what is advisablest; privily bespeaks Clerk *Guillaume*, Old-Dragoon of *Condé* he too; privily, while Clerk *Guillaume* is saddling two of the fleetest horses, slips over to the Townhall to whisper a word; then mounts with Clerk *Guillaume*; and the two bound eastward in pursuit, to see what can be done.

They bound eastward, in sharp trot: their moral-certainty permeating the Village, from the Townhall outwards, in busy whispers. Alas! Captain *Dandoins* orders his Dragoons to mount; but they, complaining of long fast, demand bread-and-cheese first; — before which brief repast can be eaten, the whole Village is permeated; not whispering now, but blustering and shrieking! National Volunteers, in hurried muster, shriek for gunpowder; Dragoons halt between Patriotism and Rule of the Service, between bread-and-cheese and fixed bayonets: *Dandoins* hands secretly his Pocket-book, with its secret *dépatches*, to the rigorous Quartermaster: the very Ostlers have stable-forks and flails. The rigorous Quartermaster, half-saddled, cuts out his way with the sword's edge, amid levelled bayonets, amid Patriot vociferations, adjurations, flail-

strokes; and rides frantic; — few or even none following him; the rest, so sweetly constrained, consenting to stay there.

And thus the new Berline rolls; and *Drouet* and *Guillaume* gallop after it; and *Dandoins'* Troopers or Trooper gallops after them; and *Sainte-Menehould*, with some leagues of the King's Highway, is in explosion; — and your Military thunder-chain has gone off in a self-destructive manner; one may fear, with the frightfullest issues.

Chapter VII.

The Night of Spurs.

This comes of mysterious Escorts, and a new Berline with eleven horses: „he that has a secret should not only hide it, but hide that he has it to hide.” Your first Military Escort has exploded self-destructive; and all Military Escorts, and suspicious Country will now be up, explosive; comparable *not* to victorious thunder. Comparable, say rather, to the first stirring of an Alpine Avalanche; which, once stir it, as here at *Sainte-Menehould*, will spread, — all round, and on and on, as far as *Stenai*; thundering with wild ruin, till Patriot Villagers, Peasantry, Military Escorts, new Berline and Royalty are down, — jumbling in the Abyss!

The thick shades of Night are falling. Postilions crack and whip; the Royal Berline is through *Clermont*, where Colonel *de Damas* got a word whispered to it; is safe through, towards *Varennes*; rushing at the rate of double drink-money: and Unknown, „*Inconnu* on horseback,” shrieks earnestly some hoarse whisper, not audible, into the rushing Carriage-window, and vanishes, left in night. August Travellers palpitate; nevertheless over-wearied Nature sinks every one of them into a kind of sleep. Alas, and *Drouet* and *Clerk Guillaume* spur; taking side-roads, for shortness, for safety; scattering abroad that moral-certainty of theirs; which flies, a bird of the air carrying it!

And your rigorous Quartermaster spurs; awakening hoarse trumpet-tone, — as here at *Clermont*, calling out Dragoons gone to bed. Brave Colonel *de Damas* has them mounted, in part, these *Clermont* men; young Cornet *Remy* dashes off with a few. But the Patriot Magistracy is out here at *Clermont* too; National Guards shrieking for ball-cartridges; and the Village „illuminates itself;” — deft Patriots springing out of bed; alertly, in shirt or shift, striking a light; sticking up each his farthing candle, or penurious oil-cruise, till all glitters and glimmers; so deft are they! A *camisado*, or shirt-tumult, everywhere: storm-bell set a-ringing; village-drum beating furious *générale*, as here at *Clermont*, under illumination; distracted Patriots pleading and menacing! Brave young Colonel *de Damas*, in that uproar of distracted Patriotism, speaks some fire-sentences to what Troopers he has: „Comrades insulted at *Sainte-Menehould*: King and Country calling on the brave;” then gives the firewords, *Draw swords*. Whereupon, alas, the Troopers only *smite* their sword-handles, driving them further home! „To

me, whoever is for the King!" cries *Damas* in despair; and gallops, he with some poor loyal Two, of the Subaltern sort, into the bosom of the Night.

Night unexampled in the Clermontais; shortest of the year; remarkablest of the century: Night deserving to be named of Spurs! Cornet *Remy*, and those Few he dashed off with, has missed his road; is galloping for hours towards Verdun; then, for hours, across hedged country, through roused hamlets, towards Varennes. Unlucky Cornet *Remy*; unluckier Colonel *Damas*, with whom there ride desperate only some loyal Two! More ride not of that Clermont Escort: of other Escorts, in other Villages, not even Two may ride; but only all curvet and prance, — impeded by storm-bell and your Village illuminating itself.

And *Drouet* rides and *Clerk Guillaume*; and the Country runs. — *Goguelat* and Duke *Choiseul* are plunging through morasses, over stock and stone, in the shaggy woods of the Clermontais; by tracks; or trackless, with guides; Hussars tumbling into pitfalls, and lying „swooned three quarters of an hour," the rest refusing to march without them. What an evening ride from Pont-de-Sommeville; what a thirty hours, since *Choiseul* quitted Paris, with Queen's-valet Leonard in the chaise by him! Black Care sits behind the rider. Thus go they plunging; rustle the owlet from his branchy nest; champ the sweet-scented forest-herb, queen of the-meadows *spilling* her spikenard; and frighten the ear of Night. But hark! towards twelve o'clock, as one guesses, for the very stars are gone out: sound of the tocsin from Varennes? Checking bridle, the Hussar Officer listens: „Some fire undoubtedly!" — yet rides on, with double breathlessness, to verify.

Yes, gallant friends that do your utmost, it is a certain sort of fire; difficult to quench. — The *Korff* Berline, fairly ahead of all this riding Avalanche, reached the little paltry Village of Varennes about eleven o'clock; hopeful, in spite of that hoarse-whispering Unknown. Do not all Towns now lie behind us; Verdun avoided, on our right? Within wind of *Bouillé* himself, in a manner; and the darkest of midsummer nights favouring us! And so we halt on the hill-top at the South end of the Village; expecting our relay; which young *Bouillé*, *Bouillé's* own son, with his Escort of Hussars, was to have ready; for in this Village is no Post. Distracting to think of: neither horse nor Hussar is here! Ah, and stout-horses, a proper relay belonging to Duke *Choiseul*, do stand at hay, but in the Upper Village over the Bridge; and we know not of them. Hussars likewise do wait, but drinking in the taverns. For indeed it is six hours beyond the time; young *Bouillé*, silly stripling, thinking the matter over for this night, has retired to bed. And so our yellow Couriers, inexperienced, must rove, groping, bungling, through a Village mostly asleep: Postilions will not, for any money, go on with the tired horses; not at least without refreshment; not they, let the Valet in round hat argue as he likes.

Miserable! „For five-and-thirty minutes" by the King's watch, the Berline is at a dead stand; Round-hat arguing with Churn-boots; tired horses slobbering their meal-and-water; yellow Couriers groping, bungling; — young *Bouillé* asleep, all the while, in the Upper Village, and *Choiseul's* fine team standing there at hay. No

help for it; not with a King's ransom; the horses deliberately slobber, Round-hat argues, *Bouillé* sleeps. And mark now, in the thick night, do not two Horsemen, with jaded trot, come clanking; and start half-pause, if one noticed them, at sight of this dim mass of a Berline, and its dull slobbering and arguing; then prick off faster, into the Village? It is *Drouet*, he and *Clerk Guillaume*! Still ahead, they two, of the whole, riding hurly-burly; unshot, though some brag of having chased them. Perilous is *Drouet's* errand also; but he is an Old-Dragoon, with his wits shaken thoroughly awake.

The Village of Varennes lies dark and slumberous; a most unlevel Village, of inverse saddle-shape, as men write. It sleeps: the rushing of the River Aire singing lullaby to it. Nevertheless from the Golden Arm, *Brass d'Or* Tavern, across that sloping Market-place, there still comes shine of social light; comes voice of rude drovers, or the like, who have not yet taken the stirrup-cup; *Boniface le Blanc*, in white apron, serving them: cheerful to behold. To this *Bras d'Or* *Drouet* enters, alacrity looking through his eyes; he nudges *Boniface*, in all privacy, „*Camarade, es-tu bon Patriote*, Art thou a good Patriot?” — „*Si je suis!*” answers *Boniface*. — „In that case,” eagerly whispers *Drouet* — what whisper is needful, heard of *Boniface* alone.

And now see *Boniface le Blanc* bustling, as he never did for the jolliest toper. See *Drouet* and *Guillaume*, dexterous Old-Dragoons, instantly down blocking the Bridge, with a „furniture-wagon they find there,” with whatever wagons, tumbrels, barrels, barrows their hands can lay hold of; — till no carriage can pass. Then swiftly, the Bridge once blocked, see them take station hard by, under Varennes Archway: joined by *Le Blanc*, *Le Blanc's* Brother, and one or two alert Patriots he has roused. Some half-dozen in all, with National muskets, they stand close, waiting under the Archway, till that same *Korff* Berline rumble up.

It rumbles up: *Alte là!* lanterns flash out from under coatskirts, bridles cluck in strong fists, two National muskets level themselves fore and aft through the two Coach-doors: „Mesdames, your Passports?” — Alas, alas! *Sieur Sausse*, Procureur of the Township, Tallow-chandler also and Grocer, is there, with official grocer politeness; *Drouet* with fierce logic and ready wit: — The respected Travelling Party, be it Baroness *de Korff's*, or persons of still higher consequence, will perhaps please to rest itself in *M. Sausse's* till the dawn strike up!

O *Louis*! O hapless *Marie-Antoinette*, fated to pass thy life with such men Phlegmatic *Louis*, art thou but lazy semi-animate phlegm then, to the centre of thee? King, Captain-General, Sovereign Frank! if thy heart ever formed, since it began beating under the name of heart, any resolution at all, be it now then, or never in this world: „Violent nocturnal individuals, and if it were persons of high consequence? And if it were the King himself? Has the King not the power, which all beggars have, of travelling unmolested on his own Highway? Yes: it is the King; and tremble ye to know it! The King has said, in this one small matter; and in France, or under God's Throne, is no power that shall gainsay. Not the King shall ye stop here under this your miserable Archway; but his dead body only, and answer it to Heaven and Earth.

To me, Body-guards; Postillions, *en avant !*" — One fancies in that case the pale paralysis of these two *Le Blanc* musketeers; the drooping of *Drouet's* underjaw; and how Procureur *Sausse* had melted like tallow in furnace-heat: *Louis* faring on; in some few steps awakening Young *Bouillé*, awakening relays and Hussars: triumphant entry, with cavalcading high brandishing Escort, and Escorts, into Montmédi; and the whole course of French History different!

Alas, it was not in the poor phlegmatic man. Had it been in him, French History had never come under this Varennes Archway to decide itself. — He steps out; all step out. Procureur *Sausse* gives his grocer-arms to the Queen and Sister *Elizabeth*; Majesty taking the two children by the hand. And thus they walk; coolly back, over the Marketplace, to Procureur *Sausse's*; mount into his small upper story; where straightway his Majesty „demands refreshments." Demands refreshments, as is written; gets bread-and-cheese with a bottle of Burgundy; and remarks, that it is the best Burgundy he ever drank!

Meanwhile, the Varennes Notables, and all men, official and non-official, are hastily drawing on their breeches; getting their fighting gear. Mortals half-dressed tumble out barrels, lay felled trees; scouts dart off to all the four winds, — the tocsin begins clanging, „the Village illuminates itself." Very singular: how these little Villages do manage, so adroit are they, when startled in midnight alarm of war. Like little adroit municipal rattlesnakes, suddenly awakened: for their storm-bell rattles and rings; their eyes glisten luminous (with tallow-light), as in rattle-snake ire; and the Village will *sting*. Old-Dragoon *Drouet* is our engineer and generalissimo; valiant as a *Ruy Diaz*: — Now or never, ye Patriots, for the soldiery is coming; massacre by Austrians, by Austrians, by Aristocrats, wars more than civil, it all depends on you and the hour! — National Guards rank themselves, half-buttoned: mortals, we say, still only in breeches, in under-petticoat, tumble out barrels and lumber, lay felled trees for barricades: the Village will *sting*. Rabid Democracy, it would seem, is *not* confined to Paris, then? Ah no, whatsoever Courtiers might talk; too clearly no. This of dying for one's King is grown into a dying for one's self, *against* the King, if need be.

And so our riding and running Avalanche and Hurlyburly has reached the Abyss, *Korff* Berline foremost; and may pour itself thither, and jumble: endless! For the next six hours, need we ask if there was a clattering far and wide? Clattering and tocsining and hot tumult, over all the Clermontais, spreading through the Three Bishopricks; Dragoon and Hussar Troops galloping on roads and no-roads; National Guards arming and starting in the dead of night; tocsin after tocsin transmitting the alarm. In some forty minutes, *Goguelat* and *Choiseul*, with their wearied Hussars, reach Varennes. Ah, it is no fire then; or a fire difficult to quench! They leap the tree-barricades, in spite of National sergeant; they enter the village, *Choiseul*, instructing his Troopers how the matter really is; who respond interjectionally, in their guttural dialect, „*Der König; die Königin!*" and seem stanch. These now, in their stanch humour, will, for one thing, beset Procureur *Sausse's* house. Most beneficial: had not *Drouet* stormfully ordered otherwise; and

even bellowed, in his extremity, „Cannoneers, to your guns!” — two old honeycombed Fieldpieces, empty of all but cobwebs; the rattle whereof, as the Cannoneers with assured countenance trundled them up, did nevertheless abate the Hussar ardour, and produce a respectfuller ranking further back. Jugs of wine, handed over the ranks, — for the German throat too has sensibility, — will complete the business. When Engineer *Goguelat*, some hour or so afterwards, steps forth, the response to him is — a hiccuping *Vive la Nation!*

What boots it? *Goguelat*, *Choiseul*, now also Count *Damas*, and all the Varennes Officiality are with the King; and the King can give no order, form no opinion; but sits there, as he has ever done, like clay on potter's wheel; perhaps the absurdest of all pitiable and pardonable clay-figures that now circle under the Moon. He will go on, next morning, and take the National Guard with him; *Sausse* permitting! Hapless Queen: with her two children laid there on the mean bed, old Mother *Sausse* kneeling to Heaven, with tears and an audible prayer, to bless them; imperial *Marie-Antoinette* near kneeling to Son *Sausse* and Wife *Sausse*, amid candle-boxes and treacle-barrels, — in vain! There are Three thousand National Guards got in; before long they will count Ten thousand; tocsins spreading like fire on dry heath, or far faster.

Young *Bouillé*, roused by this Varennes tocsin, has taken horse, and — fled towards his Father. Thitherward also rides, in an almost hysterically desperato manner, a certain *Sieur Aubriot*, *Choiseul's* Orderley; swimming dark rivers, our Bridge being blocked; spurring as if the Hell hunt were at his heels. Through the village of Dun, he galloping still on, scatters the alarm; at Dun, brave Captain *Deslons* and his Escort of a Hundred, saddle and ride. *Deslons* too gets into Varennes; leaving his Hundred outside, at the tree-barricade; offers to cut King *Louis* out, if he will order it: but unfortunately „the work will prove hot;” whereupon King *Louis* has „no orders to give.”

And so the tocsin clangs, and Dragoons gallop; and can do nothing, having galloped: National Guards stream in like the gathering of ravens: your exploding Thunder-chain, falling Avalanche, or what else we liken it to, does play, with a vengeance, — up now as far as *Stenai* and *Bouillé* himself. Brave *Bouillé*, son of the whirlwind, he saddless Royal Allemand; speaks firewords, kindling heart and eyes; distributes twenty-five gold-louis a company: — Ride, Royal-Allemand, long-famed: no Tuileries Charge and Necker-Orleans Bust-Procession; a very King made captive, and world all to win! — Such is the night deserving to be named of Spurs.

At six o'clock two things have happened. *Lafayette's* Aide-de-camp, *Romæuf*, riding à franc étrier, on that old Herb-merchant's route, quickened during the last stages, has got to Varennes; where the Ten thousand now furiously demand, with fury of panic terror, that Royalty shall forthwith return Paris-ward, that there be not infinite bloodshed. Also, on the other side, „English Tom,” *Choiseul's* jokei, flying with that *Cloiseul* relay, has met *Bouillé* on the heights of Dun; the adamant brow flushed with dark thunder; thunderous rattle of Royal-Allemand at his heels. English

Tom answers as he can the brief question, How it is at Varennes? — then asks in turn, What he, English *Tom*, with *M. de Choiseul's* horses, is to do, and whither to ride? — To the Bottomless Pool! answers a thunder-voice; then again speaking and spurring, orders Royal-Allemand to the gallop; and vanishes, swearing (*en jurant*) 'Tis the last of our brave *Bouillé*. Within sight of Varennes, he having drawn bridle, calls a council of officers; finds that it is in vain. King *Louis* has departed, consenting: amid the clangour of universal stormbell; amid the tramp of Ten thousand armed men, already arrived; and say of Sixty thousand flocking thither. Brave *Deslons*, even without „orders,” darted at the River Aire with his Hundred; swam one branch of it, could not the other; and stood there, dripping and panting, with inflated nostril; the Ten thousand answering him with a shout of mockery, the new Berline lumbering Paris-ward its weary inevitable way. No help, then, in Earth; nor, in an age not of miracles, in Heaven!

That night, *Marquis de Bouillé* and twenty-one more of us rode over the „Frontiers; the Bernardine monks at Orval in Luxemburg gave us supper and lodging.” With little of speech, *Bouillé* rides; with thoughts that do not brook speech. Northward, towards uncertainty, and the Cimmerian Night: towards West-Indian Isles, for with this Emigrant delirium the son of the whirlwind cannot act, towards England, towards premature Stoical death, not towards France any more. Honour to the Brave, who be it in this quarrel or in that, is a substance and articulate-speaking piece of human Valour, not a fanfaronading hollow Spectrum and squeaking and gibbering Shadow! One of the few Royalist Chief-actors this *Bouillé*, of whom so much can be said.

The brave *Bouillé* too, then, vanishes from the tissue of our Story. Story and tissue, faint ineffectual Emblem of that grand Miraculous Tissue, and Living Tapestry named *French Revolution*, which did weave itself then in very fact, „on the loud-sounding LOOM OF TIME!” The old Brave drop out from it, with their strivings, and new acrid *Drouets*, of new strivings and colour, come in: — as is the manner of that weaving.

From PAST AND PRESENT.

Hero-Worship.

To the present Editor, not less than to Bobus, a Government of the Wisest, what Bobus calls an Aristocracy of Talent, seems the one healing remedy: but he is not so sanguine as Bobus with respect to the means of realising it. He thinks that we have at once missed realising it, and come to need it so pressingly, by departing far from the inner eternal Laws and taking up with the temporary outer semblances of Laws. He thinks that „enlightened Egoism,” never so lumingus, is not the rule by which man's life can be led. That ‘*Laissez-faire*,’ ‘Supply-and-demand,’ ‘Cash-payment form the sole nexus,’ and so forth, were not, are not, and will never be, a practicable Law of Union for a Society of Men. That Poor and Rich, that Governed and Governing, cannot long live

together on any such Law of Union. Alas, he thinks that man has a soul in him, *different* from the stomach in any sense of this word; that if said soul be asphyxied, and lie quietly forgotten, the man and his affairs are in a bad way. He thinks that said soul will have to be resuscitated from its asphyxia; that if it prove irresuscitable, the man is not long for this world. In brief, that Midasreared Mammonism, double-barrelled Dilettantism, and their thousands adjuncts and corollaries, are *not* the Law by which God Almighty has appointed this his Universe to go. That, once for all, these are not the Law: and then farther that we shall have to return to what *is* the Law, — not by smooth flowery paths, it is like, and with 'tremendous cheers' in our throat; but over steep untrodden places, through stormclad chasms, waste oceans, and the bosom of tornadoes; thank Heaven, if not through very Chaos and the Abyss! The resuscitating of a soul that has gone to asphyxia is no momentary or pleasant process, but a long and terrible one.

To the present Editor, 'Hero-worship,' as he has elsewhere named it, means much more than an elected Parliament, or stated Aristocracy, of the Wisest; for, in his dialect, it is the summary, ultimate essence, and supreme practical perfection of all manner of 'worship,' and true worships and noblenesses whatsoever. Such blessed Parliament and, were it once in perfection, blessed Aristocracy of the Wisest, god-honoured and man honoured, he does look for, more and more perfected, — as the topmost blessed practical apex of a whole world reformed from sham-worship, informed anew with worship, with truth and blessedness! He thinks that Hero-worship, done differently in every different epoch of the world, is the soul of all social business among men; that the doing of it well, or the doing of it ill, measures accurately what degree of well being or of ill-being there is in the world's affairs. He thinks that we, on the whole, do our Hero-worship worse than any Nation in this world ever did it before: that the *Burns* an Excise-man, the *Byron* a Literary Lion, are intrinsically, all things considered, a baser and falser phenomenon than the Odin a God, the Mahomet a Prophet of God. It is this Editor's clear opinion, accordingly, that we must learn to do our Hero-worship better; that to do it better and better, means the awakening of the Nation's soul from its asphyxia, and the return of blessed life to us, — Heaven's blessed life, not Mammon's galvanic accursed one. To resuscitate the Asphyxied, apparently now moribund, and in the last agony if not resuscitated: such and no other seems the consummation.

'Hero-worship,' if you will, — yes, friends; but, first of all, by being ourselves of heroic mind. A whole world of Heroes; a world not of Flunkeys, where no Hero-King *can* reign: that is what we aim at! We, for our share, will put away all Flunkeyism, Baseness, Unveracity from us; we shall then hope to have Noblenesses and Veracities set over us; never till then. Let Bobus and Company sneer, 'That is your Reform!' Yes, Bobus, that is our Reform; and except in that, and what will follow out of that, we have no hope at all. Reform, like Charity, O Bobus, must begin at home. Once well at home, how will it radiate outwards irrepressible, into all that we touch and handle, speak and work;

kindling ever new light, by incalculable contagion, spreading in geometric ratio, far and wide, — doing good only, wheresoever it spreads, and not evil.

By Reform Bills, Anti-Corn-Law Bills, and thousand other bills and methods, we will demand of our Governors, with emphasis, and for the first time not without effect, that they cease to be quacks, or else depart; that they set no quackeries and block-headisms anywhere to rule over us, that they utter or act no cant to us, — that it will be better if they do not. For we shall now know quacks when we see them; cant, when we hear it, shall be horrible too! We will say, with the poor Frenchman at the Bar of the Convention, though in wiser style than he, and for the space not 'of an hour' but of a lifetime: "*Je demande l'arrestation des coquins et des lâches.*" 'Arrestment of the knaves and dastards:' ah, we know what a work that is; how long it will be before *they* are all or mostly got 'arrested:' — but here is one; arrest him, in God's name; it is one fewer! We will, in all practicable ways, by word and silence, by act and refusal to act, energetically demand that arrestment, — "*Je demande cette arrestation là!*" — and by degrees infallibly attain it. Infallibly, for light spreads; all human souls, never so bedarkened, love light; light once kindled spreads, till all is luminous; — till the cry, "*Arrest your knaves and dastards*" rises inoperative from millions of hearts, and rings and reigns from sea to sea. Nay, how many of them may we not 'arrest' with our own hands even now; we! Do not countenance them, thou there: turn away from their lackered sumptuosities, their belauded sophistries, their serpent graciosities, their spoken and acted cant, with a sacred horror, with an *Apage Satanas*. — Bobus and Company, and all men will gradually join us. We demand arrestment of the knaves and dastards, and begin by arresting our own poor selves out of that fraternity. There is no other reform conceivable. Thou and I, my friend, can, in the most flunkey world, make, each of us, *one* nonflunkey, *one* hero, if we like: that will be two heroes to begin with: — **Courage!** even that is a whole world of heroes to end with, or what we poor Two can do in furtherance thereof!

Yes, friends: Hero-kings and a whole world not unheroic, — there lies the port and happy haven, towards which, through all these stormtost seas, French Revolutions, Chartisms, Manchester Insurrections, that make the heart sick in these bad days, the Supreme Powers are driving us. On the whole, blessed be the Supreme Powers, stern as they are! Towards that haven will we, O friends; let all true men, with what of faculty is in them, bend valiantly, incessantly, with thousandfold endeavour, thither, thither! There, or else in the Ocean-abysses, it is very clear to me, we shall arrive.

Labour.

For there is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in Work. Were he never so benighted 'forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works; in Idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Work, never so Mammonish, mean, *is* in communication with Nature; the real desire to get .

Work done will itself lead one more and more to truth, to Nature's appointment and regulations, which are truth.

The latest Gospel in this world is, Know thy work and do it. 'Know thyself:' long enough has that poor 'self' of thine tormented thee; thou wilt never get to 'know' it, I believe: Think it not thy business, this of knowing thyself; thou art an unknowable individual: know what thou canst work at; and work at it, like a Hercules! That will be thy better plan.

It has been written, 'an endless significance lies in Work;' a man perfects himself by working. Foul jungles are cleared away, fair seedfields rise instead, and stately cities; and withal the man himself first ceases to be a jungle and foul unwholesome desert thereby. Consider how, even in the meanest sorts of Labour, the whole soul of a man is composed into a kind of real harmony, the instant he sets himself to work! Doubt, Desire, Sorrow, Remorse, Indignation, Despair itself, all these like helldogs lie beleaguering the soul of the poor dayworker, as of every man: but he bends, himself with free valour against his task, and all these are stilled all these shrink murmuring far off into their caves. The man is now a man. The blessed glow of Labour in him, is it not a purifying fire, wherein all poison is burnt up, and of sour smoke itself there is made bright blessed flame!

Destiny, on the whole, has no other way of cultivating us. A formless Chaos, once set it *revolving*, grows round and ever rounder; ranges itself; by mere force of gravity, into strata, spherical courses; is no longer a Chaos, but a round compacted World. What would become of the Earth did she cease to revolve? In the poor old Earth, so long as she revolves, all inequalities, irregularities disperse themselves; all irregularities are incessantly becoming regular. Hast thou looked on the Potter's wheel, — one of the venerablest objects; old as the Prophet Ezekiel and far older? Rude lumps of clay, how they spin themselves up, by mere quick whirling, into beautiful circular dishes. And fancy the most assiduous Potter, but without his wheel; reduced to make dishes, or rather amorphous botches, by mere kneading and baking! Even such a Potter were destiny, with a human soul that would rest and lie at ease, that would not work and spin! Of an idle unrevolving man the kindest Destiny, like the most assiduous Potter without wheel, can bake and knead nothing other than a botch; let her spend on him what expensive colouring, what gilding and enamelling she will, he is but a botch. Not a dish; no, a bulging, kneaded, crooked, shambling, squintcornered, amorphous botch, — a more enamelled vessel of dishonour. Let the idle think of this.

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose; he has found it, and will follow it! How, as a free-flowing channel, dug and torn by noble force through the sour mud-swamp of one's existence, like an ever-deepening river there, it runs and flows; — draining off off the sour festering water, gradually from the root of the remotest grass-blade; making, instead of pestilential swamp, a green fruitful meadow with its clearflowing stream. How blessed for the meadow itself, let the stream and *its* value be great or small! Labour is Life; from the inmost heart of the Worker rises his god-

given Force, the sacred celestial Life-essence breathed into him by Almighty God; from his inmost heart awakens him to all nobleness, — to all knowledge, 'self-knowledge' and much else, so soon as Work fitly begins. Knowledge? The knowledge that will hold good in working, cleave thou to that; for Nature herself accredits that, says Yea to that. Properly thou hast no other knowledge but what thou hast got by working: the rest is yet all a hypothesis of knowledge; a thing to be argued of in schools, a thing floating in the clouds, in endless logic-vortices, till we try it and fix it. 'Doubt, of whatever kind, can be ended by Action alone.'

NOTES.

Page 60. Line 7. The real meaning is: the breath cooling my soup would remind me of what a storm might do at sea.

Page 61. Line 4: the ship turned with her keel upwards and as it were kissing the sand at the bottom of the sea. (Cf. in het zand bijten).

Line 6. prevented = *verhinderd*.

Must it be so, viz. that you leave me.

We'll make our leisures etc. when you are at leisure we will come to you again.

They lose it etc. (giving too much for their whistle): a man giving himself too much trouble to obtain riches and honour is often cut off in the flower of his age before he can enjoy them.

Do cream and mantle, as a standing pond overgrown with green weeds hides the water below, so a man puts on an earnest look to hide his ignorance.

fish not, do not try to obtain a good opinion by putting on a melancholy appearance, (do not fish for a good opinion by grave and melancholy looks) for this opinion is not worth more than a gudgeon. (fool-gudgeon = gekke waardeloze grondel.)

Page. 62. *neat* = cow or kine (obsolete).

swelling port = expensive living.

Nor do I make moan = Nor do I complain of being obliged to live in a less expensive style.

Page 63. *To wind about* = by making so long a preface to your request.

Page 64. *rack'd* (from the idea of placing a person upon the rack) = stretched to the uttermost.

such a hare is madness: the wildness of a youth like a hare skips (leaps) over good counsel the cripple (as good counsel advises to act deliberately).

Page 65. *How oddly he is suited* etc. this is a sarcastic hit of Shakspeare's at the young noblemen who in his time travelled on the Continent with so little advantage to themselves.

Page 66. *Sirrah* = Sir pronounced with a special burr, to signify contempt.

Page 67. Line 4. Jesus coming into the country of the Gergesenes healed two men possessed with devils, and at their request suffered the devils to enter into a herd of swine.

fawning publican, fawning tax-collector: in the time of the Roman government the Jews showed the greatest contempt for those of their Countrymen who farmed the taxes for their conquerors.

Page 68. *As his wise mother*. Isaac being blind and having sent out his eldest son to kill venison for him, Rebecca his wife hastily dressed a kid for Jacob the youngest son who personated Esau and obtained the blessing, so that he became the third (Abraham, Isaac, Jacob) instead of his brother Esau.

eanlings = young lambs.

Still = ever, always.

Page 69. *void your rheum* = spit.

in a bondman's key = in the tone of a slave.

if he break = if he become bankrupt (Cf. bankbreuk.)

Page 70. *shadowed livry* = dark skin caused by the bright rays of the brilliant sun.

NOTES.

make incision for your love = refers to an old custom of testing one's courage by the redness of his blood. (Cf. „lily-livered" Macbeth V. 3 and Lear II. 2: „milk-livered" and „white-livered").

his wife the wife of him.

Page 71. *Never to speak to lady afterward in way of marriage* = never to ask the hand of a lady in marriage hereafter.

Page 72. *try confusions* = try to confuse him.

I'll raise the waters = I'll make him cry.

Page 73. *every finger* should be: every rib which I have got with my fingers. (Comp. Launcelot's sayings with Mrs. Malaprop's in Sheridan's play, *The Rivals*).

Page 74. *cater-cousins* means *quarter cousins* or in other words: the greatest enemies.

Father, in: father, go in. Launcelot is making fun about fortune-tellers, who pretend to be able to tell one's fortune by the lines on the palm of the hand.

Page 75. *skipping spirit* = frisky, lively of disposition, which must be calmed by a modest hearing.

I bar to night = I make this night an exception. You may not judge of my conduct (not gauge me) by what I do to night. He intends to be modest the following days.

my nose fell a-bleeding here Launcelot is again making fun of superstitious people.

Page 78. *Huge feeder* etc.: he eats very much and is very slow about his work.

Drones hire etc. i. e. he wants bees and not drones in his (hive) house.

Page 79. *by my hood*. Gratiano is masquerading in the dress of a monk and therefore swears by his hood (capuchon).

Page 80. *withal* often used by Shakespeare for *with*.

Page 81. *whose ambitious head*, represents the highest wave of the sea in a storm.

A gentle riddance: we have easily got rid of him.

Page 84. *to cozen* for Shakespearean to cheat, from *cousin* i. e. to cheat by giving flattering names.

Page 85. *If my gossip report*: if the gossiping report is to be trusted (gossip O. E. = godmother, now used in a bad sense, is a compound *God-sib* (comp Germ. Sippschaft, Sippe).

Page 90. *Making them lightest* etc. is an allusion to the custom in the time of Elisabeth of wearing large quantities of light hair out of compliment to the queen, who was red-haired but she herself imagined that her hair was light.

Page 91. *Express'd and not express'd*, as is the enthusiasm of the multitude when a dearly loved king passes by; this was put in as a compliment to Elisabeth who had just made a procession through London.

Page 92. *It is now our time, that have* etc.: It is now the time for us, who etc.

You can wish none from me: you can wish no joy to be kept from me.

Read: *You loved, I loved; for intermission*

No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.

for intermission i. e. as far as regards intermission (delay). You saw and loved and so did I, I did not delay any longer than you did.

I sweat again: I sweat (against) by reason of the opposition I had to encounter.

so you stand pleased withal: if you have no objection.

Very O.Fr. verray, modern Fr *vrai*.

Page 93. *I would you had* etc. read: I would you'd won etc.

worse and worse as Bassanio grows ever paler.

Page 94. No bed shall cause me to stay i. e. I will not be guilty of reposing in any bed, before I see you again.

Page 95. *dull-eyed* eyes filled with tears and so rendered dim.

Konour read: Honour.

Page 96. *needs*: necessarily.

Page 97. *habit* Fr. habit: dress.

Page 98. Some precious thing must be added to the second woman, to make her equal to Portia.

Page 99. *Offices of tender courtesies*: actions i. e. to be officious.

Page 100. *To excuse* etc. read: *To excuse* etc.

As seek to soften: as (to) seek etc.

Page 101. *abject and slavish parts*: basest and most menial kind of work.
new come = just arrived.

a tainted wether of the flock: a dishonoured man amongst you. (A tainted (door ziekte aangetast) wether must be killed to prevent the disease from spreading amongst the flock.)

To cut the forfeiture etc. read: *To cut the forfe'ture*.

aminals read: *animals*.

fell = cruel; (Cf. felle wraak).

Page 102. *It is twice blest* i.e. *it is twice blessing*.

Page 103. *this bond is forfeit* i.e. forfeited.

Page 105. *light or heavy*: *light* or *heavy*

Page 107. *all he dies possessed* = possessed of.

Page 108. *There's more depends* etc. There is more depending (on this ring) than its value.

hold out enemy for ever: she would not remain at enmity with you, for ever.

Page 109. *outface, outswear*: surpass in bold looks (defiance) and hard swearing.

out-night: surpass you in making Verses upon nights.

Page 110. *whilst the muddy vesture of decay* etc. whilst the mortal body encloses the immortal soul.

Page 111. *Since nought* (sil, is) *so stockish* etc.

How many things by season season'd are: how many things show their true excellence by the fitness of the occasion.

Page 112. *posy* means *poesy* afterwards *poetry*. (Cf. Sir Philip Sidney's Defence of Poesie).

The clerk will etc. The clerk that (got) it will never wear hair on his face.

I'll die for't but some woman had the ring: I will stake my life upon it, that some woman got the ring from you.

Page 115. *princely seeming beautiful* = appearing as beautiful as a princess.
in plighted troth = after betrothal.

quoth imperf. of *to queath* still surviving in *to bequeath* (to bespeak); so *quoth* = spake.

Page 116. *I banish thee my court*: for from my court.

Where when the king etc. heard . . . seen read; *had heard* . . . *had seen*.

Regan's court, the eldest of the twain: the court of Ragan, the elder of the two.

But there of that he was etc. she refused him what she had lately promised.

Being glad to feed etc. He who formerly wore a crown was now glad to feed on food fit for beggars.

Page 117. *with age and honour spread*: cheeks i. e. face: (covered with age and honour) looking venerable and aged.

possest with discontents: being full of discontent (dissatisfaction).

whose royal king etc.: whose noble husband; as *queen* stands for *lady* or *wife*, so *king* stands here for *lord* or *husband*.

But in her bosom etc. const. Left his life (died) on the bosom of her who was so truly hearted. (good-hearted).

by consents for *by consent*: unanimously.

Page 118. *gray russett* kind of coarse woollen stuff for dresses, *russett* properly means *deep brown* and "gray russett" a lighter brown.

Queen's Arms sign of an iun.

fair and well favoured, light complexioned and beautiful of face.

and at her commandment etc. const.: and still (ever) would be at her commands, (ready to obey her commands).

Page 119. *marks and tokens* i.e. signs by which they may know him.

as thick might be: as many as they were; in crowds.

drop angels: we will each one in his turn drop an angel.

Page 121. *most free*: most liberally.

after that lessons etc. after having two or three pieces carefully prepared for the occasion.

Page 122. *beveray* = betray for *to tell*.

Page 125. *milk-white steed* . . . *armour white as snow*: a white horse and unwrought armour were to be used by knights who had not yet engaged in combat.

Page 125. *taper spear*: long, thin spear and consequently easily broken like a reed.

Page 126. *erst* = first.

pas misprint for *pass*.

Page 127. *But charm'd by heaven* etc. but charmed (either) by heaven or else (by) my griefs.

Page 192. *aliena negotia curat*

Excussus propriis. — Hor.

When he had lost all business of his own

He ran in quest of newsthro' all the town.

Page 194. *Lusus animo* etc. The mind ought sometimes to be diverted, that it may return the better to thinking.

Page 197. *fruges* etc. Born to drink and eat.

Page 200. *Modo vir* etc. Sometimes a man, sometimes a woman.

Page 205. *Nolueram*, *Belinda* etc.

I would not, Belinda, have violated thy hair.

But that prayers have driven me to it.

Caryl, secretary to Queen Mary wife of James II originally proposed the subject to the poet with a view of putting an end, by this piece of ridicule, to a quarrel that was risen between two noble families, those of Lord Petre and of Mrs. Tremor, on the trifling occasion of his having cut off a lock of her hair.

E'en Belinda may vouchsafe to view. It appears from the motto, that the poem was written or published at the lady's request. The author sent it to the lady, with whom he was acquainted; and she took it so well as to give about copies of it. The first sketch was written in less than a fortnight in 1711 in two cantos only, and it was received so well that the author made it more considerable the next year by the addition of the machinery of the sylphs, and extended it to five cantos.

Page 206. *Sol* the sun.

the bell: a handbell. Bell-hanging was not common in these days. Servants waited in ante-rooms, and were summoned by the handbell. Ladies summoned their maids to their bedrooms by knocking with their high-heeled shoes, or with their slippers.

the press'd watch = het repetitie-horloge.

the silver token etc. the silver penny, which the tidy housemaid found in her shoe — „the circled green“ the fairy rings on the grass, supposed to mark the spot where fairies had danced.

Hand o'er the box etc. The box at the theatre, the Ring in Hyde Park.

fiery termagant etc. Termagant used to be taken in the sense of god of the Saracens or co-partner of Mahound (Mahomet), then as a very mighty being, afterwards as a spirit of evil.

Page 207. *Shock* = a lap-dog.

Page 207. *ere Phœbus rose* = before the rising of the sun.

Page 210. *the drops*. Earrings of brilliants.

whirling mill = chocolate mill.

Page 211. *Ombre*. The game of ombre is even in our days a fashionable game of cards played by three persons with a pack of forty cards, each dealer having nine cards in hand. The poet is giving a description of a game at ombre as if describing a tournament; the idea was, according to Warburton taken from Vida's description of a game at chess, in his poem „*Scacchia Ludus*.“

The matadores (the best cards at ombre) are so named from the slayers in the bull-fight.

Apparently the lady invites and so is allowed to decide which card is to be trumps. The best cards in the play are: Spadillio (the ace of spades) Manillio (the seven of diamonds or hearts or the two of spades or clubs) Basta (the ace of clubs).')

') Spadillio from Span *spada* = *sabre*, as in Spanish packs the spades really were. representing the nobility; manillio from Span. *manilla* which means *leaves* (afterwards *coins*) representing the merchants; *basta* cf. Fr *bâton* literally *clubs* as in Span. packs they really were, representing the *peasantry*. The fourth colour was: *goblets* meaning the *clergy* as being only entitled to the goblet at the administration of the Lord's supper.

Page 212. *Puts forth one manly leg* etc. in Pope's time cards were not printed by halves as they are nowadays, but the figures were given at full length.

Pam is the knave of clubs in the game of *Loo* (or *Lu*); the name is unjustly used here in *ombre*.

Codille. If either of the two playing against „*ombre*” made more tricks than he did, the winner took the pool, and the „*Ombre*” had to replace it for the next game.

Page 213. *the berries crackle*. It was the fashion to grind as well as make the coffee in the room.

Nisus' injured hair. Nisus of Megara, had on his head a certain purple lock of hair; and it was decreed by fate that he should never be conquered as long as that lock remained on his head. Minos, King of Crete, made war upon Megara, and Scylla, the king's daughter, beholding the enemy of her father from a high tower, fell in love with him. She resolved to give up the city to him; stole in the night to her father's sleeping room and cut off the fatal lock. She bore it out of the city to Minos, and told him that Megara was now his own. But the just king shrank from her in abhorrence; gave equitable terms to the conquered city, and sailed from the island. Scylla was turned into a bird, constantly pursued by a sea-eagle, into which her father had been metamorphosed.

A two-edg'd weapon euphuism for a pair of scissors; afterwards it is called „the little engine” and „the glittering forfex” and „the shears” evidently for want of another name so short and expressive, the word being properly unqualified for an epic poem whatever may be its character.

Page 214. *Atalantis* a famous book, written about this time by a woman; full of court and party scandal; and in a loose effeminacy of style and sentiment, which well suited the debauched taste of the better vulgar. The writer was Mrs. de la Rivière Manley, supposed to have been the Sappho of the „Tattler,” and a daughter of Sir Roger Manley. She was a woman of very bad character.

Page 214. *Small pillow*. Visits were then sometimes received in ladies' bed rooms, when the bed was decorated with a handsome counterpane and a small lace-trimmed pillow.

Page 215. *Thedestris*, Queen of the Amazons; any lady-at-arms or female warrior.

Page 216. *double loads of lead*. Curl-papers fastened with lead.

wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow. St. Mary-le-Bow has long had one of the most celebrated bell-peals in London. The bell was intended for the purpose of „sounding a retreat from work” Bow Church being nearly the centre of the city. The words „Born within sound of Bow-bells” means being a true cockney quite a different thing to being „a wit.”

Sir Plume, Sir George Brown, the only one of the persons introduced into the poem who was offended by it, being angry that the poet made him talk nothing but nonsense.

An engraving of Sir Plume, with seven other figures by Hogarth, was executed on the lid of a gold snuff-box and presented to one of the parties concerned.

Page 217. *Bohea* = A certain sort of tea.

patch-box patches, Fr. *mouches*, were part of a lady's ornaments at that time, and were political symbols; the female Tories (conservatives) wearing them on one side of the face, the Whigs (liberals) on the other.

When Anna begged. Anna the sister of Dido, besought Æneas not to abandon the queen

front-box. At the theatre the gentlemen sat in the side-boxes and the ladies occupied the front-boxes.

Page 218. The poet constantly imitating the classical epics of Homer and Virgil alludes to a verse frequently occurring in Homer after any speech: „So spoke, and all the heroes applauded.”

tough whalebones = stays.

Unbriel.... sate to view the fight. Minerva in like manner, during the battle of Ulysses with suitors in the *Odyssey*, perches on a beam of the roof to behold it.

- Page 219. *deadly bodkin*. The history of the bodkin here given is an imitation of the famous progress of Agamemnon's sceptre in Homer so justly quoted as a model in Lessing's *Laokoön*.
- Page 220. *Rosamond's lake* a pond in St. James's Park; filled in during the last century.
- Partridge*. John Partridge was a ridiculous Star-gazer, who in his almanacs every year never failed to predict the downfall of the Pope, and the King of France, then at war with the English.
- Page 261, Line 6. *snares... clouded maze*. The images, which were current commonplaces, are to be taken literally. Man is pictured as wandering in a mist through an artificial maze or labyrinth, the tortuous paths of which are full of pitfalls.
- Line 10. *airy* = imaginary.
- Line 13. *nations sink... darling schemes*. Holland, England, and France had suffered severely in their financial condition about thirty years before, owing to the collapse of great commercial speculations, the principal of which were the English South-Sea scheme and the French Mississippi scheme.
- Line 14. *the fool's request* = the prayer for riches.
- Line 15. *afflictive*, an adjective used instead of the participle.
- Line 17. *impetuous courage*. Anticipating the instance of Charles XII, l. 191.
- Line 18. *fatal sweetness*. Alluding to Villiers, Harley, &c., l. 119.
- Line 19. *Impeachment*. Harley, Wentworth, and Hyde, were all impeached.
- Line 20. *restless fire*. Reverts to l. 17.
- Line 21. *knowing*. In the old sense = 'wise,' 'experienced.' Now only ironical. Sense—'But, setting aside cases in which talent and courage have directly wrought the ruin of their possessors, they afford no protection against general fraud and aggression.'
- Line 22. *massacre of gold*, i. e. plunder of the wealthy.
- Line 29. *rival kings*. Johnson here partly evinces his Jacobite principles, and admits the right of the Pretender to strike a blow for the kingdom in 1745.
- Line 31. *statutes*, Acts of Attainder.
- Line 38. *Walks*. To travel on foot was a sign of poverty. The pedestrian was safe from the highwayman.
- Line 39. *crush the upbraiding joy*; i. e. surround him with the belongings of wealth, and thereby destroy his cheerfulness, which upbraids or reproaches you as he sings.
- Line 44. *shows the plunder*. A chariot or post-chaise was the symbol of wealth, and showed the highwayman his game.
- Line 45, 46. *general cry... load the tainted gales*. 'Tainted' merely = scented. The image is from the hunting field. The cry of men for gain and grandeur is compared to the cry of a pack of hounds scenting their game.
- Line 48. *gaping heir*. Alluding to Frederick Prince of Wales, who had a petty court and policy of his own opposed to the king and his ministers. 'Gaping' = waiting with open mouth for the crown.
- Line 49. *Democritus*. Democritus and Heraclitus, the laughing and the weeping philosopher.
- Line 53. *where want enchain'd caprice*; i. e. in an obscure provincial town of Greece, where poverty levelled the intellectual and social condition of all.
- Line 54. *of a piece* = 'of one character or colour,' in contrast to the 'motley' colours of modern life (l. 51).
- Line 55. *wealth, unlov'd*; i. e. where the wealthy man was not loved for his wealth, nor his death ostentatiously lamented, as in modern times.
- Line 57. *mock debate*. Debates on a foregone conclusion, frequent in parliament during the reign of the Whigs.
- Page 262, Line 58. *mayor's unwieldy state*. The cumbrous and antiquated pageant called the Lord Mayor's Show.
- Line 59. *far-rites, of the people*, i. e. ministers. Cp. l. 92.
- Line 60. *senates heard*, &c. Johnson recurs to the subject of l. 57.
- Line 61. *modish* = fashionable, modern.
- Line 62. *edge* = sharpen.

Line 63. Sense—'Attentive to descry truth,' &c.

Line 66. Sense—'The robes of pleasure and the veils of woe were solemn toys, &c., to thee.'

Line 67. *maintain* = feed, supply with materials. Cp. l. 52.

Line 71. Sense—'Ere yet thy voice declare how just was that scorn.'

Line 72. *state*. Not 'kingdom,' but 'state of life.' *canvass* = to sift, examine.

Line 74. *great* = persons of wealth and consideration.

Page 262, Line 76. *they mount*, &c. The metaphor is from the sky-rocket. *evaporate* = disperse into air: *fall*, like the stick of the rocket.

Line 77. *ev'ry stage*, of their *fligh*t or ascent (next line).

Line 79. *sinking statesman*. The allusion is especially to the fall of Sir Robert Walpole, 1742.

Line 80. *pours in*, &c. Alluding to the minister's levees.

Line 83. *painted face*. The patron's portrait.

Line 84. *bright*, i. e. in its glittering frame. *palladium*. Cherished as a tutelary deity's effigy, like that of Pallas in Troy.

Line 85. *smok'd in kitchens*. Exiled to the smoky air of the kitchen.

Line 90. *rids* = frees. *indignant wall* = that seems to spurn its former occupant.

Line 91. *Britain*, i. e. the nation at large.

Line 93. As in the preceding century.

Line 95. *tribes*. Alluding to the 'tribes' of the Roman republic, which together with the 'centuries,' answered to our 'constituencies.' The poets of the time often trick out Britain with Roman belongings, as lictors, fasces, consuls, &c. *throats* = voices.

Line 97. *weekly libels*. Political journals, which were eagerly read throughout the country. *septennial ale*. Brewed of extra strength for the elections, which took place at least once in seven years. The British Parliaments are still septennial.

Line 98. *full* = satisfied.

Page 263, Line 112. *fly*, active, = fly him.

Line 126. *enormous weight*. The image anticipates the *fall* of the edifice.

Line 129. *Villiers*, Duke of Buckingham, the favourite of James I and Charles I, assassinated by Felton, at Portsmouth, in 1628.

Line 130. *Harley*, Earl of Oxford, the Tory minister of Queen Anne, died 1724. He was stabbed, impeached, and imprisoned. The last two years of his life were years of continual bodily suffering.

Line 131. *Wentworth*, Earl of Strafford, beheaded in 1641. Johnson, a consistent Tory, describes his execution as a judicial murder. *Hyde*. Lord Clarendon, banished by Act of Parliament in 1667.

Line 132. The first part of the line refers to Wentworth, the second to Hyde. *to kings allied*. Hyde's daughter was married to the king's brother, afterwards James II.

Line 134. Sense—'What but the indulgence of their wish to shine in courts, and the possession of a power so great that it was equally dangerous to keep or to resign it.'

Line 139. *Bodley's dome*. The University library at Oxford. 'Dome' is commonly used by contemporary poets for any large building.

Line 140. *Bacon's mansion*. Friar Bacon's tower, which formerly stood ~~on~~ the bridge over the Isis, at Oxford. The legend went that it would fall whenever a greater man than Bacon should pass under it.

Line 150. Autobiographical, as are the couplets which follow. Johnson had frequent fits of hypochondria and sloth.

Line 154. *shade* = darkness.

Line 160. *the jail*. Macaulay:—'Johnson, Collins, Fielding, and Thomson, were certainly four of the most distinguished persons that England produced during the eighteenth century. It is well known that they were all four arrested for debt.'

Line 161. These lines allude to the bust erected to Milton in Westminster Abbey, 1737. 'Merit' alludes to Milton's literary celebrity, not to his political character: and the erection of the monument, like Johnson's lines, marked the gradual softening of political animosity. The lines were suggested by Savage: Pope describes Caesar as 'ignobly vain, and impotently great'; Voiture as 'Wisely careless, innocently gay'; and man in general as 'A being darkly wise and rudely great.' The allusion

applies equally to Butler, to whom a monument was erected in Poets' Corner sixty years after his death.

Page 264, Line 164. Thomas *Lydiat* (1572—1646), who in his time ranked with Bacon for his labours in the investigation of nature, was Fellow of New College, Oxford, and Rector of Okerton, near Banbury. Though patronised by Usher and Laud, he lived in great poverty. The Society of New College in 1669 laid a stone over his grave, and erected a monument to him in the college cloisters. *Galileo* (1564—1642). His old age was full of troubles. In 1634 he lost a favourite daughter, and in 1639 became totally blind. He died of a lingering malady.

Page 264, Line 166. *glittering eminence*. The Primacy of England.

Line 168. In Johnson's Life of Waller, Hampden is styled 'the zealot of rebellion.' Laud possessed both parts and learning, but it is false to represent either as bringing him to the scaffold.

Line 169. *finis* = penalties. *content*, i.e. satisfy the persecutor.

Line 170. *palace* = Bishop's official residence. *sequestered* = sequestered, confiscated. The spoliation was carried out by the famous Court of Sequestrators.

Line 175. *show* = procession. Cp. l. 235.

Line 179. *Greek*. Alexander.

Line 180. *Britons*. Alluding to the campaigns in Germany in 1742—1743.

Line 183. Sense—'Praise has such power, that virtue is insufficient to inspire to great deeds, without the hope of fame added.'

Line 185. *unequal*, through the disproportion of the means to the end.

Line 186. *wasted nations*... *single name*, e.g. Marlborough. The next couplet alludes to the funding system, by which the European wars were supported.

Line 199. *surrounding kings*. Charles IV of Denmark; Augustus II of Poland; and Peter the Great of Russia.

Line 200. *capitulate*. The King of Denmark, who sued for peace in 1700. *resign*. The King of Poland, whom Charles replaced by Stanislas Leczinski.

Line 203. *Gothic standards*. 'Gothic' in the last century generally = 'Teutonic.' But the Swedes thought themselves Goths in the special sense, and south Sweden is still called Gothland.

Line 210. His march upon Moscow was checked by the arrival of Peter at Pultowa with 70,000 men. Charles suffered a signal defeat, and fled to Bender, in the Sultan's dominions.

Line 214. Charles's efforts were defeated by the intrigues of the Czar.

Line 215. *Chance* = Fortune. *supplicant*. Endeavouring to excite the Sultan to make war on the Czar.

Page 265, Line 219. *barren strand*, Norway. *petty fortress*, Frederikshall, which he was besieging.

Line 220. *dubious hand*. Alluding to the question whether the bullet which struck him came from the enemy or from his own camp.

Line 224. *Persia's tyrant*. Xerxes and Democritus.

Line 228. The multitude of his army was so great that the provisions of the land traversed by it often failed.

Line 229. Alluding to the numbering of the expedition.

Line 233. Alluding to the submission of all the country north of Thermopylae.

Line 236. *gaudy*. Alluding to the showy dress of the Persians.

Line 241. *bold Bavarian*. Charles Albert, Elector of Bavaria, and Pretender to the Imperial Crown.

Line 243. *unexpected legions*. The allied troops of Spain, and especially of France, at the head of which he took the field against Austria in 1741.

Line 244. *defenceless realms*. Bohemia. He was crowned at Prague, 1741, and in 1742 Emperor at Frankfort, by his brother the Elector of Cologne.

Line 245. *fair Austria*. Maria Theresa. The allusion is to her famous appeal to the Hungarian Diet at Pressburg, 1741. The young queen, then only twenty-four years of age, addressed the nobles of Hungary attired in the Hungarian national dress, with the sacred crown on her head, and the sabre girded to her side. Radiant with beauty and spirit, she adjured them, by their duty as cavaliers, to embrace her cause. Fired with enthusiasm, they drew their swords and exclaimed with one voice, 'Moriemur pro rege nostro, Maria Theresa!' ('We will die for

NOTE.

- our *King*, Maria Theresa!') They took the field at the head of their serfs, joined by 30,000 cavalry and wild hordes of Pandours and Croats. Leaving the French at Prague, they moved at once upon Bavaria.
- Line 247. *beacon* = alarm-fire. Pronounce, *beckon*.
- Line 249. *Hussar*. Light Hungarian cavalry, first generally known through this war, and introduced into the British army by Pitt in 1759.
- Page 263, Line 250. *ravage* = havoc.
- Line 254. *steals to death*. Charles Albert died broken-hearted in 1745. These stirring events were quite fresh in public memory.
- Line 260. *passages of joy*. The senses.
- Page 266, Line 271. *attend* = hear. Sense - 'His feeble hearing takes in the sound of neither lute nor lyre.'
- Line 274. *positively* = dogmatically.
- Line 275. *still* = ever.
- Line 281. *Improve* = foster, increase.
- Line 288. *bonds of debt*. Securities for debts due to him.
- Line 291. *prime* = youth.
- Line 300. *press* = load, retard.
- Line 306. *Still* = ever. The image is from a withering flower.
- Line 307. *forms* = modes of life. *views* = aims, objects.
- Line 312. *set unclouded*. The image is from the setting sun.
- Line 318. *Lydia's monarch*. Cræsus. While displaying his wealth, Solon, the Athenian statesman and philosopher, cautioned him to 'consider the end' of his career. *descend*, i.e. to our own times.
- Line 316. The former hemistich relates to Marlborough, the latter to Swift.
- Line 317. *Marlborough*. Died in 1722, aged 73.
- Line 318. *Swift*. Died in 1745, aged 78. His memory failed in 1736, and during the last years of his life he sank into complete idiocy.
- Line 320. *birth* = child.
- Line 321. *Vane*. According to Malone, not Lady Vane, the subject of Smollett's 'Memoirs of a Lady of Quality,' but Anne Vane, the mistress of Frederick Prince of Wales, known to the reading public by the name of Vanella. She died in 1736, shortly before Johnson settled in London.
- Line 322. *Sedley*. Catherine, daughter of Sir Charles Sedley, and mistress of James II, who on ascending the throne created her Countess of Dorchester. The examples of Vane and Sedley have been said to be ill-chosen, and 'Shore' and 'Vallière' have been suggested. The poem would not, on the whole, gain by any alteration; and the name of the discarded mistress of Louis XIV will not fall into the line without disregarding accent.
- Page 267, Line 328. *ask*, i.e. of others.
- Line 334. *falls*, not = 'ceases,' but 'falls on the ear.'
- Line 335. *slippery* = slipping from her power.
- Line 345. *in ignorance sedate*. 'Sedate' = quiet, composed, happy in his ignorance.
- Line 346. *darkling* = in darkness. Not a participle, but a rare kind of adverb, like 'sidelong.'
- Line 351. *secret ambush*, &c. Sense - 'The secret ills which lurk in a seeming good.'
- Line 361. *collective man* = all mankind.
- Line 362. Sense - 'Able to conquer ill by transmuting it (into good).'

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